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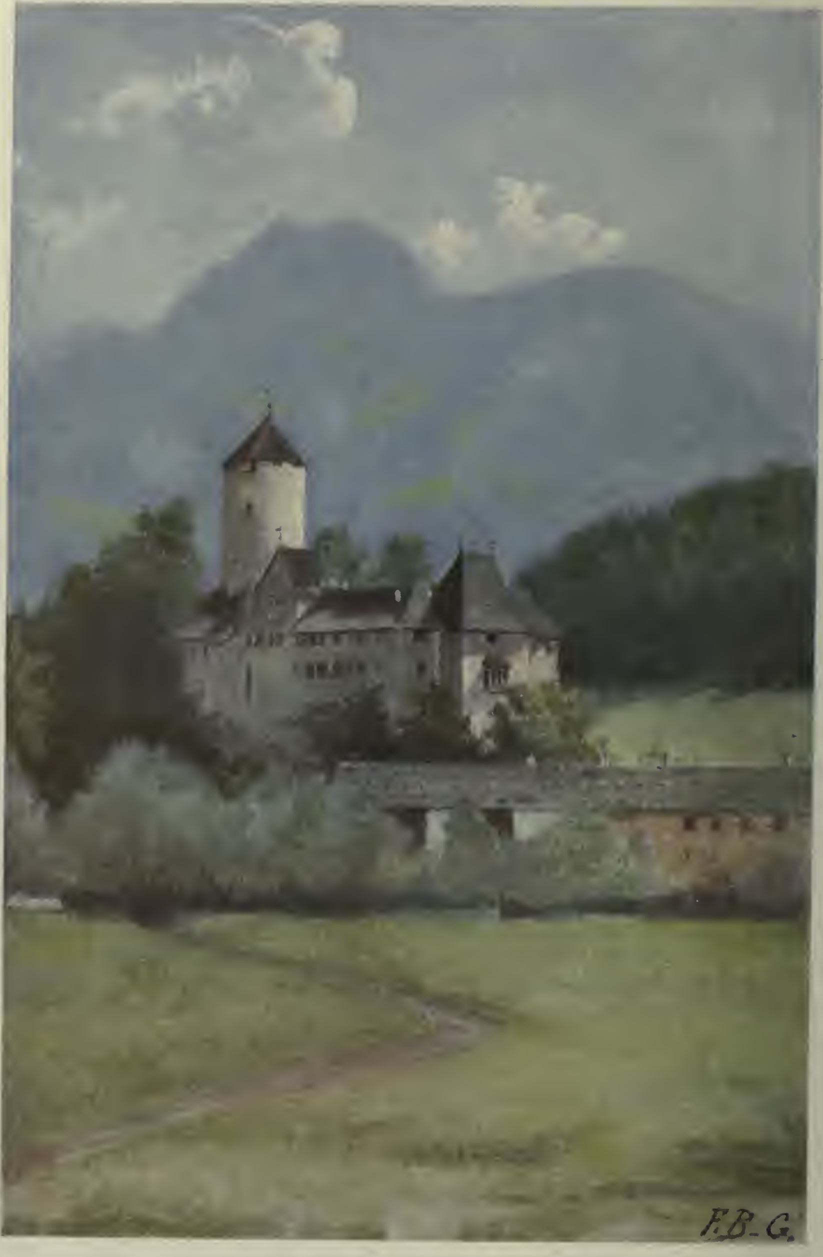

SCHLOSS MATZEN

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THE LAND IN THE MOUNTAINS

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE PAST & PRESENT OF

TYROL

ITS PEOPLE AND ITS CASTLES

By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN

AUTHOR OF "TYROL AND THE TYROLESE," "GADDINGS
WITH A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE," "SPORT IN THE ALPS," "CAMPS
IN THE ROCKIES," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY CHARLES LANDIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHTY-TWO PLATES AND
MAPS OF MODERN TYROL AND ANCIENT RAETIA

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TO MY MOTHER

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INTRODUCTION

[This Introduction was written by Mr. Charles Landis, an American friend of the author, to secure copyright for an American edition. As it explains why the writer of these pages is in a position to give an authoritative account of Tyrol, its castles and its people, it has been thought best to let it appear also in the present edition.]

there Miss Read of Mount Heaton, the daughter of a hard-riding Irish ex-dragoon (17th—now 17th Lancers) and M.F.H., whose mother was a cousin of the Duke of Wellington, the ancestor in common being the distinguished Michael Hill of Hillsborough P.C., founder of the two families that gave the nation the Iron Duke and the Marquis of Downshire, who himself could trace

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INTRODUCTION

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THERE is something, or rather there is so much, that is entirely out of the common in the personality, life and writings of my friend Baillie-Grohman, that the following pen-picture will help to explain how it has come that he has achieved success in three very different spheres and in three very different countries. For as I have known him since 1874 and have lived with him, or he with me, in the three countries in which he is at home to an equal degree, my palette suffers from no lack of color.

Baillie-Grohman is by descent as well as by inclination a cosmopolitan of cosmopolitans. Born in 1851 he has passed his life in about equal proportions in England, in Austria and in North America, and in his veins flows Irish, Scotch, English and Austrian blood. His father, an Austrian by birth, lived much in England, being a keen sportsman and a man of large means. He married there Miss Read of Mount Heaton, the daughter of a hard-riding Irish ex-dragoon (17th—now 17th Lancers) and M.F.H., whose mother was a cousin of the Duke of Wellington, the ancestor in common being the distinguished Michael Hill of Hillsborough P.C., founder of the two families that gave the nation the Iron Duke and the Marquis of Downshire, who himself could trace his descent in an unbroken line from the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward I.

My friend's father owned two fine estates in one of the most beautiful Alpine districts of Austria, and there the family usually spent the summers and autumns. The estates marched with the famous deer and chamois preserves of the Emperor at Ischl, the well-known favorite summer resort of the Imperial family in Upper Austria which has since lost some of its charm by becoming a fashionable and overcrowded watering-place. Here my friend, amid the most lovely scenery imaginable and among the most inspiriting sporting environments, of which he gave us a slight glimpse in his "Sport in the Alps," passed part of his early youth.

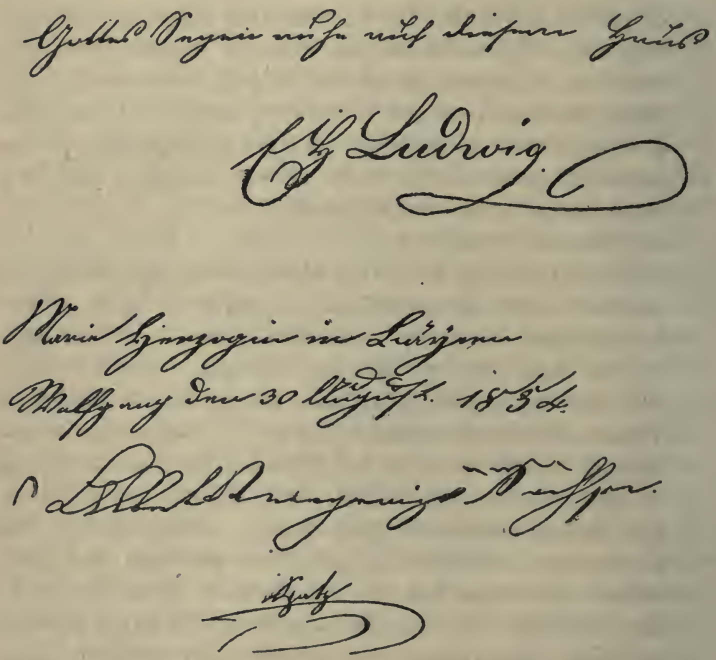
Joyce's "Recollections of the Salzkammergut," which I believe is the oldest English work on this picturesque part of Austria (it was published in 1850), contains a felicitous account of St. Wolfgang which Baillie-Grohman's grandfather, a well-known Vienna banker, had acquired in the early part of the nineteenth century. The castle of St. Wolfgang was situated on the banks of the gem of Upper Austrian lakes bearing that name. It had formerly been an Abbey and was repeatedly visited by the Emperor Maximilian, and it had once served the Emperor Leopold as a place of refuge. Here the Vienna banker, who was a great botanist, had formed on the heights overlooking the lake a famous garden containing the rarest of foreign plants. "Such is the curiosity and admiration these gardens excite," writes Joyce, "that I have seen seven or eight carriages (some of them royal) in waiting for the parties they have brought to visit them. Indeed the hand of nature and the fine taste of man have combined to render this spot another Eden." Joyce gives an account of meeting, when visiting the banker at St. Wolfgang, the parents of Baillie-Grohman. He says: "The happy circle is sometimes increased by the presence of their only son, a tall manly looking fellow with his very beautiful wife, a countrywoman of ours I am proud to say, who live at a pretty place about a mile from St. Wolfgang."

My friend's Austrian grandfather must have been rather a remarkable man in his way. Descended from a long line of noted church dignitaries and men of science and letters of whom one was present at the Diet of 1521, another kinsman was the famous Gottsched whom Carlyle made the butt of his pungent wit, but who nevertheless achieved a record in his way, for he was five times elected Rector Magnificus of the Leipzig University, then the most famous of the great continental seats of learning. Baillie-Grohman's grandfather in taking to finance, probably made a larger fortune for himself than if he had followed the steps of his forefathers.

The Imperial family while residing at Ischl, as also members of the English Royal family, frequently honored the chateau with their visits, it being a favorite afternoon excursion from that watering-place. One of my friend's earliest recollections, he tells me, is of his sitting on the knees of the youthful and beautiful Empress Elizabeth, on the occasion of one of her visits, and being questioned about his kilt, a type of dress that she had never before seen. An earlier visit of the same princess on the day she became affianced to the Emperor, he recollects only indistinctly. On that occasion the Emperor was accompanied by his mother and his three aunts, the Queens of Prussia, Saxony, and the Empress Mother of Austria, who were sisters. On another visit, the drive from Ischl on a particularly hot August afternoon caused the youthful princess to faint soon after reaching the castle at St. Wolfgang. She had to be put to bed in the castle to the great consternation of the party. The patient recovered, however, in a few hours. In the visitor's book of that time (see next page), preserved at

Matzen, an entry of August 30, 1854, has a sad interest. It is headed by the Archduke Ludwig's:

"God's blessing rest upon this house," and after some other signatures of royalties, we read in a childish scrawl "Spatz" (Sparrow) which was the nickname of the Empress Elizabeth's favorite youngest sister, and the word was written by her hand guided by the Empress's. What sad interest does not the tragic fate of these two sisters attach to that childish bit of penmanship!



Gottes Segen ruhe auf diesem Hause

E H Ludwig

Marie Herzogin in Baiern
Matzen den 30 August 1854.

Spatz

My friend must have been a mischievous urchin, thanks, as we may suppose, to his Irish blood, for his chief delight on the occasion of these visits by the Imperial court from Ischl was to escape from his tutor and go into hiding with his pea-shooter and practise at the calves of the court flunkeys from some safe retreat. Following in the steps of his father, who was a great rifle shot, he took to that arm at an age when usually children are still in the nursery, and the account of his boyish rifle practice, of his nearly killing his father, and of his shooting his first deer before he was ten years of age, forms not the least interesting of his chapters in the book I have already named.

At the English school to which he was presently sent his physical energies found a happy outlet and made him *the* swimmer and walker of the school. No record exists of his having distinguished himself in the paths of learning, but the scrapes he repeatedly got himself into by his constant experiments with all kinds of second-hand firearms, precious purchases that exhausted his entire stock of pocket-money, caused him to make the intimate acquaintance of *peine fort et dure* at the business end of the headmaster's cane on more occasions than it now would be dignified to remember.

The bad times that overwhelmed the Austrian Empire in the 'sixties brought serious reverses to my friend's family, one of them being the necessity of selling the Upper Austrian properties, Count Falkenhayn, the Minister of Agriculture purchasing St. Wolfgang and Prince Windisch Graetz buying Schwarzenbach in the year of Prussia's victory at Königsgraetz, while the death of my friend's grandfather, and after a long illness, of his father, added to the family misfortunes. Baillie-Grohman's restless disposition caused him to begin his career as a traveller at an early period, and after visiting Northern Europe, France, Italy, parts of Spain and of Greece, he settled down to literary work in London. From there he frequently visited his mother, who, though no longer tied to Austria, might have returnd to her native land as her husband had wished her to do, but she had learnt to like the people and the beautiful scenery of her second home, and elected to remain in Austria. In the year 1873 she acquired for a comparatively trifling sum one of the gems among historical Tyrolean castles, Schloss Matzen, standing on the spot where the Romans nineteen hundred years back had established one of their fortified camps when they went a-conquering the land of the heathen Teutons. It had been the home of one of the most distinguished Tyrolean families through three centuries, and later on, the famous Fuggers, the great money and mining kings of the age, possessed it for a long time. In modern times, writers and painters had made this romantic pile their favorite study, and its picturesque interior has been pictured in the principal illustrated papers of Europe, or has been made the scene of their tales. The settling up and making habitable of what was half a ruin was a formidable piece of work, and it gave the consummate taste of my friend's mother splendid opportunities. The place as I saw it later proved in the most convincing manner what incomparably pleasant residences can be made out of Tyrolean castles, even with moderate means, provided that taste and knowledge of old art be helpmates. Some years after she began the restoration of Matzen she married again, her second husband being Colonel von Schnorr-Carolsfeld, the son of the well-known artist Baron of that name who in his time was the director of the Viennese Belevedere.

Having said this much of my friend's family let me turn to his personality. In 1874, as I have already mentioned, began my acquaintance with him—meeting him accidentally at the house of a mutual acquaintance in a quiet country retreat on the sylvan banks of the Thames. It soon led to more intimate terms, as I was attracted by his entirely unconventional character, his fund of general knowledge, the result of wide reading and extensive travels.

When I left England he accompanied me on a pleasant ramble through France, South Germany and Tyrol which I was then visiting for the first time. He, however, knew every corner, all the interesting old buildings, castles, museums, and art treasures and proved a delightful travelling companion. On reaching Tyrol, I became a guest of his mother at Matzen, which had been rendered habitable by a twelve months campaign of masons and carpenters. I was exceedingly charmed with the picturesque old place, about as pleasant and interesting a summer residence as you could desire, so that my visit extended to many weeks, and was repeated on subsequent occasions, giving me ample opportunities to become acquainted with my young friend's romantic second home, and to visit many of his haunts. Some of his climbing and shooting feats were so remarkable that even the hardy natives spoke with admiration of the popular young mountaineer "auf der Matzen," as the peasants of the surrounding country call the old Schloss. He knew the mountains, they said, better than they themselves did and he knew them in all their different moods: summer, autumn, winter and spring. Amongst his venturesome deeds was the first winter ascent of any high mountain in the Austrian Alps which he achieved when he and four equally courageous chamois hunters climbed the Gross Glockner on January 2 and 3, 1875—a winter noted for its severity. His narrow escape from a fall of some 4000 ft., so thrillingly described in his "Tyrol and Tyrolese," makes one of the most interesting chapters of Alpine adventure, while his raid upon an eagle's eyrie, or his riskful leap to escape starvation, are likely to give the shivers to the stay-at-home reader. As a target shot he held his own even among a people so skilled as are the Tyrolean sharpshooters, and he often carried off the majority of the prizes at country rifle-matches. In our own West, competing against well-known shots, as also at Bisley, he never failed to distinguish himself, and he possesses more than seventy rifle-shooting prizes. As a game shot with his favorite arm there are few better, one of his best performances being the killing of twelve chamois one after the other without missing one.

Baillie-Grohman's probably unrivalled experience in everything connected with rifle-shooting gives additional weight to his outspoken criticisms concerning the inefficiency of the British with the rifle and the need of reform, a question which he has made very much his own. On this subject he holds very strong views, and about no detail more so than the enforcement of rifle-practice in the case of the young men of England who have enjoyed the benefit of free education. Every youth, my friend asserts, who has received tuition at the cost of the Nation should be forced to acquit himself of his obligation to the State by being obliged to pass a certain standard of marksmanship and military training, so that in war-time the country could count upon a more or less trained force to help defend its shores. For this, he has warmly pleaded in countless articles and letters in the pages of the most prominent reviews, and in the Press generally, the commencement of his campaign dating from 1881, when Majuba Hill first disclosed the astonishing inefficiency of British troops with the rifle. His efforts to rouse public opinion by a telling array of facts and figures has met with general praise, and he well deserves the thanks of his countrymen for his warm espousal of such an important cause.*

To come to speak of Baillie-Grohman's literary work in general, he began his first venture not long after my getting acquainted with him, under the impulse, as he has often told me, of encouragement and advice that I extended to him. His first little book "Tyrol and Tyrolese," published about Christmas 1875, achieved instant success, and it is still the best English book on one of the most interesting countries of Europe. His second venture, "Gaddings with a Primitive People" was less carefully composed and showed the defects of hurried writing while travelling in Italy, Greece and Turkey; it never got beyond a second edition, but I am told that it is to-day a rare book for which the collector of Alpine literature has to pay double the original price.

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* The more important contributions on this subject were the following: "Rifleshooting as National sport," *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1899; "British and Foreign Rifleshooting," in the *Fortnightly Review*, Feb. 1900; "One cause of our Defeat," in the *Fortnightly Review*, March 1900; "An unarmed people," in the *Fortnightly Review*, March 1901; and "Marksmanship Old and New," in the *Nineteenth Century*, May 1900; and more than a hundred letters in the *Times*, *Field*, and other leading papers.

In the spring of 1878 he made up his mind to visit America, and it was then that I had an opportunity of returning the hospitality shown me in beautiful old Matzen. Two or three months in the eastern states, however, sufficed my friend, for his impatience could not be restrained to reach the great hunting-grounds on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains. There he found his Paradise. So great were in his eyes the attractions of roaming with his simple trapper "outfit" over the breezy highlands of Wyoming, Utah, Montana, and Idaho, so fascinating the glamor of the genuine wilderness, the rough and tough life of the hunter, the splendid sport still to be enjoyed in those then unmatchable hunting-grounds, that he could tear himself away only when urgent family affairs required his presence in Europe. He speedily returned and betook himself again and again to the least visited nooks and corners of the Rocky Mountains, crossing the ocean some thirty times in all.

In 1882 before starting on his fourth trip he published his "Camps in the Rockies," generally acknowledged by the American press to have been and to be still the best book of its kind on the West. It is one, too, which I am told is still selling freely.* And in truth it would be difficult to find any book descriptive of sport in a new country with all its incidents of wild life which is so free of prejudice, which bubbles over with humor, that betrays a *bonhomie* not usually found in Englishmen, and which betrays to a like degree the invigorating pulse of a strong, courageous and genial nature that knew how to find, and how to tell what was worth finding and what was worth telling.

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* To have written upon two such different countries as Tyrol and the West of America, books that are acknowledged to be the best of their kind is a feat of which not many authors can boast.

On one of his expeditions—I think it was in 1882—he crossed from northern Idaho into British Columbia, being the first white man to visit the West Kootenay mountains for sport. So attractive did this perfectly unknown region appear in his eyes, so vast its possibilities regarding its mining and agricultural resources, that he determined to examine it a little closer. The results confirmed his first impressions, and he turned "land-grabber," obtaining a large land concession from the Canadian Government in the development of which considerable capital had to be spent. It was a step which must have saved the lives of untold Elk and Big Horn, for it meant that for some years Baillie-Grohman's faithful "Trailstopper" would have to hang idle, as the scheme he was about to tackle was one requiring not only his whole time but also a frontiersman's training, a skilful handling of various difficult problems and negotiations with politicians of the Western type. The difficulties that he had constantly to surmount only a man of his remarkable energy could have successfully tackled as we see from his unassuming accounts * of the various adventures he encountered in opening up a wilderness. He had to construct a canal, build saw-mills, transport a small steamer from England over the ocean, then by rail some 3000 miles overland and finally on the shoulders of a whole army of Indians over a pass of the

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* "Fifteen Years Sport and Life in the Hunting-grounds of Western America and British Columbia." (Horace Cox. London.)

Rocky Mountains where at the time not even a wagon-road ran, till it reached the Kootenay river which this much travelled craft navigated as the first steamer. He helped to maintain law and order in this vast wilderness, as he was appointed the first J.P. of the district. Subsequently he got entangled in a mining lawsuit where rifles and revolvers and "hanging bees" played prominent parts, which cost four lives, his own being on two occasions very nearly the fifth. On one occasion a murderer rendered desperate by pursuit, attempted to "persuade" Baillie-Grohman to leave the train on which they were travelling (which would have meant his escape), by holding for nearly half an hour his cocked six-shooter against the J.P.'s forehead. It happened on a newly laid railroad track, more than usually "rocky," and my friend is not likely to forget those thirty minutes in the jolting car. Twenty-four hours before the same desperado had fired at my friend at a distance of a few feet from an ambush, a jerk of the horse saving his life.

He explored the Selkirk range and ascended mountains on which no white man's foot had probably ever rested, in fact, he was the man who gave the subsequent famous Kootenay country its first start, so that, while in 1882, when he saw it first there was not a single white resident in a country the size of Switzerland, there were some ten years later more than ten thousand men living in half a dozen towns with theatres and electric lighting, four railroads and several steamer lines carrying crowds of eager miners and settlers from the east, west and south into the newly discovered silver camps of Kootenay. His name will be permanently associated with that district, as a settlement that he founded and a stream have been called after him, and one of the highest peaks in the ridge between the Kootenay lake and Upper Kootenay bears also his name, though in this instance Western humor had its way. "We call it Mount Grohman because he has *not* been on the top of it," was the reply a Kootenay man gave a friend who made inquiries on the spot why that particular mountain had been named after him. Theodore Roosevelt visited the Kootenay country some years afterwards, and this is what he wrote to Baillie-Grohman :

"When I was in the Kootenay country I heard much of you, often in an exasperating fashion, for I ran across two men who had been out with you, and who, whenever I began to make bad weather of it over the slide rock and through down timber, would begin to recite *your* feats as a walker and hunter."

In 1887 my friend married Miss Florence Nickalls, the daughter of the popular Master of the Surrey Staghounds, a man well known to financial circles on both sides of the Ocean as the "Erie King," whose name as a thorough sportsman became perpetuated in two of his sons, the amateur champion oarsmen. In the same year Baillie-Grohman's exhibits at the American trophy Exhibition in London, to which the principal sportsmen of the two continents contributed the choicest spoils of their hunting expeditions, were pronounced among the best, his celebrated wapiti head being generally acknowledged as the finest of all. It was the pick of some five hundred he had killed in his numerous expeditions, during which he probably saw more of America's great game than has any European, for he had passed two winters in the hunting-grounds, living with Indian tribes and thus having opportunities rarely presented to a white man of participating at the "fall hunts" where the natives used to shoot their winter stock of venison.

Taking his wife with him to British Columbia he made Victoria, the beautiful and pleasant capital of that attractive country, his home, settling down in a pretty cottage which he still owns. In Victoria his son was born.* In 1893 he decided to return for good to Europe, and the pretty cottage on the Pacific has since failed to wean him away from the book-shelves of the great libraries which are his hunting-ground during the winter when the stags and chamois in his Tyrolean mountains cannot be shot and his summer home in the old Tyrolean castle is shrouded in its white winter garb. But his many American friends have his promise to revisit his old "stamping-ground" once more.†

Society with a capital "S" has no attractions whatever for Baillie-Grohman; social functions are his detestation, and London dinner-parties his abhorrence. This the reader of his earlier books need not be told; no man cast in a conventional mould could have reached the inner life of the sturdy Tyrolean peasant or of the lusty pistol-flourishing cow-boy of our breezy West, as did this writer. But if he is always a welcome visitor to the lowly peasant's hut or to the even more primitive shanty of the frontiersman, his personal qualities as well as his attainments have gained him as many friends at the other extreme of the social ladder, and in the three countries where he is to an equal degree at home the doors of some of the highest in the land stand open to him.

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* He is now a midshipman in the British Royal Navy.

† Since writing the above, President Roosevelt has written a lengthy and interesting foreword for Baillie-Grohman's last work, "The Master of Game," which deals with England's oldest book on hunting. In it President Roosevelt, says: "Mr. Baillie-Grohman, in reproducing 'The Master of Game' in such beautiful form, has rendered a real service to all lovers of sport, of nature, and of books—and no one can get the highest enjoyment out of sport unless he can live over again in the library, the keen pleasure he experienced in the wilderness. . . . It is a good thing for a man to be forced to show self-reliance, resourcefulness in emergency, willingness to endure fatigue and hunger, and at need to face risk. Hunting is praiseworthy very much in proportion as it tends to develop these qualities. Mr. Baillie-Grohman has, himself, followed in its most manly forms this, the manliest of sports. He has hunted the bear, the wapiti, and the mountain-ram in the wildest regions of the Rockies, and also by fair stalking the chamois and the red deer in the Alps. Whoever habitually follows mountain game in such fashion must necessarily develop qualities which it is a good thing for any nation to see brought out in its sons."

His love for research has developed in him a savant's keenness for accuracy, and his critical pen has not spared a number of compilers of works relating to his own subjects whose facts and figures lack trustworthiness. For this reason, if Baillie-Grohman has many good friends he cannot complain of not having any enemies to give zest to his literary crusades, but this is only what might be expected in the case of a man who has reached an eminent position in his particular line.

Baillie-Grohman occupies a leading position among writers on ancient and modern sport. His chapters in the Big Game volumes of the Badminton Library and other authoritative standard publications have been picked out among the best work ever done in that line.

My friend's proclivities exhibit a rather strange mixture of the sportsman and the bookworm. When not engaged in venery, he devotes himself to the study of that subject, and his collection of books and prints on old sport is a remarkably fine one, though as he tells you quite candidly, the funds he could devote to his hobby were by no means large. His collection, hence, is the reward of keen search and wide knowledge rather than the result of profusely spent cash.

Though writing German with nearly the same facility as English, Baillie-Grohman has only contributed a few articles to the leading reviews in that language, but notwithstanding this his literary career and the enterprising nature of his travels were rewarded by one who knew him well and with whom he stood on intimate terms of friendship, namely the late Duke Ernst II. of Saxe-Coburg. This distinguished patron of Art and Letters (he was the elder brother of the Prince Consort of England), who was the foremost sportsman of the century, and therefore, especially able to appreciate Baillie-Grohman's achievements, conferred upon him in 1881 the First Class Knight's Cross of the Ernestine House Order. Following the example of his grandfather who had declined the Baron's title, he has not made any use of the rank attached to the order.

When the Duke died the Duchess sent Baillie-Grohman her husband's favorite hunting-knife as "a memento," as she wrote, "of the high esteem and true friendship his warm heart felt for you."

Two or three years after his return from America he published another work, "Sport in the Alps," in which he incorporated some of his sporting experiences in Tyrolean mountains as well as some of his results of his varied researches in ancient venery. It was a book that met with unqualified praise on the part of the experts.

That the corridors, halls and rooms in the beautiful old castle, where many hundreds of Baillie-Grohman's trophies are kept, make a most suitable setting for these choice records of a hunter's life, need hardly be pointed out. Amongst these spoils of the chase there are heads that hold the world's record, and there probably exist few better dual collections of the mountain game of Europe and America, in the pursuit of which it is safe to say no man has shown more persistence. Thus, years ago, when no European sportsman could boast of having bagged an adult male of the then almost unknown antelope-goat.; he made three different expeditions to the Pacific Slope for the purpose of reaching their real home, and it was only on the fourth trip that he at last succeeded in "getting there." Some of his trophies grace the principal public and private collections of Europe.

Let me conclude my slight sketch of my friend by relating a curious incident that reduced the fortunes of his Irish grandfather, and is of some interest because it confirms two much discussed traits of Ireland's greatest son, the Iron Duke. My friend's grandfather, James Read (the name was spelled previously with a terminal "e"), was heir to his uncle Lieutenant-General James Taylor, owner of Mount Heaton, King's County Ireland, a fine estate with a 300-acre home park (a generation later, I am told, it was left by my friend's cousin to the Cistercians, and is to-day Mount St. Joseph's Abbey). The General had in the usual way bought all his steps, and to provide the large sums required, encroached on his moderate private fortune. After fifty-one years in the service, of which twenty-five years were passed in staff situations immediately under the Commander-in-Chief, he sent in his resignation, viz., he tendered to the Horse Guards the resignation of his Commission for sale which meant that in the usual course of events, he would receive back the money expended by him. The resignation was written on and dated December 2, 1825, and it was received and accepted by the Horse Guards in a letter dated December 7th following, the authorities requesting that a medical certificate of health might be transmitted. This letter did not arrive at Mount Heaton till December 13th. There, by a curiously unfortunate coincidence, the General had suddenly succumbed to a fit on December 7th in the evening, the very day on which his resignation had been accepted in London. At that period it was a War Office regulation that an unattached Commission could only be sold during the lifetime of the officer, and because no medical certificate accompanied his letter of December 2, the authorities considered his application as void, with the result that the whole sum, a fortune in itself, was lost to the family, notwithstanding the fact that it was proved that the General had written the letter with his own hand on December 2, and that a medical certificate from his professional attendant was produced showing that he was in his usual health when he wrote the letter, and had been out driving two days before his death. My friend's grandfather took all possible steps to show up this gross piece of injustice, and endeavored to enlist the powerful aid of his relative, the Duke of Wellington, then at the pinnacle of his great career. But it was a vain effort, as the Duke scented from afar nepotism, and in a characteristic letter refused to mix himself up in this "Irish mess," his detestation of anything like favoritism being probably even greater than his less commendable dislike of his own countrymen.

CHARLES LANDIS.

CHAPTER I

A GLIMPSE OF THE COUNTRY FROM A CASTLE WINDOW

CONSIDERING the diminutive size of Tyrol there is nothing "small" about its history; on the contrary its annals fill quite a stately row of shelves. No other country of its size, it is safe to say, has in the course of the last twenty centuries witnessed such grim fighting, no other pigmy territory has been swept, partly in consequence of its geographical position, by vaster movements of marauding hordes, or has been turned into a mediæval cock-pit oftener and more ruthlessly.

Nowhere on the globe do we find within such a limited area a more varied agglomeration of the remnants of conquering races who, when each in its turn went under, sought and found a last sanctuary in the inaccessible alpine fastnesses of the "Land in the Mountains," the refugees being naturally the fittest of their kind to survive. Among these upheaved races were the Austrasian Franks from the lower Rhine, the Lombards from the Po country, the Sclavic Wends from Lusatia, the Marcomanni, the Alimanni, the Goths, the Vandals, the Burgundians, the Suevians, and the Baiuvarii. They all left their racial impress upon their progeny, and to this day it is possible to trace the origin of the larger part of Tyrol's population by the language, physical appearance, mental idiosyncrasies, costume, or ancient customs and institutions, as well as by folk-lore.

But not only man has made Tyrol the scene of strife; Nature also seems to have delighted to treat this, the most exclusively mountainous country in Europe, as a football for experimental kicks. In few territories on the face of the globe have rivers cut deeper gorges, have titanic mountains been piled up into more bizarre shapes unlike any other peaks—the unique Dolomites with their wonderful spires and pinnacles being an instance. Nowhere else have moraines, landslips, freshets, vast inundations, and terrible earthquakes tested more frequently and in many cases ruthlessly destroyed man's handiwork. It is not surprising therefore that in the presence of such an accumulation of material, and in spite of its population being less than a million, Tyrol's history has given scores of studious men life-long occupation in collecting together the country's records, good, indifferent and bad. Some are still in manuscript in volumes that are so bulky that it takes brawny arms to lift even one of the tomes.* Others, upon which early printers were set to work, are adorned with primitive woodcuts that depict mediæval rulers of the country and fierce battles, the one as fantastical in their costumes and likeness as the others are imaginary and unreal; while thousands of newer issues from the printing presses of the country, represent a mass of material quite out of proportion to the country's population and area.

I had once occasion to show my little collection of *Tyrolensia*—it makes no claim to be anything like a complete library—to an American visitor who came with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend out Montana way. He was one of the "land kings" of the West, and probably owned more fertile acres in Texas and first-class timberland in Oregon and Washington Territory than the whole of Tyrol contains, so the information he vouchsafed at the outset, that " he hadn't much use for scenery and tumble-down 'chattors' " hardly surprised me, nor could the opinion of the successful Western land-grabber that " there was more history lying round loose than money," be considered either far-fetched or shallow. The sight of the books seemed, however, to astonish him.

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* Burglechner's "History of Tyrol," written in the beginning of the seventeenth century, fills twelve huge folio volumes, each weighing nigh a quarter of a hundredweight, and there were many similarly industrious writers.

" What! all those books written about this mouldy old country and the old knights who didn't know enough to come in when it rained! But do tell me (he was a Bostonian by birth) of what account to their descendants are all the pedigrees and family trees and armorial bearings one hears so much about? Why the man at the hotel in Innsbruck told me that there isn't a single Count or Baron or country gentleman in the whole of Tyrol who owns a motor, or who ever travelled in a special car! Our new little country, which wasn't born when this one was at its hoary zenith, has about half a million men who 'run round' in their own cars. Why don't this old country get a move on? "

I had to confess that it was not made that way, and that as the people possessed more ancestors than dollars, they happened to think most of what they had most of, and didn't hanker very specially after the other thing. " Well, well, when God made little apples he evidently made the crab-apple grow on the Tyrolean family tree, and let the other folk have the good red ones," replied the man from Montana.

But for one circumstance it would be a very reasonable question for the reader to ask; why add to this already over-large library on Tyrol? This one fact finds its echo in the frequent complaints made by English and American visitors that there is absolutely no history, be it ever so brief a one, of the country in the language they can read. This is quite true, for the historical treatises are either in Latin, German, or in Italian. But, on the other hand, if one considers how very little the average English or

American tourists know, or appear to want to know, about the country, as is evidenced by their extraordinary mistakes and ludicrous questions, it would seem doubtful whether the "long felt want" is not more a matter of imagination than the result of an actual desire to know something of the country's bygones.* Not an hour before writing these lines I received a letter from the editor of a great London daily paper—I hide its identity by saying that it is the one that claims to have the largest circulation—addressed to "Tyrol in Switzerland," and I certainly receive more letters addressed either "The Tyrol," or "The Austrian Tyrol." than without the quite unnecessary prefixes, for let it be remembered that there is only one Tyrol, which is a part of the Austrian Empire, and to speak of a "Bavarian Tyrol" or of an "Italian Tyrol" is as wrong as to refer to "the Tyrol." These mistakes indicate ignorance as great as were one to speak of "The Scotland," or of "The English Scotland." Neither should people believe that there is a king of Tyrol, or that the Hungarian or Czech languages are spoken there, or that Innsbruck is written Innsbrück.

And if we glance at England's contribution to literature on Tyrol it is regrettable that with Albanis Beaumont's "Travels through the Rhaetian Alps in 1786" we made a shockingly bad beginning, for it would be difficult to find a more telling instance of how a book of travel should not be written. In it there are very few names of places, persons, mountains, rivers, or even dates, or altitudes that are correct; while the feats of Beaumont's barometer make one regret that the famous contemporary of Beaumont, Baron Münchhausen, had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, for they would assuredly have suggested to him novel ways of soaring heavenwards. This instrument was apparently able to measure altitudes to within inches, for we are told that by it he found the altitude of the town of Bozen to be 1212 feet *and one sixth* above the level of the sea ! Unfortunately one knows even to-day no instrument capable of checking this " one sixth " of a foot. But considering that the 1212 feet is wrong by several hundred feet, for Bozen's altitude is only 850 feet, this does not matter much. Similar gross errors are made in the heights of Innsbruck and other places. Beaumont's historical facts are on a par with his barometrical readings ; thus he calmly asks us to believe that Charlemagne lived A.D. 1545 when "he returned victorious from Africa."

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* Many people are unaware that family ties connected the sovereigns of Britain with those of Tyrol on two occasions: the first when one of Tyrol's dukes, Sigismund, married (1448) the daughter of James I. of Scotland; the second when Mary of England (1554) married Philip II., by which union Tyrol came to figure in the Great Seal of England.

The next English book on Tyrol, though its outward appearance offers a striking contrast to this pretentious folio with its vast margins, its fulsome dedication to royalty and its absurdly bombastic descriptions of the most commonplace events, is also the outcome of a very brief jaunt through the country. The miniature pages of Inglis' volume, were written at a period when it took a week or more in wretched vehicles, over even more wretched roads, to cover distances, which to-day one comfortably dismisses in little more than twenty-four hours.*

And as we turn its pages we realise that a single carriage drive through three or four of Tyrol's valleys afforded sufficient excuse to write a book. As in this respect matters have not changed, one can hardly claim that *autre temps* have brought about *autre moeurs*. Hence the fear oppresses one that the present little book will soon be coated with the dust of oblivion that has settled far less deservedly on so many of the volumes that surprised the man from Montana, and that the least one can do is to offer humble apologies for daring to thrust upon a critical world this outcome of a protracted residence in the country. And if one pleads that one had already sinned in this respect a generation ago, one is only heaping coal upon one's head. In that early venture I attempted to describe the unconventionally simple lives of the Tyrolese, their quaint customs, their robust love for sport, their childlike ignorance of the big world beyond their incredibly circumscribed horizon. In the present volume I propose to deal with the country's history and with another of Tyrol's chief characteristics, its old castles that bear upon their crumbling walls the impress of romantic old age to a degree not found elsewhere. Let me express the hope that its contents will be deemed to have emanated from a pen and from a place that at least possess the qualification of age.

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* Leaving London at 2.20 P.M., one reaches Innsbruck next afternoon in time for dinner at the comfortable " Tyroler Hof."

When more than thirty years ago I asked the reader of "Tyrol and Tyrolese" to accompany me through a ponderous ironplated gate into the cool main court of one of Tyrol's castles—the home of this volume—to find himself after ascending many flights of stairs, comfortably seated in front of a wide splayed old-fashioned tower window piercing a wall many feet in thickness, I outlined to him the picture spread out at his feet.

"God speed thee, and come soon again," is the cordial good-bye, accompanied by a hearty grip of the sinewy hand, extended by the Tyrolese peasant to the visitor who has happened upon his lonely alp-hut high up on the mountain slopes, thousands of feet above railways and telegraph wires. Let this greeting serve also as an invitation to my reader to come again to that window to renew his acquaintance with the sunny picture which he will see stretched out at his feet. As the castle occupies a rocky eminence overlooking the valley, a goodly stretch of the Unter-Inn valley is visible, in fact were

it not for some undulations of the ground, we could see with a glass the spires of Innsbruck twenty-four miles away as clearly as we see, without any such assistance, the great glacier-covered Stubai peaks that rise more than forty miles from us and close in our vista of the beautiful valley with a chain of white glistening in the evening sun. Where we are, and for as far as we can see, the valley has a uniform width of more than a mile. It is hemmed in on both sides by hills that rise in places to an altitude of over 8000 feet. From them wooded declivities sweep down in graceful lines, each one rendered distinct to our observation by a different shade of green, as the slanting rays of the sun touch up or leave in shadow their slopes. Of these variegated tints of green there is verily no lack. Nearest to the blue sky just below the bare grey rock of the higher mountain-tops we see a band of dark green produced by the gnarled *Latschen*, that extraordinarily hardy timber-line vegetation. This tint gradually merges into the grey-green of pine and fir woods, whose expanses are relieved here and there by clearings or glades, the elevated summer homes of cattle who wax fat on the luscious grasses. Below again on the "floor" of the valley itself there are wide stretches of emerald green meadows interspersed with different shades according to the various crops, such as wheat, maize, flax or potatoes, in the cultivation of which the Tyrolese peasants show indefatigable industry.

Slender church steeples, rising like needle-shaped obelisks above the broad-eaved dwellings clustering round them, indicate the site of a number of villages hidden in foliage. Like standard-bearers in some mediæval battle fray they represent the pride and the soul of the people, and without vain imagery this seems to be still the real inner meaning of Tyrolese church spires. Of the houses themselves only occasional glimpses can be obtained, for they are generally hidden in groves of apple, plum or nut trees, tiny columns of smoke being often the only indication of the presence of human habitations. The houses, were we able to see details, show the usual construction of peasant dwellings in Northern Tyrol. The ground storey is built of stone and whitewashed, the upper storey of logs that have been browned to a warm mahogany tint by the sun and contrast picturesquely with the snowy whiteness of the walls below and the surrounding masses of green. On each of the chalets, on the wooden balconies that adorn their fronts, which, if circumstances at all allow, are invariably turned to the south so as to face the warm winter sun, there is a goodly show of brilliantly red pelargoniums or bright pink carnations with long trailing shoots, blooming in pots or boxes. For if there is one trait of the North Tyrolese peasant that appeals to the lover of Nature, it is his fondness for flowers. This, and the concomitant characteristic, kindness to animals, are idiosyncrasies that have always distinguished the race, for the most ancient travellers who have left us accounts never fail to dwell upon these kindly attributes. In autumn another colour is added on the house fronts to the dash of bright reds of summer, for then the golden yellow of the maize cobs hung up in close array for winter provender for man and beast, give this additional tint to the landscape. Pleasing it is to observe with what care the peasants tend their flowers through the long winters, and how it is the ambition of every youth and maiden to adorn on Sundays or fête days their hats or their kerchiefs with bunches of some rare mountain flower. Long before the mercenary exploitation of the country's alpine flora became the vogue, in days when visitors were left unmolested by female flower pedlars (a vile custom imported from mercenary Switzerland), dozens of lives were annually lost in the quest of *Edelraute*, *Speik*, *Gamsprimmeln*, and other of the rarer mountain plants, not to speak of

the fatal *Edelweiss*, which alone every year causes a surprising number of deaths in the Alps.

But we have not finished with the vista that stretches out in front of our elevated window. Occupying hilly eminences in the valley itself or standing on projecting cliffs on the side hills, we can see, if we take in the side views, eight other old castles, the nearest being not more than 500 yards, the furthest some fifteen miles off. And if we ask why these feudal seats should be treading upon each other's heels so closely—in parts of South Tyrol castles crowd each other even to a greater extent, for from favoured spots one can at one *coup d'oeil* count as many as thirty or forty—we obtain in reply information which assists us to form to ourselves a topographical picture of the taut little "Land in the Mountains."

Take a country twice the size of Yorkshire, people it with one seventh of the population of London, cover nine-tenths of its area with a "sea of mountains," many covered with snow and ice all the year round, cut into this mass of heaven-soaring rocks three deep and numerous shallower incisions, which latter branch from the deeper depressions like fishbones, and you have in a nut-shell the cause of castles being crowded together in the three main valleys. In the period with which this little book will so largely deal, *i.e.*, in the Middle Ages, there lived practically only two classes of people in these various incisions, the nobles and what is now the peasant class. The former found life more attractive in the main valleys than in the remote and inhospitable "fish bones" radiating off and ending at the foot of glaciers and snow fields. The few routes of communication with the outer world had become in the Middle Ages miserable tracks impassable to wheeled vehicles; for the Roman roads, once such splendid means of intercommunication, had, in the interval, by the utter neglect of at least five centuries, practically disappeared. The few existing mediæval roads led in circuitous zig-zags through the main valleys only. Along them travelled the trader with his goods on which legitimate or illegitimate toll was levied, and here came to be erected the castle as the symbol of feudalism with its train of iron oppression.

The lord's supplies in the shape of rents and "thirds" and "halves" of crops, came from the inhabitants of these side valleys who with few exceptions were his, as the phrase went "with their bodies and limbs," personal belongings they could not possess—and were sold or exchanged, or given away, or otherwise disposed of with the sweet irresponsibility of absolute ownership, the mother being separated from her child, the father from his son, as if they were cattle.

As we shall have to deal with this phase of feudal institutions in a later chapter, we can return to our tower window for another glance at the scrupulously kept *Reichs Strasse* or Imperial highroad which lies at our feet, while some five hundred yards off we see glinting through trees that line its banks, the swift-flowing Inn river on which for centuries were carried in barges, flat-bottomed boats, and on rafts the exports and imports of the country.

But the construction of the railway between Innsbruck and Munich some fifty years ago, once more relegated the Inn river to its primordial condition of untrammelled wildness. Were this river in North America, we can be quite sure that ugly but eminently practical sternwheel steamcraft would be busily plying its current, but according to somnolent Austrian ideas its flow is too rapid for steamer traffic and why create a competitor for the sleepy railway alongside?

Thus it comes that the picture before us is more or less undisturbed by such beautiless signs of modernity, for even the railway that runs along the whole long valley from near its source in the Engadine to its confluence with the Danube, occupies at this point the opposite bank of the

river, and is therefore far enough off not to jar upon the eye or ear. And as to the motors scurrying along the fine broad high-road at our feet, we are too high up to be incommoded by their dust or noise. On the contrary, do not these characteristic emblems of modernity instinctively tempt us to contrast bygone times with the latter, and to recall the past story of this ancient high road at our feet ? Let us pass in review some of the mediæval scenes that must have been witnessed by the inmates of the old pile we are in. To do so we must first give a few details of its origin that take us back to the days before the birth of Christ, when *Raetia* was still a wilderness peopled with heathens.

That the point of rock jutting out into the valley upon which the tower and castle of Matzen stand, was the site of human habitations from very early times, is shown by the discovery of numerous pre-Roman utensils, ornaments and arms that have been dug up at different times in what might be described as the castle's back-garden. These bronze bracelets, armrings, fibulæ of early shape, and spearheads take us back to periods long anterior to the birth of *Raetia* as a Roman province,* to centuries that had come and gone when Drusus and Tiberius' personally conducted invasion of Tyrol, a dozen or so of years before the commencement of the Christian era, added another province to the Roman world-empire. The much discussed question who the original inhabitants of Tyrol were, whether Etruscan, or Celtic, or Cimbric tribes, remains, in spite of untold scientific controversies, as unsettled to-day as it was a hundred and more years ago, in the days of Niebuhr, whose researches first re-created wide interest in all subjects cognate with the early conquests made by Rome. But with these speculations regarding an unfathomably dark past it is not the purpose of these pages to deal; did not the unrivalled Mommsen already say of them, that though no question has been handled with greater zeal by antiquarians it must remain as unsolved as was Emperor Tiberius' query respecting Hecuba's mother?

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* According to Roschmann and Huber, both writers of the beginning of the nineteenth century, also many Roman remains, such as a milestone, numerous coins and a tesselated pavement, were discovered in the immediate vicinity of Matzen. The milestone is said to have stood at a peasant's croft close to the castle. Unfortunately no record exists of what became of these articles or of the inscription on the stone.

What we know of Matzen's early history is that here stood soon after the birth of *Raetia*, a Roman station called *Masciacum* or *Masciaco* * on the great military road that led from Italy over the Brenner Pass to *Noricum*.

As a glance at any classical atlas will show (see map), *Raetia* comprised nineteen hundred years ago the greater part of the present Tyrol down to a point south of Brixen at the southern foot of what was then already known as the lowest and easiest of all the great passes over the main chain of the Alps, that formidable barrier separating Italy from "the land of the barbarians." Thus it happened that what was destined to become the most used of all traverses of the Alps, soon became the scene of the activity of Rome's incomparable road-builders, for it formed the principal link between the Po and the Danube. Where this great road after crossing the range finally debouched from the dark Alpine gorge on the north slope, an important Roman station came to be established. It was *Veldidena*, situated on some bench land overlooking the valley close to the present site of Innsbruck, the country's mountain-girt capital. Here at *Veldidena* the road forked; one branch that again divided into two routes having the same goal, led in a northerly direction to *Augusta Vindelicorum*—the Augs-

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* A scientific controversy raged not so very many years ago respecting the origin of the name of *Masciacum*, Stolz and Kiepert maintaining that it is a Celtic word (Stolz, p. 110–1).

burg of to-day,—while the other branched off in a north-westerly direction led to *Pons Aeni*, a station in *Noricum*.[*] It followed down the broad valley of the Inn river—the *Pagus inter valles*, now called the Unter Innthal, to distinguish it from the Upper Inn valley stretching from the Swiss boundary to Innsbruck. On this great military road to *Noricum*, about half-way between *Veldidena* and *Albianum*,[†] which latter was the frontier station of *Raetia* towards Noricum, was established *Masciacum*, a name which subsequently took the present form of Matzen.[‡] In other words the great round tower from which one can look down on a far and fair vista of the Unter Innthal, was in its early days one of the many *castra*, or *castella*, built by the Romans at suitable intervals along all their principal roads. At first it was probably merely one of the *speculæ* or watch towers of which so many classic authors speak. In hilly countries, such as Tyrol, they were invariably erected on prominent spots from whence their code of semaphore or smoke signals by day-time, and their alarm fires at night, could be seen by the men in the next *speculæ* up and down the road, the inmates thus being able to transmit important news with a speed that was not excelled for eighteen hundred years, in fact not until days which the present generation can remember.

Masciacum is mentioned in the *Itinerarium Antonini*, and Mommsen, who so ably elucidated this invaluable

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[*] It almost certainly stood close to the present site of Rosenheim.

[†] Albianum, it is fairly certain, occupied the site of the present frontier town of Kufstein, where the traveller of the twentieth century on his way from Innsbruck to Munich passes from Austrian to German territory. Here a high rock lying isolated in the middle of the valley, crowned by a mediæval castle, forms a sort of natural fortress that could not have failed to attract the attention of Roman generals, for its nearly perpendicular sides needed but little strengthening to make it an absolutely impregnable stronghold.

[‡] The form *auf der Matzen* used in 1167 is still the one in vogue among the peasantry.

Roman road book, by placing *Masciacum* where he does on his maps, removes all reasonable doubt concerning the identity of the two places. *

According to some authorities the masonry of our tower, at least of the lower part of it, is of Roman origin,† but the rest of the structure is certainly of a later date, as is also the rest of the building, though it was probably, on account of its commanding position among the early stone strongholds that came to be erected; traces of early romanesque construction in one remaining old window showing a twelfth-century origin. Other circumstances, to which we shall presently revert, confirm this.

The main building as we see it to-day, with its four tiers of cloistered passages round two sides of the main courtyard and its large windows, was probably rebuilt in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. A general absence of the usual defensive attributes to be found in early castles that have remained untouched by restoring hands, shows that Matzen shared the usual fate that overtook most of the structures when gunpowder began to revolutionise their architecture.

How often Matzen was besieged is not known, probably several times. Of the many occasions when the Bavarians devastated this part of the Unter Innthal, the incursion in the year 1410 is, for Matzen, the most memorable one. Three Dukes of Bavaria with a considerable force laid siege to it in the curiously deliberate mediæval manner, but the stronghold effectually resisted their onslaughts. It was the last serious ordeal of this sort to test its

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* Mommsen's *Corp. Inscription. Lat.*, vol. iii., 1873, p. 735 and 1051; *Viam a Ponte Oeni per Albianum et Masciacum Veldidenam;* also 3. Supplement, 1902, map. viii. Other historians share this opinion; *Beitrage zum Ferdinandeum*, vol. viii.; Staffler, i., p. 750 and 764; Schaubach, ii., p. 261; C. A. v. Roschmann, i., p. 136–9; Hormayr's *Chronik von Hohenschwangau*, p. 80; Prof. Muchar's *Noricum*, p. 284–5.

† Mittheilungen der K.K. Central Commission, XIII., by the Imperial Conservator K. Atz., also in Lettenbichler's MS. "History of Tyrol."

defences.* When in the year 1468 the family who had resided in it for at least three centuries, parted with it, it became a place of pleasant abode rather than of defence, its new owners, among whom we shall hear were some famous people, being of the moneyed and not of the martial class. Conflagrations in subsequent centuries probably also helped to change the aspect of the castle, though the last traces of the outer fortifications did not disappear until modern times.

In Roman days the whole valley land near the river was a morass and subject to constant spring and summer overflows, which elementary disturbances continued until the last century, when vast works regulating the impetuous river for a length of more than a hundred miles were carried through. And until late times these riverine lands, which were covered with dense brush, were the home of wild beasts, particularly of wolves and wild boars, which committed such ravages among the peasants' cattle and crops as to cause loud complaints. Historians tell one that the great peasants' rebellion of 1525 was partly caused by this grievance, for the chase was a manorial privilege. The Roman road from *Veldidena* to *Masciacum* did not for this reason traverse, as was once thought, these impassable marshes, but kept to the side hills. The exact course it took was, however, unknown until quite recent times, when researches illustrated once again the correctness of the principle observed by these master road-builders, *i.e.*, of building in the straightest possible line between the principal points they desired to connect.

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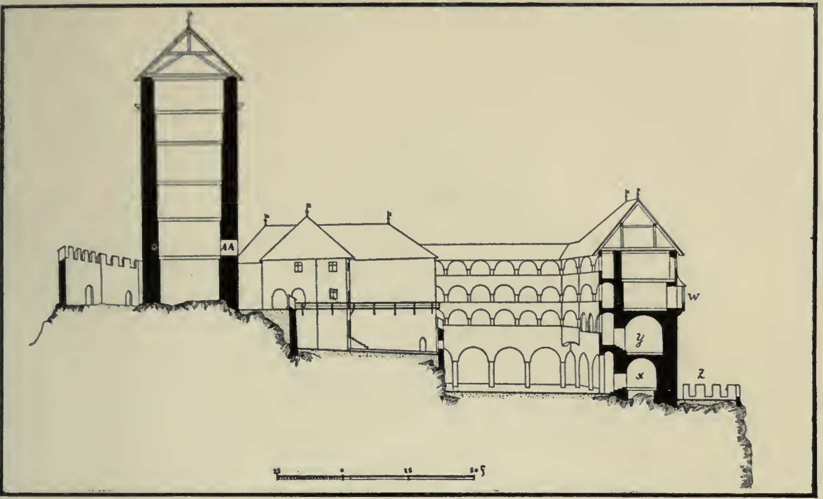
* Some of the ancient defences, outer walls, and fortifications must have been still in place in the year 1559, for in that year they are specially mentioned (*Burgstall*, *Rinkhmaurn*, *Zwinger*, *Thurn*, *Wehren*, and *Bevestigungen*) in the deed by which the Ilsungs purchased Matzen. They also appear in a picture of the castle of 1598 (*see* Pl. 67). The last traces of the outer walls which enclosed a large barbican were removed not much more than half a century ago, the stones being sold as building material or used in the river dykes.

These doubts concerning the exact location of the Roman road in the Unter Innthal were principally caused by an unfortunate mania of Archduke Ferdinand, the famous founder of the Ambras collection in the sixteenth century. This otherwise exceedingly intelligent ruler had the craze of collecting from all parts of the country the Roman milestones then still to be found in plenty, and the passages and courtyards of Ambras castle were lined with the results of this strangely misdirected zeal, which has caused historians and archæologists endless trouble.

In the course of the last century a learned controversy arose whether *Masciacum* did really occupy the site of the present Matzen, for it was said that the distance between Matzen and *Veldidena* (about the location of the latter there was never any doubt) did not correspond with the distance given in the Itinerary of Augustus. According to it the distance was 26 M.P. or nearly 38½ kilometers, while the distance between these two points along the present high-road is about 6000 yards more, *i.e.*, 44 kilometers. The fallacies of the arguments pointing to Matzen not occupying the site of *Masciacum* were, however, soon shown up, even before Mommsen published in 1873 his celebrated " Inscriptiones." At the period when this discussion arose it was still believed that the Roman road followed the Inn river along the bottomland, or in other words to have run where the modern high-road takes its devious course. Instead of this being the case, it is now ascertained that the Roman road did not make the considerable *détours* of the modern road, nor did it cross the river twice. It kept well above the over-flowed bottom land, passing near the village of Ampass, and a glance at a map will show that the distance along this bee-line exactly corresponds with that given in the famous itinerary as intervening between *Veldidena* and *Masciacum.*

The rock upon which some long forgotten Roman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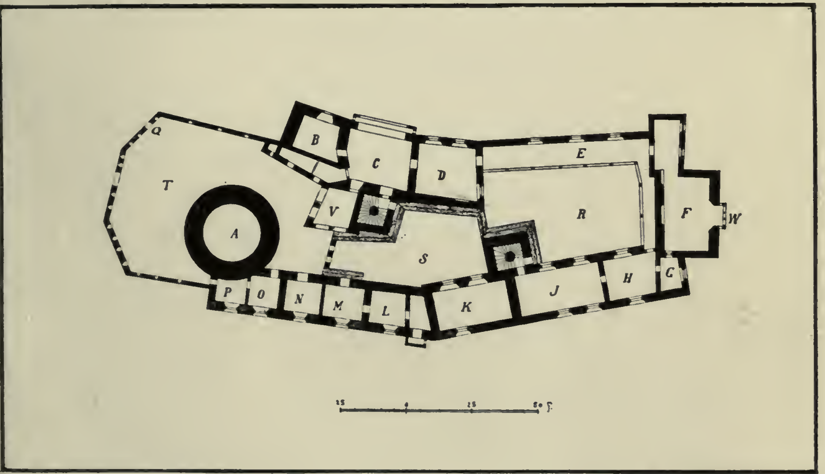
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centurion caused our round tower to be erected, though not as prominent a landmark as the one upon which stood *Albianum* further down the valley, was nevertheless of strategic importance, for as we see, it commands a view over many miles of the valley. The tower stands at the end of a rocky shoulder jutting out into the valley, and at that period it must have been more isolated, and hence more easily defended, than it is to-day.

We see even in pictures of the sixteenth century, representing Matzen as it then was, that the castle stood on an isolated point, a gap, probably spanned by a drawbridge separating it from the main portion of the rock. This theory is supported by the fact that when some thirty years ago some excavations became necessary at this point, some mediæval relics were dug up, amongst them many large stone cannon balls, as part of the material with which the gap was filled up. These stone balls, roughly rounded off and more than three feet in circumference, date most probably from the siege of Matzen in 1410, to which we have already referred, and of which details will be given later on.

It is almost certain that the Inn river at the time the castle was built flowed right at the base of the rock selected by the Romans for the site of their watch tower, for they generally selected spots that also commanded the river traffic. In those days, as old maps show, the high road passed on the other side of the castle not between the latter and the river as it does now. How the course of the river came to be changed to its new bed, some three hundred yards away, is indicated by the yet visible traces of a stupendous mountain slip. It occurred probably in consequence of one or the other of the great earthquakes which Tyrolese chroniclers relate as having taken place in the Middle Ages. It seems to have sent a shoulder of the *Sonnwendjoch*, a mountain of nearly 8000 feet altitude, lying right opposite to Matzen, tumbling down into the valley. Millions upon millions of tons of rocks came down pell mell, and some big boulders rolled right across the valley, here more than a mile in width, after choking up the river. The largest of these huge fragments that crossed the valley is a small hill more than two hundred feet high, upon which an old chapel now stands. The origin of this derelict bit of mountain is said to be undeniable, for at this point the formation of the two sides of the valley is quite distinct, and this rock, geologists aver, is identical in formation with that of the *Sonnwendjoch.* When the river at last forced its way through the obstruction, probably after breaking through the dam, which had created a large lake of which there are still traces, it changed its course, leaving the Matzen rock some distance away. It speaks well for the Roman masonry of our tower, the walls of which are of no extraordinary thickness—not more than between six and seven feet at the base—that it withstood this tremendous upheaval in its neighbourhood, which landed close to it a rock twice the size of St. Paul's.

Of Tyrol's history during the dark ages, during the four or five centuries of general upheaval when it was overrun by vast migratory hordes, too little is known to warrant any flight of the pen in attempting to picture to ourselves the traffic that passed over the road below us. But from the eleventh century onwards historical records come to our assistance, and we know that over it marched in motley files many of the crusaders on their weary way to southern ports, where they took ship to the Holy Land, from which only a minority was destined ever to return. How often may not these travel-stained warriors have sought, in accordance with the customs of the times, the hospitality of the Frundsbergs, owners of the place during the Middle Ages ? For it was then already a castle of some importance, to judge by the circumstance that the chapel in the castle was consecrated in person by such a

mighty church-lord as the Archbishop Conrad of Wittelsbach, a scion of the royal house ruling Bavaria, and as such also an ancestor of the Kings of England.

In the chapel hangs to this day an ancient copy of the deed of consecration, giving in curious mediæval German a translation from the original Latin document,* stating that this the chapel of castle Matzen was consecrated on November 23, 1176, by the above-named church-lord. This dignitary was translated a few months later, to the See of Salzburg by Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in person. By this act Albert III., hitherto Archbishop of Salzburg, was unceremoniously ousted from his throne, A sanguinary feud arose between these two great militant church-lords, for both were bellicose and forceful personages, and the prize consisted of the absolute sovereignty over vast territories. On which side the Frundsbergs fought is not known. Archbishop Adalbert, it may be mentioned, was a nephew of the Duke Leopold of Austria who captured England's royal knight-errant, Richard Cœur de Lion, on the latter's return journey from Palestine. History avers that this was done in revenge for the famous but somewhat apocryphal insult which the English prince had offered to the Austrian. Even in those days of fierce strife between the Church and Empire, such an insult as the capture of a royal crusader could not go unpunished, so excommunication and the great ban of the church overtook the bold Leopold. It was only when he was stretched on his death-bed in consequence of an injury he received at a tournament at Graz during the Christmas festivities of 1194, that he ardently desired a reconciliation with the Church. Archbishop Adalbert, his kinsman, happened to be in the neighbourhood, and was sent for in hot haste. He arrived in time, and the repentant Leopold accepted the conditions imposed by the Archbishop, the principal one of which was that the heavy ransom obtained for the person of Richard should be returned to the English court. Peace was made and Leopold found a last resting-place in sacred earth, while our Archbishop, so chroniclers relate, received the warm thanks of the English king.

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* The historian Lettenbichler still saw in the beginning of last century the original document ; now only the translation of the sixteenth century remains.

Of another royal wayfarer, a small gothic church lying behind yonder shoulder of the mountain tells a picturesque story, the main fact of which recent researches show to be probably true, however much legend may have added. The Emperor Henry II. on his first expedition to Italy (1004 A.D.) travelled, as we know from other evidence, up this part of the Unter Inn valley in the spring of that year, and past a spot where a short time previously some peasants had withdrawn, so the legend runs, from the waters of the Inn a carved statue of a saint which they took to be the effigy of St. Leonhard. As the pious Emperor passed the neglected sacred emblem, over which no shrine had yet been erected, he made a vow that if his expedition were successful, he would build a church where the forsaken saint's effigy was lying near the roadside. Everything went well with him, and not only was the Iron crown placed on his head at Pavia (May 15, 1004) but an attempt to assassinate him was frustrated in a wonderful manner. But in the press of imperial affairs he forgot his vow, and was only reminded of it when eight years afterwards he happened, on his expedition to Rome to be crowned by the Pope, to ride past the spot where lay, still unshrined, the saint's effigy. Then wonderful to relate, something extraordinary happened, his charger refused to proceed, showed great fright, and when urged onwards by the Emperor, the steed threw the rider. This reminded the Emperor of his vow, and he forthwith caused the church to be commenced, and it seems to have been completed by the year 1020, for when Pope

Benedict VIII. passed through the valley on his return from Bamberg where he had consecrated the new cathedral, he seems to have also consecrated this wayside shrine.*

These events are briefly related on a tablet in the church, and though the Latin inscription is of much later date, and the statue of St. Leonhard bears the date 1481, there is no reason to doubt the main facts. As we see the church to-day the pointed arches and windows betray considerable renovation in the fifteenth century, but in the interior we come upon many traces, pillars resting on mythical beasts, &c., that betoken a much earlier origin, *i.e.*, of the romanesque period. (Pl. 6.)

In support of the truth of the ascription, may be cited a letter that has been recently discovered by Father Juffinger, written in 1720 by the vicar of the church to the Dean of Zell reminding him that on the third Sunday after Whitsun would occur the seven-hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the church by Pope Benedict VIII. The original deed of consecration, to which the writer evidently refers, was, almost certainly, before him when he wrote, or he would not have known the date so precisely, and it was probably among the papers and documents which filled two boxes in the sacristy. These boxes, records show, were removed and cast aside as worthless when the church, sharing the fate of hundreds of others, was suppressed by Emperor Joseph in 1786.

But let us take another look at the landscape spread at our feet. Scarcely more than a mile off, seated squarely on the top of a rocky knoll, commanding the entrance to the green Zillerthal, we perceive the stately ruins of a fine old castle sharply outlined against the wooded background. (See Pl. 1 and 5.) Three massive towers, some crumbling, once lofty curtain walls enclosing a spacious barbican, and the remains of a chapel with tall finely-arched Gothic windows, is all that seven centuries of sieges and conflagrations have left us of the once proud stronghold of Kropfsberg. Built in 1204 by the Archbishop of Salzburg, to whose see the greater part of the Zillerthal even now belongs (only shorn of its secular powers), it is but a venerable shell of masonry, but one October day nigh upon five hundred years ago, it was the scene of an important historical event. This was the reconciliation, after many years of a bitter fratricidal war, between two of the most remarkable figures in the sufficiently striking history of Tyrol. The one brother, Duke Frederick, nicknamed "with the empty purse," lawful sovereign of the country, the other Duke Ernest the Iron, both scions of as hot-blooded and fierce a race as ever sat on a throne. Duke Frederick, staunch to the cause of his friend, Pope John XXIII. at the Council of Constance, from which both had to fly for their lives, roamed the country as a proscribed fugitive. For the great ban of the Empire and the dread excommunication of the Church made it a matter of death to give him shelter. His brother, Duke Ernest, taking advantage of his helpless position was striving for his throne. Countless castles were rased to the ground and much life was wasted in the war that ensued between the two brothers, but at length powerful intermediaries stepped into the arena, and the two brothers met at Kropfsberg to adjust their differences. Knight Hans v. Frundsberg, the brother of the stout-hearted Ulrich, who six years before had so bravely defended Matzen, was at the time Warden of Kropfsberg and he, together with the Archbishop Eberhard of Salzburg and Duke Louis of Bavaria, the two intermediaries, accompanied by a great assembly of the principal nobles of the country, witnessed the memorable reconciliation. It is said that it took place in the tiny chapel, under the uplifted hands of the mighty churchlord. There the two brothers, after years of fierce fighting, shook hands and became friends again, Frederick, the lawful sovereign, retaining his throne. And if the three towers are to-day but great empty shafts of stonework, for the floors dividing their interiors into many storeys have long disappeared, it is surprising to find in what an extraordinarily good state of preservation is the masonry. Sharp in outline, with hardly a nick or blemish, rise their walls, and in the inside the sweep of the mason's trowel along the mortar, guided by a hand that crumbled to dust more than six hundred years ago, is as clear and sharply defined as had it been done yesterday.

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* One would like to know whether the Pope on his return journey from Bamberg, in the course of which he consecrated this chapel, rode the white stallion which the Emperor had granted him as an annual tribute together with a hundred marks of silver.—Bower, v. 149.

But it is high time for us to regain our tower window. Past Matzen, now on horseback, then on great flat-bottomed barges, travelled many a time the martial "Last Knight," Maximilian, the head of the Roman Empire, or, as he was wont to describe himself, "Sportsman and Emperor." This extraordinarily restless monarch, daring Nimrod, and tireless traveller, had in his heart a great liking for his dear "Land Tyrol," of which he used to say: "It is a coarse coat of frieze, but it keeps one warm." * Its silver mines filled his ever yawning purse ungrudgingly, more so than did any other of his great possessions; its mountains afforded him the sport he loved more than any other; from its men he selected his generals and favourite councillors; its capital he rewarded by lavishly spending in its walls the silver that came from the Unter Innthal mountains, not only by holding

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* Maximilian's contemporaries declared that the implement he could do without least of all was the stirrup, that his home was the saddle and that his favourite occupation was that form of sport or of war which was the most difficult and tested most the sterling qualities of man. When one reads the itineraries of this Emperor's journeys, his tirelessness strikes one most forcibly. Prof. Staelin's work gives an account of his practically incessant travels between 1490 and his death, and it is truly a wonderful record.

there his court and giving great fêtes, but also in a more permanently useful manner by attracting to it the most skilled craftsmen of the day and building there fine palaces.

And these mountains of the Unter Innthal, those peaks that we see stretching away on either side of the valley before us, enjoyed his special protection. For yonder Zillerthal summits sheltered the to him dearest of all, the bearer of the proudest trophy, the Ibex. And the Achenlake mountains over there constituted his pet ground for chamois and stag. The sport he enjoyed on their precipices and woods was made the subject of the painter's brush as well as that of special scribes employed in recording his adventures, nay in minutely tabulating the number of stags and chamois each mountain glen harboured. Was not the sport he enjoyed on the precipitous sides of the *Sonnwendjoch*, the mountain that had once put to the test our tower's firm foundations, counted amongst the very best, as he tells us himself in his *Jagdbuch*, where he speaks of the chase on its slopes as "particularly agreeable, for there is much game there."* The Emperor, as he informs us in this book, used any conveniently situated castle as his headquarters when chamois hunting, and as Matzen was the nearest of all to this mountain range, he probably passed many a night in these walls. The nobles Türndl who owned Matzen during Maximilian's chamois-shooting days, were, like the Tänzel who also possessed Matzen for a short time (as well as the neighbouring castle, Tratzberg † where the Emperor was a frequent guest), wealthy silver kings well able to make the imperial sportsman comfortable, though the latter, as we know, was ready to put up with very rough fare

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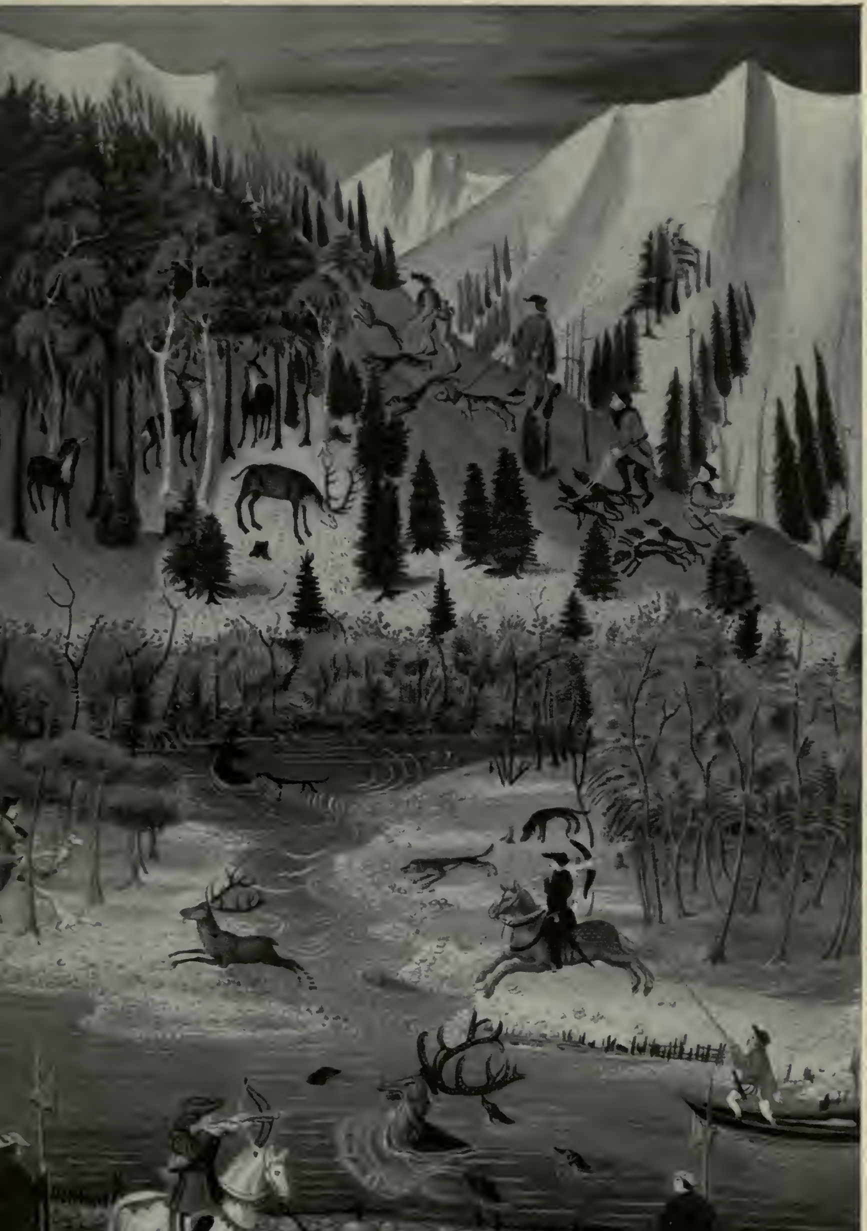
* "Das ist ein sonders lustigs hirschgjaid für ein lands fürsten dann das wol wiltpret . . ."

† At Tratzberg the twenty-eighth adventure as narrated in "Theuerdank" is supposed to have befallen the Emperor, he being saved as by a miracle from being dashed to death by the breaking of a beam on which he stood and which spanned a giddy height.



while pursuing his wild game, sleeping, if occasion required it, in miserable alp-huts on hay. (Pl. 11 and 12.)

And the last journey of all undertaken by this picturesque and romance-loving monarch, this founder of the Austrian monarchy as an European power, this king who wanted to outdo Julius Cæsar and to be "*semper e familia Caroli Magni*," a journey which took him as a man sick unto death past these walls, what a lesson to human vanity does it not convey? For when bad times came and money for his various wars grew scarcer and scarcer, and the empire became threatened not only by many external foes, but also by internal religious strife, the ingratitude of the Innsbruck burghers to whom he had bestowed in past times so many favours, brought on a fatal fever.* In spite of it, in spite of the severity of the wintry weather, he had himself taken on board his barge, in order to travel to Vienna by the quickest route, viz., down the Inn, which was still open. With him travelled his coffin which, filled with all the requisite funeral trappings, had accompanied him for the last four years on all his travels. And with him went his faithful war councillor and general, Knight Frundsberg, whose father had owned Matzen.

As the Imperial barge swept by on the rapidly-flowing emerald-green waters of the Inn, through the snow-clad landscape. the dying sportsman's eyes must assuredly have sought with sorrowful gaze, for a last time, those rocky snow-clad heights whither in his younger days the sport that he loved beyond all others, had charmed him so often. A few days later, while still on his chilly voyage down the Inn and Danube, those eagle eyes closed for ever and that restless mind was at last at peace. Among the nineteen great nobles who bore the remains of the *preux chevalier* to his last resting-place under the altar at Wiener-Neustadt, * George von Frundsberg figures, while in the will executed but a few days before (December 30, 1518) the Emperor appointed this famous warrior, of whom we shall have much more to say later on, as one of his executors.

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* There is a great deal of mystery about this event which has never been quite cleared up by historians. The accepted version is that when the Emperor reached Innsbruck in the autumn of 1518 the innkeepers of the town refused to house his large train until the huge sum of 24,000 florins, which they claimed for similar services on the occasion of his last visits, had been paid. As a result, some of the Emperor's carriages and horses were left out in the streets during the night, an insult which, it is said, gave the utmost offence to the Emperor, who could not forgive or forget it. Probably the dishonesty of some of his court officials was at the bottom of the unfortunate affair.

Curiously enough the very next Imperial traveller to float past our window had also a sumptuous coffin among his travelling paraphernalia! For it was no less a personage than Charles V., who came this way not so many years afterwards. This mighty ruler of three hemispheres, the first who could boast that upon his realm the sun never set, followed his grandfather's example concerning this gruesome piece of furniture, which accompanied him wherever he journeyed. It even did on his historic flight from Innsbruck, where he had tarried on his way to the Council at Trent, a flight by which he escaped the reprisals of the Protestant Princes that formed the revived Schmalkalden League. What invested with such dramatic interest this mighty Emperor's stealthy escape in the dead of night from his capital, was the fact that the treacherous prince from whom he was fleeing, Maurice of Saxony, had been for years his most beloved friend and favourite, and this man's sudden succession to the enemy's ranks caused Charles the most poignant grief. † Maurice was bringing his army by forced marches into Tyrol; the frontier stronghold, Ehrenburg,

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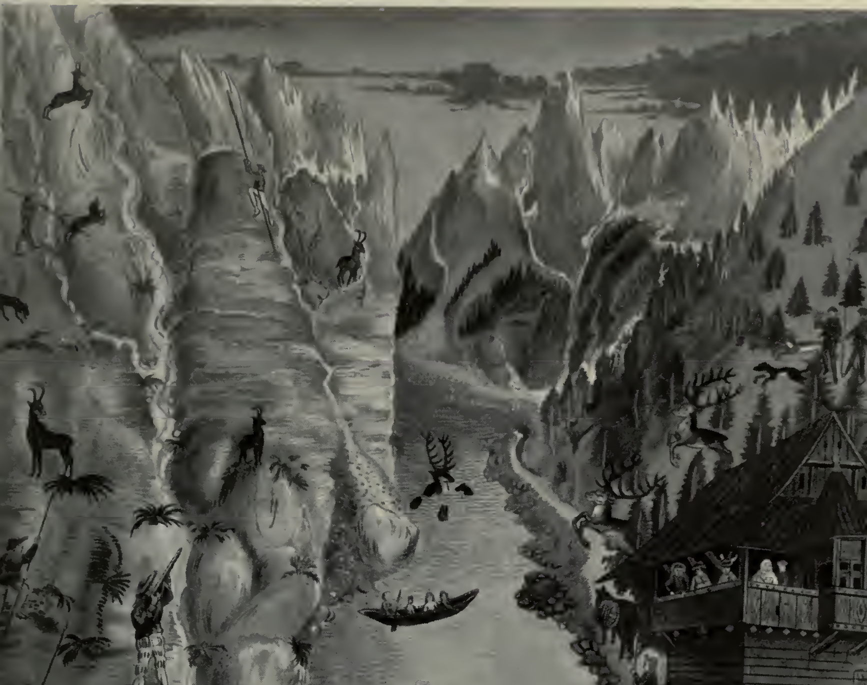
* The celebrated cenotaph at Innsbruck, one of the finest existing monuments, does not contain the body of Maximilian, the contemplated translation of his remains never having been carried out.

† Charles' affection for Maurice must have been extraordinarily deep. When some months later he received news of Maurice's assassination by Grumbach's silver bullet, he is said to have exclaimed :



had already been captured and precipitate flight seemed the only escape left to the Emperor, who had no army. Twice already had Charles attempted to steal stealthily out of Tyrol, once by way of Switzerland and Elsass, the other time by way of Suabia, his goal in both cases being the Netherlands, where money and troops were waiting for him. Both attempts were frustrated, the second time, it is said, by a laughable incident. Accompanied only by one of his courtiers, even his valet Dubois being left behind in the Innsbruck palace, where he remained in bed to personate the Emperor, Charles disguised himself as an old lady travelling in a covered waggon to Wildbad to take the waters. At Lermos, a little village near the Bavarian boundary, Charles ordered some simple refreshments to be brought to him. The buxom country lass who bore them to him on catching sight of his features exclaimed: "Oh, how like this old lady is to the great Emperor!" This so frightened Charles that he immediately returned to Innsbruck. When Maurice's army was but a day's march off, only an immediate flight could prevent his being captured. Broken in health, utterly weary of life and disheartened by dangers on every side, Charles was suffering at the time the torments of gout in the worst form, for he had always been an immoderate eater. Not an hour was to be lost. On a cold spring night (May 1552) in a torrent of rain which turned into snow as the dismal party reached higher altitudes, the flight across the Brenner Pass was commenced. Carried in a litter, accompanied by servants bearing torches, the party left Innsbruck at nine o'clock at night and were soon threading their way upwards through the gloomy defiles of the rough mountain road. Behind

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"Oh, Absalom! my son! my son! Would to God I had died for you!" This personal liking can hardly have been reciprocated by Maurice, who, as Bryce in his "Holy Roman Empire" tells us, was as glad as Charles was at his escape. "I have no cage big enough for such a bird," he remarked when he heard of it.

his litter was carried his coffin and behind it rode his brother Ferdinand, King of the Romans, followed by the Emperor's erstwhile prisoner, the Elector of Saxony, who was accompanying the Emperor voluntarily, for Charles had given him his freedom a few days previously, when the news of the enemy's near approach had been received.

The Elector was also on this occasion accompanied by his faithful friend, the painter Lucas Cranach, whilst the Emperor's trusted banker, the millionaire Anton Fugger, was likewise of the party. Behind the train of fugitives, King Ferdinand's bodyguard, consisting of five hundred horsemen from the Netherlands, broke off all the bridges so as to retard pursuers.*

What a picture of fallen human greatness that weird party must have presented, as they wended their way on that wild night under the fitful glare of torches through the dense pine forest, up and up, a storm of sleet and snow sweeping down upon them in the narrow defiles. It soon covered everything with a white mantle, that made it difficult to tell the litter from the bier, to distinguish the conveyance of the living Emperor from that intended for the dead. When daylight came they had reached the top of the pass, and some hours afterwards reached Sterzing, where the exhausted travellers made a brief halt before proceeding to Villach, where Charles at last deemed himself safe. †

During Charles' stay at Innsbruck he was visited by the King of Bohemia, his son-in-law, and we can form some idea of the vast expense of such a royal progress, as it pursued its slow course through the country, when we hear that there were four thousand horsemen in his suite, and to increase its fantastic features the Bohemian king brought with him a huge East Indian elephant, the first ever seen in Tyrol. The high road, we hear, was lined by the curious peasantry, the news of the unique sight spreading like wildfire and causing a very stampede from the isolated hamlets.

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* So unexpected was the invasion that the only available bodyguard the Emperor could summon were his son's troops, which the latter had left at Rattenberg (near Matzen) to cover his retreat. These were hastily summoned to Innsbruck.

† It was on his journey from Villach by way of the Unter-Innthal that Charles passed Matzen, on a state barge.

In the following century another curious royal roamer passed through the valley on her way to Innsbruck. This was Queen Christina of Sweden who, with her retinue of two hundred and fifty-five persons and two hundred and forty-seven horses was making her way to Rome, to proclaim there her apostasy from the faith of her race for which her famous father, Gustavus Adolphus, had fought so valiantly. But such was the solicitude of the church that she was not allowed to get further than Innsbruck as a heretic.

Four days after her arrival there she solemnly abjured, in the presence of a vast assembly, the Lutheran faith, a step which she subsequently must have rued bitterly, for it cost her the throne.

One hundred and ten years later a dramatic scene was enacted on the river before us. On August 18, 1765, there died suddenly at Innsbruck, as he was returning from the opera that was given in honour of the wedding of his son with the Infanta of Spain, Emperor Francis I., the handsome husband of Maria Theresa, to whom the latter was attached with a passionate fondness ill repaid by the numerous intrigues in which the pleasure-loving Francis engaged. The inconsolable Empress accompanied the corpse to Vienna, huge barges being used for the journey down the Inn river.

As the stately *cortége* was starting, there was witnessed that historical scene between the magnanimous Empress and the beautiful but frail Countess Neipperg, the last object of the dead Emperor's gallantries, who had taken part in the festivities of the Court at Innsbruck. When the Empress was about to approach the coffin as it was being conveyed on board the leading barge, she saw the Countess standing quite alone and shunned by the assembled crowd of courtiers who had formerly been only too ready to pander to the passions of the dead Emperor. She was dressed in the deepest mourning and was weeping as bitterly as was the Empress. Casting a sarcastic glance at the fawning assembly, the tender-hearted widow went straightway up to the fair sinner, and taking her hand tenderly said in a tone to be heard by everybody: "Alas! *We* have indeed suffered a great loss, my dear," and invited her to go with her on the barge and share in the watches at the side of the coffin. Thus guarded the corpse of the Emperor floated past our point of view.

As we of the twentieth century look at the river sweeping past, in summer in turbulent mud stained masses, for it drains a vast area of snow mountains, in autumn and winter in a stately flow of limpid blue green water, there is absolutely nothing about it to betray its past importance. For the last generation or so the railway constructed alongside of it has, as we have already mentioned, deprived it of its traffic as completely as were its floods dried up. *Sic transit!*

But even that self-same railway, the epitome of our unromantic ultra-practical age, has already added its share to dramatic, nay tragic pageant. Not many years ago I stood at this very window from which hung a long black flag of mourning. I was watching for a white puff in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came and with my field-glasses I could presently see the first van behind the locomotive and tender. It was draped with black cloth, as was the whole train, and as the two opposite doors of the van were wide open, one obtained a plain view of something black in the centre of the carriage. Slowly the stately train glided past on its sorrowful journey to the Empire's capital. It bore the body of the fair martyr who had sat on Austria's throne, a model of womanly grace and virtue, the like of which the seven centuries of Habsburg rule had not witnessed. To end by the assassin's dagger among strangers in a foreign land, one too that had been reddened of yore by the blood of gallant Habsburgers, was the tragedy that added another and, of all journeys, the most dramatic that human eyes had witnessed from this window: that of the last home-coming of the unhappy Empress Elizabeth.

To-day as we rush in express trains from Paris to Constantinople, from Rome to Berlin along the valley spread out at our feet, passing in mole holes burrowed through the broad base of the glacier covered Alps, reaching our destination in less time than it took the trader of yore to climb the twenty-five miles of weary steep from the foot to the top of even the lowest of the trans-Alpine passes, we are apt to forget the interesting part played by the ancient highways of nations such as is the one at our feet. History was shaped by them, trade was carried from country to country over them, and art followed in the wake. The ancient pile we are in played its part, and has its own tale to tell of that storied past, for it was the home at different periods of bearers of two great historical names, viz., the Frundsbergs and the Fuggers. The former, who as a family were perhaps the most famous of Tyrol's nobles, lived in it for some three centuries, the other for nearly seventy years. The man who made the former name famous was Georg von Frundsberg, the founder of Europe's first regular infantry, if one may so term a force of mercenaries, conspicuous for their irregularities, the famous as well as notorious *Landsknechte*, the captors of Europe's proudest king as well as of a Pope, and the dare-devil looters of the Sacred City. For it was they that sacked Rome, against the will of their leader, who was lying sick unto death in his tent, struck down by a stroke of paralysis brought on by his troops' revolt. Of him and of his epoch-making rough soldiery we shall have to speak at greater length in a future chapter, no less than of the Fuggers, the other great nobles, of whose history yonder hillsides remind one. For those mountains that form the valley before us were once the scene of incredible activity. Here were situated the richest silver mines of the time in all Europe; here dug and delved at one time thirty thousand miners, and though the vegetation of three centuries has long hidden the wounds struck at the face of nature by their picks, there is, as we shall hear, ample other evidence of their activity. With the silver they dug from these mountains Sigismund, Maximilian and Charles V. carried on their numberless wars, in France, in Italy, in the Netherlands, in Hungary, against the Turks, on Tyrol's boundaries against the Venetians, the Bavarians and the Swiss. And the one name above all others associated with the exploitation of these mines, with the financing of Emperors, Kings and Popes, was that of the Fuggers, in whose hands for upwards of a century lay the purse-strings of Europe's monarchs, on whose financial help depended the election of Emperors and whose nod decided the duration of wars.

The fact that bearers of these two great historical names were once the owners of the venerable pile from which we are viewing the motley crowd of mediæval travellers on the road at our feet, the fact that races of men who played important parts in history were born, had lived, had loved, and had died in these walls, makes our picture appear all the more real. Nor does the countryside legend that the very window we are occupying was in the long past days of "robustious" knighthood, the scene of a fratricide, cause us to linger there with less interest.* (Pl. I.)

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* Some time in the Middle Ages two brothers (according to one version they were cousins) of the Frundsberg clan inhabited Matzen

It is a fair scene, one that clings to one's memory. One may wander to the other end of the world in search of what is beautiful in Nature, and yet resume the seat in this tower window with no decreased appreciation, and, given a fine day such as Tyrol's climate affords us many, one can heave a reassured sigh of satisfaction, for the picture before one contains a combination of attractions that need not shun comparison. And upon it still rests the pristine tranquillity now gone from so many glorious spots in the "Play-ground of Europe."

and Lichtwehr, the next castle, the distance from tower to tower of the two castles being 450 or 500 yards. One day, in consequence of a fraternal feud, the knight inhabiting the latter took a pot-shot with his crossbow at his brother standing where we are, and, in spite of the great distance, he scored a fatal bull's-eye.

CHAPTER II

THE STORY OF THE OLDEST PASS OVER THE ALPS AND THE MEDIÆVAL TRAVELLERS WHO CROSSED IT

THE one fact that stands out more than any other if we examine the part played by Tyrol in the arena of Europe, is the immense influence exercised upon its history by the Brenner Pass, the southern as well as the northern approaches to which led through Tyrol's two main valleys where the principal settlements had taken root. This pass which enjoys the distinction among some sixty traverses over the main chain which are passable for vehicles, of being the lowest, and easiest, seems to have been one of the first, if not the very first, discovered in pre-historic days.

"It has been," as T. G. Bonney says, "from the most remote antiquity, the great highway of nations, the natural portal between the north and the south. Through it the Roman legions marched to plant their eagles in Germany. Through it, when the days of retribution came, the barbarian hordes poured down upon the Italian plains: in quick succession swept on Allemanni and Goths, Attila with his Huns, Odoacer with his Heruli, Theoderic with his Ostrogoths. Following them, army after army, too many to enumerate, passed and repassed in the varying contests of the Middle Ages." *

It is the fashion to smile at the ignorance respecting Alpine topography which our forefathers are supposed to have displayed; but we should remember, that we of the twentieth century with all our busy Alpine clubs and

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* "The Alpine Regions," p. 270.

swarms of skilled railway surveyors have been unable to add a single useful pass to those known to skin-clad savages a couple of thousand years ago.

The exigencies of war and the needs of even the most primitive commerce led the people who dwelt on the northern and southern slopes of the great mountain barrier to seek for the lowest and easiest means of traversing it, and it goes without saying that to have found it the configuration of the Alps must have been perfectly well known at periods long antecedent to authentic history, though it was left to the world-conquering Romans to apply that knowledge to really useful ends, by constructing roads across them.

The history of the Brenner Pass is so closely interwoven with the story of the country itself in its earlier stages of development, that by presenting a picture of the Brenner from the time when what is now Tyrol became the Roman province of Raetia, the reader will obtain a sufficiently comprehensive insight into the country's early history up to Charlemagne's reign, when Tyrol, as we know it to-day, first begins to take shape.

Though the difference in elevation between the Brenner and the only other pass over the Central Alps at all approaching it for lowness and ease, *i.e.*, the Reschen Scheideck at the head of the Vintschgau,* is only a few feet, the Brenner offers such an infinitely more direct passage from Italy to Central Europe that the further advantage possessed by it in meteorological respects gave it a unique position among passes from the very earliest times.

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* There is a curious variation in the heights of these two passes given by the best authorities. While the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the usually very correct Schaubach, and Egger in his *Geschichte Tirol's* makes the difference only 7 or 8 ft., *i.e.*, the Brenner 4588 ft. and the Scheideck 4596 ft. over the sea, Bædeker makes the altitude of the one 4485 ft. and of the other 4898, or a difference of 413 ft., while Amthor makes it in one place of his guide 132 and in the other 137 metres, or over 430 ft. Bonney, in his "Alpine Regions," gives the height of the Brenner as 4700 ft., but probably the first-named are the right elevations. Mr. Beaumont's wonderful barometer makes the Brenner Pass 3896 ft. above the city of Bozen, or 5109 ft. above the sea!

Both these traverses had peculiar features about them which distinguish them from any other. Thus the Reschen-Scheideck, to which leads up the Adige valley that drains an extensive area of the southern face of the Alps, is distinguished by the orographical peculiarity that the lakelets from which springs that stream as well as some of its earliest tributaries, rise from sources that actually lie on the *northern* side of the axis of elevation of the Main Alps. The Brenner, on the other hand, is distinguished by the circumstance that in no other place in the entire main chain, can the whole system of the Alps, with its several parallel ranges, be crossed by traversing only one chain in a rise of less than 2600 feet. No other pass enables one to reach navigable water so quickly and with less exposure to the many dangers which, more especially in old days, were attendant upon the passage of the Alps. In other words, in no other spot do two large valleys on opposite sides of the Alps penetrate so far into the heart of the great chain.*

At what period the Brenner Pass came first into general use is as impossible to say as to arrive at any clear perception regarding the identity of the race who first discovered it, and, we may assume, were the *Urbewohner* of both slopes of the Raetian Alps. Whether these were Etruscans or at least tribes akin to that very ancient and intellectually advanced people, or whether Tyrol's original inhabitants belonged to a Celtic race, is, to put it quite briefly, the question round which more than a century's scientific controversy has waged, each party quoting their own pet classic authorities: the supporters of the Etruscans trotting out their Livy, Pliny and Justin, while their antagonists rely on Zosimus and Appianus; the more indefinite opinions of Strabo, Dion Cassius, and Dionysius being advanced now by one and then by the other. And not only do they bring to bear the testimony of ancient writers, but they bombard each other's camps with the heavy guns of onomatological, paleoanthropological, etymological, ethnographical, ethnological, and finally craniological research. In some cases one and the same "ology" goes to prove opposites. Thus the craniometrical results of Retzius and of F. Müller are in exact opposition to those of Bär and of Wagner, the former declaring that the Etruscans were a brachycephalic (shortheaded) race, the latter pronouncing quite as positively that they were unquestionably dolichocephalic (long skulled). As comparatively very few crania of Tyrol's earliest inhabitants have been found, some of the theories built upon this scanty material cannot be said to be of a very convincing nature.*

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* To show the great contrast existing in even such a small country as Tyrol, it must be remembered that the altitude of the road leading up to the Brenner Pass at the point where it enters Tyrol near Rovoredo is only 245 ft. over the sea, while the road over the Stelvio reaches an altitude of 9045 ft.

If on the other hand we turn for guidance to the more positive evidence disclosed by such important discoveries of pre-Roman remains as were made—to go back only for a century—at Mauls in the year 1797, at Cembra in 1825, at Sonnenburg in 1844, at Matrei in the following year, at Pfaten in 1852 and a number of more recent but less voluminous discoveries, such as those at Matzen to which I have already alluded, we are told that these discoveries afford no definite proof that the things were manufactured at or near the spot, for they may have been articles of trade imported from distant peoples possessing a more advanced culture. Their uniformity, it is true, makes it likely that they were made in the country. Be this as it may, their discovery in such quantities along the Brenner route substantiates at any rate the early use to which this pass was put at least four or five centuries before the Christian era.

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* When discussing this question lately with a well-known craniologist, who holds very pronounced views about the infallibility of his science, the following curious instance of widely different crania cited by me ruffled his temper somewhat. Two English friends, both from the same county, were staying with me. Visiting one day the local hat-shop to get Tyrolese hats, the head of the elder of the two men aroused the hatter's liveliest surprise, as being the largest he had ever anything to do with. But what was his astonishment when he came to size up the head of the other customer, which proved to be by far the smallest adult's head he had ever come across in his half-century's experience? As the one skull was of decidedly dolichocephalic shape, the other as pronouncedly brachycephalic, what angry arguments may not be caused if these two men's skulls be discovered some thousands of years hence, in the same near proximity to each other in which they were in that hatter's shop?

Though there never waged such a hotly disputed controversy about any question connected with the Brenner Pass as there has raged for many a long day about the identity of the pass over which Hannibal is supposed to have marched with his elephants, a discussion which grew only warmer by the discovery high on the pass of what supposedly were the bones of one of these animals, there have been nevertheless some pretty little polemics in relation to the former. One of the principal early events connected with the Brenner Pass described in classic literature is the invasion of the Roman provinces of North Italy by the *Cimbri*, that formidable Teutonic tribe that inspired such fear in Rome. Though it occurred less than a century before the conquest of Tyrol by Drusus and Tiberius, we know little about the route which the *Cimbri* followed southwards from their dank German forests. For a long time it formed another controversial question, but since the researches of Mommsen, it is generally accepted that the Brenner Pass and not the Reschen Scheideck or any of the other passes leading southwards from Noricum was the one selected by these bold invaders of Rome's mighty empire.* We know

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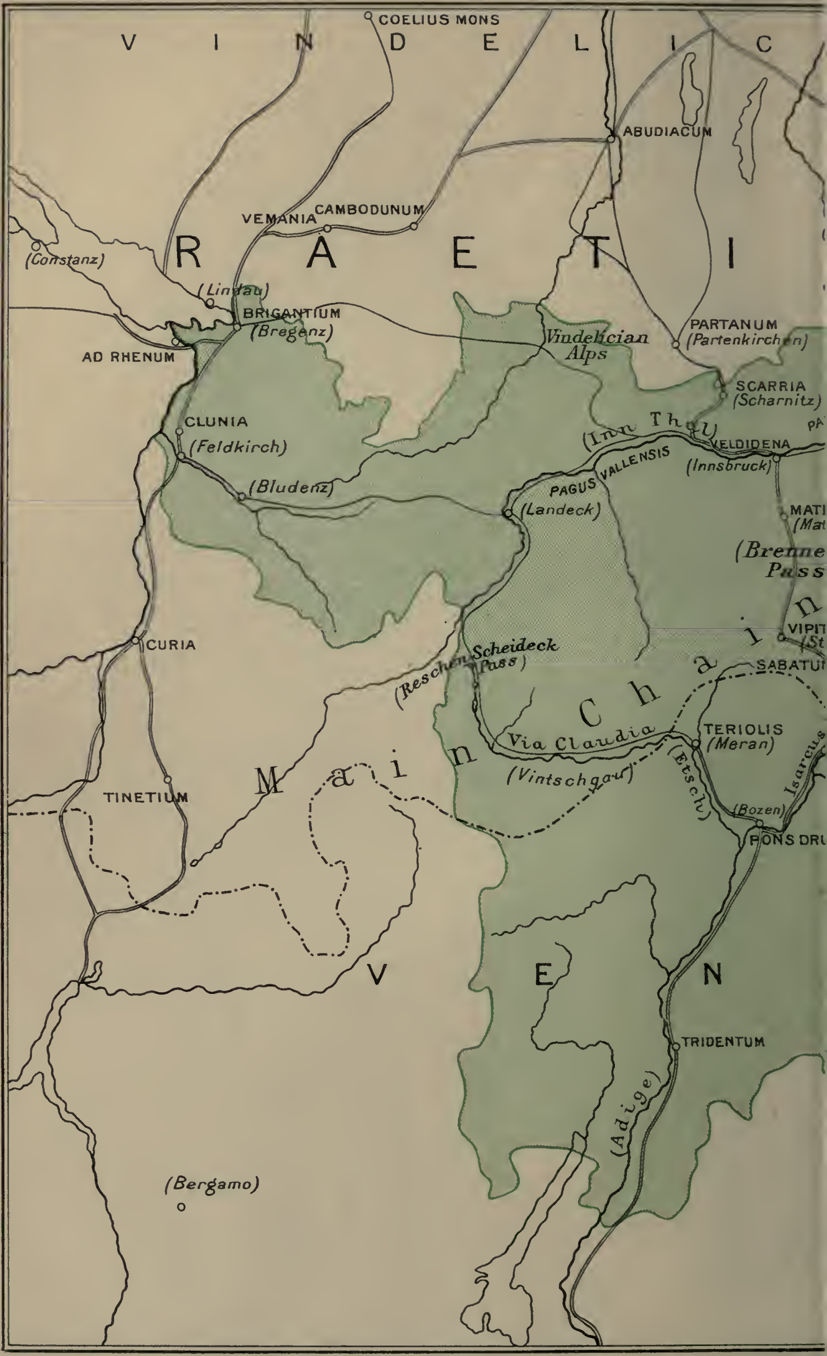
* Certain historians still maintain that the *Cimbri* entered South Tyrol by the Reschen Scheideck and the Vintschgau. (*See* Wanka von Rodlow's treatise on the Brenner Pass, pp. 10–15.)


COELIUS MONS
VINDELIC
ABUDIACUM
VEMANIA
CAMBODUNUM
(Constanz)
RAETI
(Lindau)
BRIGANTIUM
(Bregenz)
AD RHENUM
Vindelician Alps
PARTANUM
(Partenkirchen)
SCARRIA
(Scharnitz)
CLUNIA
(Feldkirch)
(Inn Thal)
VELDIDENA
(Innsbruck)
PAGUS VALLENSIS
(Landeck)
(Bludenz)
MATI
(Brenne
Pass
CURIA
Scheideck Pass
(Reschen
Main Chain
VIPIT
SABATU
TERIOLIS
(Meran)
Via Claudia
(Vintschgau)
(Etsch)
Isarcus
TINETIUM
(Bozen)
PONS DRU
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TRIDENTUM
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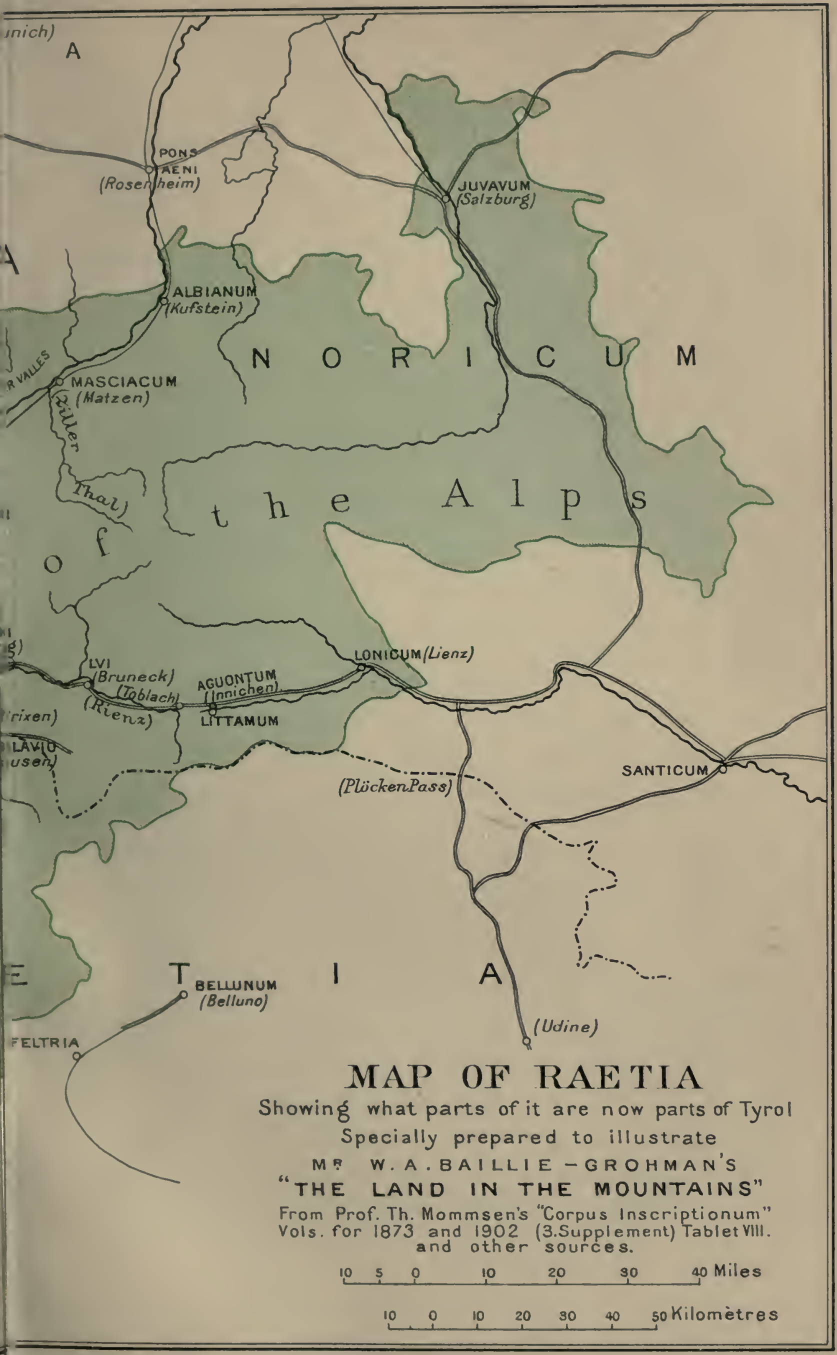
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LITTAMUM
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(Belluno)
FELTRIA
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MAP OF RAETIA

Showing what parts of it are now parts of Tyrol
Specially prepared to illustrate
MR W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN'S
"THE LAND IN THE MOUNTAINS"
From Prof. Th. Mommsen's "Corpus Inscriptionum"
Vols. for 1873 and 1902 (3. Supplement) Tablet VIII.
and other sources.

Stanford's Geogl. Estabt., London.

from Plutarch's *Marius* that the spot where Quintus Lutatius Catulus, the leader of the Roman legions that were sent northwards to oppose the invaders, met the latter, was on the banks of the Adige, between Verona and the foot of the Brenner. Here late one autumn or winter, probably at the famous gorge south of Trent, the Romans came first to blows with the *Cimbri*, and much astonished they were by the appearance of the herculean skin-clad savages who came tobogganning down from the impending snow and ice covered heights on their wooden shields, and performed such prodigious feats of valour and strength with the rudest possible weapons. The defeat which the Romans experienced at their hands cannot have failed deeply to impress the tribes of the surrounding districts who, though they probably did not join the *Cimbri* in their raid into Venetia, must have drawn lessons from it that caused them to offer the stout resistance they did when their own turn came and their country was made the goal of the victorious Roman eagle. The *Cimbri* however were not destined to continue their march of conquest very far southward, for in the fearfully sanguinary battle of Vercellae in B.C. 101 Roman skill of arms thoroughly vanquished the invaders and covered the battlefield with tens of thousands of Teuton corpses. It was probably the first of the numerous subsequent occasions when Germanic armies, after wearisome marches over the Alps, came to grief on the banks of the Po.

The Raetians, a generation or two after the final defeat of the *Cimbri*, in spite of the fate that befell the latter, attempted to follow their example, and they began to raid the territories of Rome or those of its allies. Munatius Plancus drove them back, however (B.C. 43), and seven years later again, taking possession, on this occasion, of a great part of the Trent country, which was thus the first portion of the present Tyrol that came under the

Roman sway. But twenty years later it became manifest to Rome's rulers that in order to secure themselves against these constant northern raiders, the empire's frontier must be extended northwards also in the direction of Raetia, the line of the Danube being substituted for that of the Po.

To Tiberius and Drusus, the two stepsons of Augustus, was entrusted the task of conquering the Raetians, and the campaign was as carefully planned by the ever-cautious Augustus as it was skilfully carried out by his kinsmen. From two sides the Roman legions entered Tyrol; Tiberius who was then governor of Gaul, coming in from the west by way of Lake Leman, and Drusus from the south, making Trent his headquarters and following up the broad and fertile valley of the Adige, to where it is joined by the Eisack at Bozen. The Brenner Pass was his obvious goal, which to possess meant the command of the country. But before he could reach the watershed, while marching up the last named stream, fresh from the Brenner snows, the hardy and valiant *Breuni* or *Breones* and *Genaunes*, two Raetian tribes that inhabited the southern slopes of the Brenner, gave battle to the invaders of their homes. Horace's well-known description * of the desperate nature of the fight that waged in the narrow gorge where the overhanging rocks almost meet, is the best evidence that Rome's soldiers had no light task in subduing these mountain people, though Horace probably did not fail to make the most of the feat in lauding his great Emperor's martial genius. Red with the blood of the slain, according to Albinovanus Pedo,† ran the turbulent *Itargus* (Isarcus) or Eisack, and so fiercely did the women fight, if we can believe Florus, that when other missiles failed they threw their own children into the faces of the Roman troops.‡

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* Lib. IV., ode 14 and 4.

† Elegy to Liviam.

‡ Of the very sanguinary nature of the fighting Velleius Paterculus

The *Pons Drusi*, as was named in honour of this victory the bridge over the Eisack at the mouth of the great cañon, where now stands the flourishing mediæval town of Bozen, commemorated the final conquest of Tyrol. For Tiberius' forces were equally successful in the conquest of the northern part of the country; though it is a matter of surmise at what localities his fighting took place, as also where the armies of the two victorious brothers finally met. Most probably the latter took place in the Inn valley near the site of the present Innsbruck, for it is only natural that after this arduous campaign on the Brenner, and the fatiguing passage of the snowy range, the victorious army was allowed to enjoy a thorough rest on once again reaching level and open ground at the northern foot of the pass. There the broad vista of the smiling Unter Innthal must have appeared doubly inviting to tired men weary of inhospitable rocky gorges and gloomy mountain glens which for weeks or months had been the scene of their hard struggles. There at the foot of the pass, where they had debouched from the narrow Sillthal (the gap formed by the Brenner is, as a whole, called the Wippthal), they established, where Wilten, a suburb of Innsbruck now stands, the oppidum of *Veldidena* with temples, public baths, and fortified circumvallations sufficient for a considerable garrison; for we can well suppose that neither the *Breuni* nor the *Vindelicians*, their immediate neighbours to the north, submitted tamely to the Roman yoke without occasional attempts at resistance at least in the remoter parts of the conquered country.* On the whole, however, there is every reason to believe that these mountain tribes soon quieted down and speedily

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also speaks in his history (L. ii. 95), as Wanka von Rodlow mentions in his treatise already cited.

* The *Breuni* did not entirely disappear until after the eighth century.—Stolz, *Die Urbevolkerung Tirols*, p. 52.

became good citizens of Rome; though this process of assimilation probably took longer in the case of *Raetia* than in that of adjacent *Noricum* and *Vindelicia*, where in the time of Augustus' grandson, the Roman municipal system was already in full operation.

It was probably Drusus alone who, following up his victorious march northwards, founded *Augusta Vindelicorum* (Augsburg), while Tiberius again went westwards, for as Mommsen has shown, it was Drusus and not Hadrian who established the important fortified camp, and built a forum for the usual commercial purposes.* It soon became one of the most important Roman towns north of the Central Alps and Tacitus already speaks of it as *splendidissima Raetiæ provinciæ colonia.*†

Thus in brief outline came to pass, about the year B.C. 15, the conquest of the sturdy Raetians. It is safe to assume that the task of Drusus and Tiberius would have been an infinitely more difficult one if the various component tribes had held together, for the advantages inherent to the defence of a mountainous country, such as Tyrol, are considerable, and in the days of hand-to-hand fighting they were even greater than they are now, when superiority of armament and skilful tactic are more easily able to overcome unorganised resistance, though Napoleon's Tyrolese campaign a century ago cannot be cited as a happy example of this.

For close upon five centuries Raetia remained a Roman province, and the great road over the Brenner, which proved to be such an important link between the Po and the Danube, was speedily begun, as was also the road up the Vintschgau to the Reschen-Scheideck Pass. From there it continued westwards to *Brigantium*, the present

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* It probably had also an amphitheatre (*see* Friedlander, ii., p. 595).

† That Tacitus could only refer to *Augusta Vindelicorum*, Mommsen proves in his *Corpus inscriptionum Latinarum*, iii., p. 711.

Bregenz, while another branch went eastwards down the Inn to *Veldidena.*

Of all the Roman roads this highway through the Vintschgau has caused the most discussion in learned circles, for its name, *Via Claudia Augusta,* has been applied by numerous writers to other highways, and particularly to the main part of the great Brenner road to which it is not applicable. Mommsen, after a very careful study of all the evidence, gives this name only to the Vintschgau portion of the road in his map of Raetia. Much of the mystery attached to the *Via Claudia* is caused by the fact that we have far less definite information about the construction of roads through Tyrol under Augustus than we possess of his road-builders' activity in the more westerly provinces of the empire, as, for instance, in the case of his famous road over the higher Little St. Bernard.

Strabo in the fourth book of his Geography, while not mentioning by name the Brenner Pass, evidently alludes to it, and states that a constant trade intercourse with sumpter animals was kept up along tracks which in places were exceedingly narrow, and skirted giddy abysses; he also speaks of the danger from avalanches to which the traveller was exposed. He does not mention the *Via Claudia* for a very good reason; it was not built until after his death. For the discovery of two well-preserved milestones gives us definite information that the *Via Claudia* was constructed by the Emperor Claudius, the son of Drusus and grandson of Augustus in the years 46 and 47 of the Christian era. It was a road that was intended to connect the Po with the Danube *via* the Reschen-Scheideck. One of these milestones which stood at Rabland in Vintschgau, * and which now stands in Count Sarnthein's garden at Bozen, was in the sixteenth century already an object of some attention. In the year 1552 an unusually heavy torrent of rain uncovered this stone, and a well-intentioned knight happening to hear of this had the good sense to take steps to preserve the stone and to have engraved on it a quaintly worded description where and when it was discovered. This example is unfortunately not always followed by later discoverers of Roman remains, and a particularly exasperating illustration of how not to treat irreplaceable treasures of this sort befell a third milestone discovered in 1849 in the Vintschgau, a few miles from the one last mentioned. A sculptor at Meran hearing of the discovery of the stone in the garden of a peasant hurried to the spot and, delighted with the appearance of the fine marble pillar, bought it for a trifle from the illiterate peasant. But if the latter was an ignorant tiller of the soil, the new owner was a vandal, for he promptly, without even making a copy of the well-preserved inscription, effaced the latter and turned the pillar into a tombstone still to be seen in the Meran cemetery!

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* The other one was found at Feltre, and both are described in Mommsen's *Corpus Inscriptionem Latinarum,* v. nr. 8002 and 8003.

The *Via Claudia* through the Vintschgau never approached in importance the road over the Brenner Pass, and though we know that provisions for the Roman legions were transported over it in the beginning of the fifth century, all reference to it is omitted from the two principal imperial itineraries which give us such invaluable information concerning Roman affairs.

For more than a century after the conquest of Tyrol by Augustus' sons, the Brenner Pass remained more of a commercially important road than a military one. The principal article of trade carried across it southward was salt. It came from the famous mines at Hall in the Unter-Innthal, which it is believed were already known, and worked, by the Raetians in pre-Roman times, and as these mines are to-day still in active operation,—it is said they contain sufficient saline rock or the next thou-

sand years,—we have here a rare instance of an industry that has been carried on uninterruptedly for upwards of twenty centuries.

Next in importance to salt were the produce of the dairy, as well as timber, hides and Alpine herbs used for medical purposes or for liqueurs. As Pliny tells us * many different kinds of Alpine cheeses were known to the Roman epicure, and Julius Capitolinus records the fate of Emperor Antoninus Pius, who killed himself by an over-indulgence in them.

Of equal importance was the trade in wine from South Raetia; Augustus himself thought much of it, and we know from Pliny, that this wine was transported in wooden barrels. Tyrol's vineyards, which now extend no further than the southern foot of the Brenner Pass, seem in the Middle Ages to have existed also north of the pass, in the Unter-Innthal, for we come across various records of such properties. Whether this should be taken as a sign that climatic changes have taken place in the last five hundred years, or as an indication that nowadays cereals and maize have proved themselves to be a safer if not more remunerative crop, is a question about which people differ.*

Also tin from Britain was probably transported *via* the Brenner to *Aquileia*, though probably not to the same extent as to *Massilia* (Marseilles), if Diodorus' account (v. 22) of that then flourishing trade be correct.

For a time the Brenner road was probably quite as much used by traders and travellers coming from *Aquileia*, then the Queen of the Adriatic, as it was by those who came from the Po country, *via* Trent and the Adige valley. The pass which the former used was the Monte Croce or Plöcken Pass which at a height of 4500 feet allows the passage of the Carnic Alps, through approaches that are among the wildest and most picturesque of any in the Alps. To-day its old glories have been quite forgotten, and the pass is only used by a few stray travellers transacting local business, or by smugglers and poachers.* Only a few of the guide-books have a word or two to say about this once very famous pass which Cæsar used extensively. The trade between *Aquileia* and *Noricum* must have been very considerable even in the earliest days of Roman supremacy in the Central Alps, for the stations on this road were substantial places. *Tricesimum* was the first of these settlements after leaving the shores of the Adriatic, *Julium Carnicum*, the present Zuglio, the second; *Aguntum*, or Innichen, the third; and at *Sebatum*, or Schabs as its modern unmelodious name runs, situated at the foot of the Brenner mountains, just north of Brixen, Cæsar's road joined the highway from the Adige country, which in subsequent times, when *Aquileia* began to decline, was destined to extinguish its trade so completely. Between *Julium Carnicum* and *Aguntum* sprung up a fourth important settlement, namely *Loncium* or *Lonicum*, where now stands, in a very beautiful position, the little mediæval town of Lienz, the gateway to the Gross Glockner country. Strabo refers to a lake which he thought was the source of the Adige,† and though it would have been but a classic instance of a mistake frequently made down to this day, amongst others by Goethe, *i.e.*, to confound the head-waters of the Eisack with those of the Adige, he was probably quite correct in making that river take its source in a lake, for according to competent authorities * there did exist a lake within historical times at this spot. Altogether this so little known easternmost corner of Tyrol (the Plöcken Pass is just beyond its boundaries and already on Carinthian territory) presents much of interest for the inquiring mind of the historian and antiquary, no less than for the lover of scenery, the eastern parts of the Dolomites being a *terra incognita* in comparison to the western portions, which are annually over-run by tens of thousands of tourists.

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* In this respect the North Tyrolese vineyards seem to have shared the fate of English vineyards: thus Henry II. when he built the first stone castle at Windsor had a vineyard there, of which we find no trace in later days.

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* How little used this pass is to-day the following incident will illustrate. A few years ago a friend and I rented an extensive range of chamois country comprising the northern face of the Plöcken Pass (the watershed forms the international boundary and the southern slopes are in Italian territory). One day I shot a chamois close to the little custom-house that marks the top of the pass, and the beast actually fell dead on Cæsar's highway.

† Strabo, iv., 9, 207.

Recent researches throw interesting light upon Rome's fiscal administration, and give us details concerning tolls collected by Rome in the two great arteries of trade with which we are dealing. Coming from *Aquileia* the trader was mulcted of his dues the very instant he had passed the watershed, the site of the Roman custom-house being, it is believed, now occupied by a substantial old hostelry on the northern face of the Plöcken Pass, ten minutes' walk from the actual watershed. Travellers using the other route, *i.e.*, from the Po country up the Adige valley, fell into the hands of the custom officials at *Sublavio*, near the present Klausen, at the head of the great gorge of the Eisack in which, we have heard, the Raetians offered such heroic resistance to the Roman legions. Custom dues were levied by the Romans solely as a means of increasing the revenue of the state, and not for protecting purposes. They were collected in the time of the republic by contractors to whom the revenues were farmed out, but later the Emperors, probably in consequence of abuses of this system, employed civil servants as collectors, or if contractors retained the office, their servants were under the control of the Procurator of the district. Raetia and Noricum, as well as Dalmatia, belonged to the customs district of *Illyricum*, and Mommsen gives us the text of two tablets [*] relating to the customs station at *Sublavio*, from which we learn the names of the principal officials, *i.e.*, that of the customs collector himself, which was T. Julius Saturninus, and of the slaves, Festinus and Fortunatus, who acted as arcarius or treasurer, and as contrascriptor or controller. Saturninus probably found the business a very lucrative one, for he farmed also the customs at the Plöcken Pass, as we learn from a gravestone of a slave called Amandus, who acted at that office as controller under Saturninus' management. [†]

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* Penck's *Der Brenner.*

The duty amounted usually to two and a half per cent. *ad valorem*, the officials being granted most sweeping powers to search the packages and belongings of the traders and travellers. They were even entitled to open private letters [‡] if they suspected that they contained information concerning the value of the goods. To undervalue articles of trade seems to have been a dangerous proceeding, for if the collector believed that the trader was playing this very ancient trick upon him, he could seize the goods and sell them by public auction. We can see therefore that the traveller in those far-off days was no more immune than he is to-day from the worries which the douanier inflicts upon him.

As a military road the Brenner Pass route came to the forefront towards the end of the second century of our era, when that strangely overmastering impulse to migrate southwards seized so many of the warlike Teutonic tribes. It was the irruption of the *Marcomanni* in Marcus Aurelius' reign, 165 A.D., which threatened that part of the northern frontier of the empire with which we are most concerned, and gave northern Raetia and the country of the hitherto peaceful *Vindelicians* a strategic importance they had hitherto not possessed. One of the

[*] *Corp. Insc. Lat.*, v. 5079, 5080.

[†] *Id.* iii. 4720.

[‡] "Trinummus," iii. 3, 66.

immediate results was the formation of a special legion, the III. Italica, with its headquarters at *Castra Regina* (Ratisbon or Regensburg) from where it co-operated with the ordinary Vindonissian garrison, *i.e.*, the XXI. Legion.

No fewer than three Roman milestones on the Brenner Pass, dating from the reign of Septimus Severus (the soldier Emperor who died at York 211 A.D.), are in existence. One stood near *Veldidena*,* the second at the mouth of the Stubai valley,† the third near Sterzing,‡ and their inscriptions bear witness to the activity with which the repairs, and in places reconstruction of the Brenner road and of its bridges, were carried on when the endangered northern frontier made the passage over it a matter of prime urgency. These works lasted fully twenty years, and they contrived to make of what was previously only a trading road a really first class imperial high road. As such we already meet it in the two principal Roman Itineraries where its various stations are detailed.§ In the valleys the road ran along the foothills, skirting the riverine bottomlands where frequent inundations and morasses would have offered periodical obstacles to progress. At one point the road made a considerable circuit in order to avoid a narrow defile. This was the notorious Eisack gorge north of *Pons Drusi*. This great cañon while offering the shortest route between Brixen and Bozen was a hard nut to crack even for the railway surveyors, when the line came to be built there some forty years ago. Enclosed by high, in places perpendicular, cliffs, of a peculiarly brittle rock, the extremely turbulent river has worn for itself a channel so narrow that the railway had to be cut for miles into the rock; dangerous landslides in spring and autumn, as perilous snow avalanches in winter, and a rushing stream that is ever gnawing at the roadbed, and is subject to sudden appalling freshets, made this piece of the Brixen-Bozen railway one of the most difficult to construct and one of the most expensive in the world to keep up. This gorge the Roman road avoided altogether by rising well above the cañon soon after leaving *Pons Drusi*, and keeping for a distance of some twenty miles on a level of more than two thousand feet above the raging torrent.

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* *Corp. Ins. Lat.*, nr. 5981.

† *Ib.* iii. 7982.

‡ It was discovered 1888, as W. v. Rodlow (p. 46) mentions.

§ In the *Tabula Peutingeriana* we have, starting from Verona, 18 M.P. to *Vennum*, 23 M.P. to *Scarchis*, 20 M.P. to *Tredente* (Trent), 15 M.P. to *Pons Drusi* (Bozen), 13 M.P. to *Sublavio* or *Sublavione*, 35 M.P. to *Vepiteno* (Sterzing), 20 M.P. to *Matrejum* (Matrei), 18 M.P. to *Vetonina* or *Veldidena*. From here the distances on the northward branch were 18 M.P. to *Scarbia* (Scharnitz), 11 M.P. to *Parthanum* (Partenkirchen), 20 M.P. to *Coveliacas*, and thence to *Augusta Vindelicorum* (Augsburg). The north-eastern branch leading to *Noricum*, starting from *Veldidena*, measured 26 M.P. to *Masciaco* or *Masciacum*, 26 M.P. to *Albiano* (Kufstein), and 38 M.P. (it should probably be 28) to *Pons Aeni* (Rosenheim).

There can be no doubt that the Romans established along the Brenner road postal stations as they did along other high roads. The service of this state post was reserved for official uses, for the transmission of despatches, conveyance of high officials and officers, and of everything relating to state business, the general public being left unconsidered. The *mutationes*, where the horses were changed, and the *mansiones*, where the nights were passed, recurred at regular intervals, and only in very exceptional cases that required the permission of the governor and, later, that of the Emperor himself, could private persons in cases of extreme urgency make use of the state post. To assist the general public to reach distant destinations, guilds, or associations of *jumentarii* came to be formed, who conveyed travellers on two-wheeled conveyances. Of the existence of such associations on the southern approaches of the Brenner we have documentary proof, and it is safe to presume that similar arrangements were instituted along the Brenner itself.

Dr. v. Wanka in his interesting monograph on the Brenner, to which I am indebted for many details here quoted, gives an amusing account of the Roman inns that served the weary traveller. Their cheapness was probably their one redeeming feature; for half an As *i.e.*, ⅓ of a penny, one could obtain lodging and food in the inns on the Italian approaches to Tyrol. The company to be found in such road-side hostelries was mostly very rough, and we can quite believe Plutarch's account of the indignities to which the superior class of traveller was often exposed on the part of muleteers and other boorish customers. Though no details of Roman inns along the Brenner road have survived, they were probably called by names and hung out signs similar to those used in other parts of the empire. Some were called by the names of animals, as for instance, "at the Elephant" in Pompeii or at Narbonne "at the cock," and at other places: "at the snakes," "at the larger eagle;" "at the sword," "at the wheel," &c.

Along this great military and commercial artery by which imperial Rome sent its dominating civilisation pulsating to the remote corners of Europe, numerous fortified strongholds came to be erected in course of time. Traces of them are to be seen at the gorge between Verona and Trent, the famous Chiusa di Verona, that "saw red" on so many fiercely contested occasions during seventeen eventful centuries; at the *Doss di Trento*, or the Wart, the broad-based rocky pinnacle opposite the town, from whence high-road and river could be commanded as effectually by the ballistæ and catapults of the Romans, as by the trebuchets and magonels of the Middle Ages, and by the muzzle-loading cannons of Napoleon I.

We come upon remains of fortifications at numerous spots, almost every crag jutting out from the forbidding-looking mountains that form the slopes of the valley between Trent and Bozen, is crowned by crumbling ruins to which the first stone was laid when Christianity was still young. For there are few localities in any part of the world where Nature has provided so profusely inaccessible positions, where she, so to speak, has tempted weak human man to turn highway knight by furnishing a vastly abundant choice of sheer unapproachable rock-bound retreats. Castles stud every crag as we pass *Pons Drusi*, near which the Eisack, after having taken up the waters of the Talfer, joins the mother stream that comes sweeping down in gentle curves from the beautiful basin of Meran, also rich in pre-historic and Roman remains. In the Eisack gorge itself, though not on a level with the modern high-road or the railway, but well above on the steep slopes of the enclosing mountains where ran the Roman road, we come across the remains of an important Roman settlement of which we have already spoken, *i.e.*, the *Sublavio*, where Saturninus and his successors levied toll upon the patient traders. Here, near the station of Waidbruck, stands also the ancient castle of Trostburg, one of the finest specimens of an untouched mediæval *Burg* to be found anywhere, though now in a somewhat neglected condition. It occupies, as numerous Roman remains discovered there prove, the site of a Roman *mansio*. Less than four miles further up the Eisack cañon stands the Gibraltar of Tyrol, the Roman stronghold of *Sabiona*, or *Sebona*. There Nature carved out a natural fortress in the shape of a rocky pinnacle towering some 450 feet over the single street that constitutes the mediæval town of Klausen, and which just finds room between the foot of the rock and the boisterous Eisack. From the top of this rock both the river and the high-road could be commanded even more effectually than at the *Doss di Trento*. *Sabiona*, to give it the name more generally used, was one of the strongest Roman points in the country, and though for the last thousand years a

Benedictine nunnery occupies the top of the pinnacle where once Roman centurions kept watch and ward, it is not a difficult task to reconstruct the castrum that probably stood there when Christ lay in His cradle.

Säben, as *Sabiona* was called in the Middle Ages, was for a few centuries the seat of the Bishop who in 992 transferred his capital from there to Brixen, a few miles further up the river, and well beyond the gloomy mountain defile, of which we have had so repeatedly to speak. At Brixen, the Romans had a settlement of some size, probably on the site of Raetian habitations. Pliny and Ptolemy speak of the *Brixentes* who inhabited this region. Deeds of 828 and 901 A.D. are still extant, in which the name is spelt *Brichsna*, and show, that it was also at that dark period a place of some importance. North of it, a few miles off, was *Sebatum*, where the road from Aquileia, as we have already said, joined the Brenner route, which from thence began to climb the height of the Pass. The incline was, however, a gentle one, and at *Vipitenum*—the present Sterzing—the last settlement of any size on the south face of the main Alps was reached.

We know not whether the height of the watershed on the Brenner road was marked by the usual shrines at which, as Livy tells us, it was the custom to return thanks to the Gods for the protection so far enjoyed, and to offer up prayer for a continuance of such good guardianship during the descent on the other side—*pro itu et reditu*. If they existed, which they probably did, they have long disappeared, for here at the watershed, as we know from the fate of the settlement near it, landslips and avalanches make the preservation of such mementoes impossible. Once across the watershed, and past the ancient customs station at Gries, not far from the little lake which occupies a small cup between the mountains, the road dipped down on the northern face of the Alps towards the Inn valley more swiftly than it had ascended the southern face, though the gradients were in no place very heavy. *Matrejum*, now Matrei, was the principal station between the top of the pass and *Veldidena*, and here the Romans must have displaced a Raetian settlement of some importance. To judge by the discoveries accidentally made there a systematic search would probably unearth relics of great interest.

It would lead one too far to follow the fate of the Brenner Pass road during the decline of the Roman empire, and the period of chaos which followed, and a brief recapitulation of the principal events of which we have record must suffice. Very real was the danger that threatened the empire from the north, and which the genius of *Septimius Severus* had foreseen and tried to forestall by improving the Brenner Pass so as to allow of the speedy passage of large forces towards the northern frontier, where the Teutonic tribes were getting more and more aggressively hostile. By the middle of the third century the *Alemanni* had crossed the Danube and were spreading also Rhinewards, and though the successor of the murdered *Alexander Severus*, the energetic *Maximinus*, managed to obtain a signal victory over the *Alemanni*, the peace was not a lasting one. The latter Emperor appears to have remained in Raetia for some time during this period of tranquillity, and we have proof in the shape of a milestone found near the top of the pass, that he caused the road to be repaired and its defences strengthened. Also under *Decius*, as can be shown by similar evidence, great efforts were made to improve the *Raetian* roads. A worse time was to follow under the Thirty Tyrants, when the same aggressive invaders from the North overwhelmed *Raetia* and, according to some authorities, managed to penetrate into the heart of Italy as far as Ravenna, after pillaging and burning Verona. Ten years later, 270 A.D., *Claudius* proved victorious against a similar incursion, the scene of the final battle being at the southernmost extremity of the present Tyrol near the shores of Lake Garda. Again and again Gothic invasions appear to have occurred, the Brenner Pass being probably in every case the goal of which the invaders first tried to possess themselves, until *Aurelian* at last succeeded in clearing *Raetia* and *Vindelicia* of Goths. Under *Probus*, *Diocletian*, and *Maxentius*, and in fact till *Julian*'s reign in the middle of the fourth century, there is evidence of constant work being done on the Brenner road, while under *Valentinian* and *Valens* the old road over the Plöcken Pass was greatly improved and the fortifications along it strengthened. Destiny would have it, however, that over it as well as over every other road made by the Romans in *Raetia* there should soon pass, not Rome's tried legions, but vast hostile hosts, bent upon the destruction of the mighty, if effete, fabric that had so long swayed the sceptre of the world. Of the events that occurred in the dark ages, between the invasion of Europe by the Huns with their "Scourge of God," and Charlemagne's reign, a period of general upheaval and chaotic migration we have, of course, far scantier reliable information than we possess concerning the preceding three or four centuries, for art and literature were dead. During this period of rapine that swept from the face of a great portion of Europe much of the civilisation so soundly established by the Romans, Tyrol must have suffered more than its share of bloodshed and pillage, for the Brenner Pass became, as was to be expected, the goal of the invading hosts as they pressed from the north southwards to establish on Italy's soil new realms. Thus, thanks to Cassiodor, the scribe of the famous Theoderic, we know that the Brenner Pass received this great leader's particular attention when making *Raetia* a sort of bulwark against northern invasions. From him we obtain a copy of the deed by which Theoderic appoints Servatus to be Duke of *Raetia*, whose principal duty it became to guard and fortify the passes of the *Raetian* Alps. Among the successful invaders of Theoderic's realm were the *Baiuvarii*, a tribe attached in some sort of allegiance to the Franks. By the end of the sixth century it is believed this people was in possession of the northern part of *Raetia* and *Vindelicia* as far as the southern foot of the Brenner Pass.

How matters stood with this pass about the middle of the sixth century is related by a poem by *Venantius Fortunatus* who, during a pilgrimage, crossed the Tyrolese Alps by the main pass and then branched off by the Pusterthal towards Venice.* It is the only notice of travel in this part of the world at that dark period that has survived, and it is also one of the last occasions that we find the pass alluded to by the name of the tribe after which we now call it until many centuries later, well on towards the close of the Middle Ages, when it again came to be called so. In Charlemagne's time the term *per Alpes Noricas* is the one used and later on it gave way to *per vallem Tridentinam* (used 896 A.D.), for it was the custom to call alpine roads not by the names of the watersheds or heights that they passed, but by that of the chief valleys that led up to them. Thus the road over the *Mont Cenis* was called the way through the *vallis Mauriana, Morienna, Mauriensis*, and the road over the Pontebba Pass was spoken of as the way through the Canal valley, *per Canales*.

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* The lines that allude to our part of the country run:
Si tibi barbaricos conceditur ire per amnes,
ut placide Rhenum transcendere possis et Istrum (Danube)
pergis ad Augustam (Augsburg), qua Virdo et Licca (Lech) fluentant.
illic ossa sucrae venerabere martyris Afrae;
si vacat ire viam neque te Baiovarius obstat,
qua vicina sedent Breonum loca, perge per Alpem,
ingrediens rapido qua gurgite volvitus Aenus (Inn)
inde Valentini benedicti templa require,
Norica rura petens, ubi Byrrus (Rienz) vertitur undis;
per Dravum itur iter, qua se castella supinant,
hic Montana sedens in colle superbit Aguontus
hinc pete rapte vias, ubi Julia tenditur Alpes,

Very much about the same time that the Unter Innthal fell into the hands of these Baiovarii or Bavarians, the country about Trent with a large portion of northern Italy fell a prey to the Longobards, and while we meet the name of Gariwald as first *Herzog* of what is now North Tyrol, we are told that Alboin, King of the Longobards, made Trent one of the thirty-six provinces of the Longobard empire, and created Evin first Duke of Trent. The latter's power probably extended up to Salurn between Trent and Bozen and remained so until the year 788, when the whole of what is now Tyrol came again into one hand, and that a very strong grasp, *i.e.*, that of Charles the Great. Among the endless wars fought grimly to successful issues by this famous war-lord, the only two that concern us here were his conquests 774 A.D. of the Longobards or Lombards, and the capture of their King Desiderius' capital (Pavia), and some years later the subjection of the Bavarians, the latter under their stubborn Duke Tassilo, who, notwithstanding his having joined forces with the Avars, could not resist for any length of time the crushing superiority of Charlemagne. Twelve years, therefore, before his friend Leo III. placed, at St. Peter's, the imperial crown of Rome on Charles' brow, we find that Tyrol was part and parcel of the Frankish empire, while the conquered Tassilo had to retire to the solitude of a monastery, escaping only by the mercy of Charlemagne the death sentence which the assembled Frankish lords had pronounced upon him for his breach of the oath of fealty to King Pepin 757 A.D., and for his vigorous resistance to his new over-lord, Pepin's successor and son, Charlemagne.

Altius adsurgens et mons in nubila pergit.
Inde Foro Julii (probably Julium Carnicum) de nomine principis exi
per rura, Osope (Osoppo) tuis qua lambitur undis
et superinstat aquis Reunia (Ragogna) Teliamenti (Tagliamento)
hinc Venetum saltus campestria perge per arva.

W. v. Rodlow, p. 63.

Almost simultaneously with the incursion of the Bavarians in North Tyrol occurred the invasion of the eastern part of Tyrol by the Wends, a Slavic tribe that had possession of a great part of what was in Roman times the province of Noricum. But the Bavarian dukes proved the stronger, and, after years of sanguinary struggle, they succeeded in forcing the Wends from the Pusterthal. There Duke Tassilo, one of the most active promulgators of Christianity of any time, who founded no few than twenty-nine monastic institutions and abbeys, established 770 A.D., on the site of the Roman *Aguntum* the still existing church of Innichen. It occurred when he was on his return journey from a visit to King Desiderius, and among his belongings which he was carrying with him, was the body of Saint Valentinian, a sacred charge he had received at Trent for transportation to distantPassau.

In one respect the anarchy and slaughter that had decimated the plains of Bavaria as well as those of North Italy, during several centuries of racial annihilation, worked less harm in Tyrol than it did elsewhere, for it is probable that many remote mountain glens which had remained unpopulated during the tenure of the country by the *Raetians* now became inhabited by fugitives from the flat country to the south and north. And not only did these strangers fly for safety to Tyrol's mountain retreats, but the general state of chaos caused also communities of the peaceable Romanised *Raetians* who had lived in Tyrol's main valleys, to seek safety in the byways of the Alps, leaving the main routes of travel in possession of the Teuton conquerors. Thus has come to pass, which is of interest to the philologist, that while the purely Teuton names of localities follow the main channels of travel, the *Raeto-Romanic* names are, as a rule, confined to the byways and remoter places, whither the original inhabitants had fled for safety.

The empire that Charlemagne created was unconfined by natural boundaries, and when he divided it (806 A.D.) between his three sons, neither ethnographic nor orographic limitations came into play. So wretchedly meagre are the annals of that time that no positive record has come down to us that Charlemagne ever crossed the Brenner in his various expeditions, but there is every probability that he did so on more than one occasion. In the eleventh century, the approach to its southern face near Salurn was still called after him,* and we know that, under his incompetent and quarrelsome successors, the strict injunctions he had given how to keep the road in repair and who was to be made responsible for it, were carried out with good success, until internecine wars made an end to all order, and Charlemagne's wise ordinances were forgotten.

During the wars between Charlemagne's successors, some bridge-building ordinances of Louis the Pious (Débonnair) are the only evidence showing that attention was being paid to public thoroughfares. After the extinction of the Italian line of the Carlovingians, the representatives of the East-Frankish line used the Brenner on several occasions to reach Italy. The Emperor Louis the German did so at first with peaceable intentions, but when Charles the Bald seized Italy the former's two sons hurried southwards by way of the Brenner to do battle. Also Charles the Stout in 882, 883 and 886, and Arnulf in 894 and 896 seem to have crossed the Brenner with their armies. From Otto I. onwards the records of the so-called *Kaiserzüge—expedito Romana*—of the heads of the Holy Roman Empire become less meagre, for it was that mighty war-lord, the conqueror of the Magyars, who again temporarily consolidated the dismembered empire, and revived some of the grandeur of Charlemagne's rule. Not the least among the revivals was the great State function consisting of the coronation by the Pope, which entailed a toilsome journey to Italy.

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* *Chronicon Benedictoburanum; Monut. Germ. hist.*, ix. 228, "*per viam satis duram, quae semita Karoli dicitur.*"

In the three centuries that intervened between Otto I.'s first incursion into Lombardy 951 A.D., until the interregnum in the year 1251, the Alps were crossed some eighty times by German Emperors, and it is safe to say that more than half, viz., forty-six traverses occurred by way of the Brenner.* What these vast expeditions, consisting of more or less disorderly masses of curiously mixed races, all in the panoply of war, all eager for booty even if bent on a peaceable mission, meant for the countries through which they slowly ate and robbed their way, it is not quite easy to picture to oneself in these civilised days, when, even in the fiercest war, the non-combatant has no reason to go in fear of a violent death or of having his women outraged before his eyes, and his house razed to the ground. That such must have been the fate of Tyrol's inhabitants on many an occasion, is shown by the tales of contemporary chroniclers like Otto von Freising, Gottfried von Viterbo and Vincenz von Prag. While two other historians of the thirteenth century, Magister Albert von Stade and the much travelled Bishop Wolfger of Passau, have left us a number of highly interesting details concerning travel by the Brenner pass. That there were occasions when the famous wine of South Tyrol exercised a more pacifying influence on otherwise rowdy soldiers, is shown by Gottfried of Viterbo's poetic effusion. It relates to the retreat from Italy of the first Frederick's army, 1155 A.D., when, after escaping annihilation at the Gorge of Verona, the tired army reached

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* A school of historians of ths last century endeavoured to show that many of these expeditions across the Noric Alps used not the Brenner but the Reschen-Scheideck Pass. A more minute examination of the existing annals shows that this was quite a mistaken view; indeed, Dr. v. Wanka declared that not in a single instance can the passage of the latter pass be definitely demonstrated, while the passage of the Brenner can be positively shown in very many instances.

the hospitable wine regons of Bozen and Brixen, where the cellars must have been richly stocked, for the further retreat across the Brenner seems to have occurred in a decidedly "loosened order."

Very interesting details concerning the daily expenses of travel are contained in the travelling accounts of the Bishop of Passau already mentioned, consisting of what are probably the most copious notes of this kind existing of the period in question. These diaries were discovered in 1874 in the archives of the cloister of Cividale, and were published by Prof. I. v. Zingerle, a diligent Tyrolese historian. They show us that already in the beginning of the thirteenth century (1204) a series of inns existed on the Brenner road, where the stranger not only found lodging, food and drink,[*] but appears to have also been able to provide himself with medicine, such as purges, for there is an entry: "*Sabbato aput Gozzensaz* (the present Gossensass) . . . . *pro laxiva ii. sol. Veron.*" And another "*aput Thiglingen. . . . pro medicinis ad crus Marschalei sol.*" Even in these early days the item of "lights" and tips to servants, as well as "washing" were not absent from hotel bills. Thus at Trent the good Bishop had to pay "*pro lumine ii. sol. Veron,*" and at the already cited Thiglingen he paid for "*vigile ii den,*" and at Augsburg "*pro parandis cifis sol.*[†]" At Brixen: "*aput Brixiam. . . . Lotrici xxv den. Veron,*" and at Augsburg for the same purpose *xiii den.* were expended.

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[*] In octava pentecostes (June 20, 1204) nocte aput Insprurchen (sic) in coquinam IIII tal. et XVI den. Veron., pro pane III tal. minus II sol. Veron. pro vino VIII tal. et dim. pro pabulo VI tal. minus VII sol. pro ferramentis VI den. August pro gramine XXXX den. August et X den. Veron.

[†] A well-known scholar draws my attention to this curious word *cifis*, probably for *scyphis*. *Scyphus* (σκύφος) a cup occurs Horace Odes, i. 27, i.; Epodes, ix. 33; Virgil, Æn., viii. 278; Cicero, Fam., 7, 22, &c.; also in the Vulgate, Exodus, xxxvii. 17. *Cyphus* (κυφὸς *Cfr.* Athenæus 482 E) seems also possible. But *scyphus*, though the corruption *cifis* is most barbarous, is more probably the word.

As the Bishop not only entered his usual daily travelling expenses, but also the alms he gave and the kind of person to whom he extended his charity, we obtain a fairly clear picture of the company that frequented these mediæval hostelries, or claimed assistance from the traveller on the high road. There were comedians of both sexes jugglers, conjurers, vagrant priests, musicians, male and female singers, and, of course, also the knightly *Minnesänger*. Among the latter were the two most famous bards of Tyrol, Walther von der Vogelweide, to whom this very Bishop of Passau had on a previous occasion, as we know from other sources, given a present, and Oswald von Wolkenstein. Both had learnt "to sing and say" at various courts of Europe, they had made love to fair ladies and had strummed their instruments at the feet of beautiful Queens, one of whom had even woven a golden ring into Oswald's long curly beard, and had pierced his ears with her own fair hands for her gage that took the shape of earrings. But of this famous songster I shall have to speak at greater length in another chapter. Round the person of Walther whose birthplace is supposed to have been near Klausen, at a croft still bearing his name, romance has woven a halo of poetic legend, to which Longfellow's well-known lines * have contributed their share. His travels took him to the most remote parts of the then known world; he wandered as he tells us from the Elbe to the Rhine, into Hungary, from the Seine to the Mur, from the Po to the Trave. He crossed the seas in 1228 as one of Frederick II.'s crusaders, and his fame as the greatest love-bard of Germany has been sung in Tristan by his great contemporary, Gottfried von Strassburg, while at the famous Wartburg *Sängerkrieg*, he is supposed to have been one of the competitors for the mediæval poet laureateship.

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* Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
  When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
  Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
  Gave them all with this behest :
They should feed the birds at noon-tide
  Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering minstrels
  I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
  They have taught so well and long."

His tombstone had four cavities where food and water for the birds were daily placed.

Both these mediæval globe-trotters, whose sole impedimenta appear to have been a harp or a lyre, must have travelled across the Brenner many a time, but they have unfortunately left us no account of local interest.

But there were yet other types of mendicants that appealed to the charity of wealthy travellers, as we gather from the Bishop of Passau's diary. Not the least numerous amongst these were the pilgrims and crusaders, wending their weary way, sore of foot and empty of purse, either to or from some distant Spanish or Italian shrine, if not to or from Palestine itself. Then there were lay and clerical students, going or returning from some seat of learning, richer in booklore than in Veronese soldi, who were not above claiming charity from the church-magnate riding along the same road on his mule, or of knocking at castle gates or cloister doors for a night's shelter or a meal. But for the numerous hospices erected at different spots on the Brenner and other main roads, travel across the Alps for the poor would have been even more difficult and dangerous than it was. These houses of shelter that owed their existence either to charitable bequests, or to the activity and munificence of the Teutonic Knights or of the Knights Hospitalers of Jerusalem, must have been an immeasurable boon to footsore and hungry wanderers. Particularly the former order, whose rich and widespread Tyrolese establishments stood under a separate baili, proved one of the most beneficial of existing charitable associations.

For all these weary souls, the wreckage of crude mediævalism, stranded on the great Alpine high-road, the good Bishop had an open purse.* Indeed, if the lavish charity of this cleric has to be taken as a standard of what was expected from prominent travellers, their purses must have been well filled.

One of the most ancient and to us interesting because still existing shelter-houses on the Brenner road, was Neustift just north of Brixen, near the junction of the Pusterthal and Trent road. Founded in 1142 as a very primitive shelter house by one of Brixen's knightly vassals, Reginbert of Säben, it soon developed apace, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the rush of travel at this spot must have been great, for there was also a hospital attached to this Augustinian foundation. To-day alas! the ancient church, restored at the height of the baroque period, has lost much of its venerableness and charm.

In connection with the use of the Brenner Pass by individuals as well as by armies, it is interesting to learn that it has been possible to calculate the average pace at which individuals or armies travelled. In some instances the passage was achieved at astonishing speed,† considering the very bad condition into which the Brenner evidently had fallen in the century or two after Charlemagne's reign. Of the latter we have definite information. Thus when Bishop Adalbold of Utrecht describes Henry

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* "*Aput Inspruckcn cuidam scolari V sol. veron.*" And again, "*Aput Barthenkirchen duobos griseis monachis V sol. veron.*"

† One of, if not the fastest journey in classic times was that of Tiberius to his step-brother Drusus, who had fallen seriously ill. To reach him from Pavia (*Ticinum*), Tiberius had to cross the recently conquered Raetia alone in company of a single guide. According to Valer. Maxim. (v. 5, 3), he covered one stage of two hundred Roman miles in twenty-four hours, a distance which an ordinary traveller could not have covered in less than four days and nights.

II.'s first expedition to Italy in 1004, a journey of which we have already had to speak when alluding to the founding of St. Leonhard's church near Matzen, he says the road over the mountains to Trent "was an unsafe, slippery, and dangerous path, that traversed sterile uplands or huge woods." * According to Prof. v. Sickel and Fred. Ludwig's painstaking researches, it took the various Emperors or Kings, when accompanied by an army, from three to four weeks to cover the distance from Augsburg to Verona, which shows an average of 12½ miles per day. At this pace Otto II. marched in 967, Lothar in 1136, and Frederick I. in 1154, 1158 and 1166. Of Frederick's second expedition we know the number of its component parts: 100,000 foot troops and 15,000 horsemen, *i.e.*, nobles with their mounted squires. They marched in five columns, the fourth being under Frederick's personal command. Otto. IV in 1209 marched at the same speed. A lesser pace was achieved by Lothar in 1132, when he travelled but 8 miles a day, and in 1137, when, probably on account of his serious illness, only a trifle over 6 miles was covered. Frederick I.'s expedition in 1155 and Frederick II.'s in 1236 covered respectively 7½ and 8¾ miles per day, while Lothar accomplished in 1133 what appears to have been the record of the time, *i.e.*, a speed of almost 14 miles.

A much greater speed was attained by great personages when travelling with a small retinue only, the fastest performance being apparently that of the charitable Bishop Wolfger of Passau, who rode, for instance, in one day from Trent to Bozen—30 miles—and, in the same space of time, from Innsbruck to Parthenkirchen, much the same distance. The Brenner was traversed by royalties, accompanied by their armies, even in the heart of winter ;

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* "*Inde promovens exercitum per loca sterila, per montana aspera, per silvas spatiosas, per vias lubricas ad Tridentinam civitatem venit.*" —Mon. Germ. hist. Script., iv. 691 ; also x. 149.

thus Otto III. crossed it twice in that season of the year, *i.e.*, in 997 (998) and in 1000 (1001),* and when death surprised him on his return journey while still on Italian soil, his corpse was transported, according to Thietmar's chronic, northwards over the Brenner some weeks after his death, which occurred in the month of January.

Otto was not the only Emperor who succumbed while crossing the Tyrolese Alps, for Lothar when returning to Germany from his victorious Italian campaign, started from Verona as a man sick unto death. It is not surprising therefore that the immeasurable hardships of a winter journey across the snow-covered mountains should have proved too trying, even for this rugged soldier, the grim master claiming his own in a miserable hut on the stormswept heights near Breitenwang on December 3, 1137.

How great the hardships of travel must have been at this period, when roads were in such a miserable condition, is perhaps best shown by the efforts made to utilise for navigation such a swift and at the same time shallow stream as is the Adige. From a deed of the year 1182 we learn that Emperor Frederick granted to the Bishop of Trent the exclusive privilege of navigating that river from Bozen down to the Gorge of Verona. Four years later there existed already a full-fledged association to work this valuable franchise, five landing-places being appointed. When roads were gradually improved, the navigation of this stretch of river was doomed, for ever-shifting sand-bars and frequent freshets made it a riskful business.

By the beginning of the fourteenth century the Brenner road, which since Charlemagne's days had always been a "king's highway," in distinction to provincial roads, had passed for good and all into the hands of Tyrol's sovereigns, the last attempt on the part of the head of the empire to assert regal rights over the road and, what was more important, over the tolls, being made by Albrecht in the preceding century. By formally investing the three sons of Duke Meinhard of Tyrol and their heirs with the right to levy toll on the Brenner road, the head of the Holy Roman empire asserted the over-lord's privilege. The last traces of such pretension disappeared when Tyrol fell to the Habsburgs in 1363. From the letters of the energetic first Tyrolese sovereign of that house to the Doge of Venice, it is quite clear that the former claimed undisputed mastership over this commercially important high road. And he knew how to secure his grip by granting only to nobles who were friendly to his cause the fiefs of the important castles lining the approaches to the Brenner. Particularly in the Unter-Innthal, frequently raided as it was by the jealous and war-like Bavarian Dukes, who considered themselves wrongfully deprived of their heritage, Tyrol's throne, it was most important that the chief strongholds should be in trusty hands.

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* The object of this expedition was to put his own nominee on the papal throne, the two counter-Popes faring rather badly at Otto's hands—the one losing his head, the other his two eyes, and yet this was one of the "peaceful" expeditions to Rome.

During a considerable portion of the Middle Ages it is certain that commerce did more for the material development of the Brenner road than imperial rescripts or military measures. Among the more important steps to facilitate foreign trade was a local undertaking carried through by a simple Bozen burgher. This was the construction of a road for vehicles through the great gorge north of Bozen, for hitherto all goods were transported on sumpter animals. The difficulties were great, but the saving effected by this short cut that enabled the trader's caravan to avoid the terribly steep ascent by which the old Roman road gained the height of the Ritten range, was correspondingly important, and made it possible to pass through the dreaded gorge at a much lower level. Henry Kunter, the enterprising Bozner merchant, made his name immortal by this piece of road-building between Bozen and the castle of Trostburg. In the year 1314 King Henry of Tyrol granted him and his heirs a charter to collect certain road tolls.

Of tolls there seem to have been an astonishingly great variety, the "toll thorough," the "toll traverse," municipal, provincial, imperial, town gate, bridge, road, river and market tolls were exacted with a blind rigorousness for which the only possible explanation must be sought in the fact that in the absence of other taxes tolls represented the chief source of revenue. It would be useless to quote the tolls without giving the relative values of money, which would lead us too far afield, but it may be mentioned that the principle of differentiation in order to protect certain industries or certain marts or certain trade-routes was perfectly well understood. Each of the three principal toll places in Tyrol at this period, viz., at Meran to catch the Reschen-Scheideck and the Jaufen traffic, at Bozen to levy dues upon goods coming up from Trent or down from the Pusterthal, and lastly on the height of Brenner, enforced different rates. To what extent they discriminated is shown by the fact that at the last named customs office merchandise from Venice paid just double what the same goods paid which came from Verona.* Quite the contrary occurred at Bozen where, in consequence of the fact that another route to the Brenner, *via* the Pusterthal, was open to Venice merchants, the tolls there on transit goods were lighter than those on Verona goods, for it lay, of course, in the interest of the shrewd Bozners to encourage Venetian merchants to send their products by the Trent road which led to the gate of Bozen town.

The rapid growth experienced by Tyrol's local as well as transit trade with Italy, in the second half of the fourteenth century, led amongst other improvements to the creation of associations that had for their object a more expeditious transportation of goods to and from distant marts. These guilds of *Fuhrleute* or waggoners contracted for the transportation of goods in bulk in their own vehicles. Hitherto the unequal condition of the high road had caused endless delays; here was a section of road along which carts could travel, there a section in such wretched condition as to be altogether impassable for wheeled traffic, obliging the traders to have recourse to sumpter animals. Vexatious trade ordinances enforced by municipalities that compelled traders passing through their districts not only to offer their goods in open market, but at rates fixed by the fathers of the town, and other equally hampering restrictions, made the merchant's lot a sorry one. These associations of freighters therefore were a distinct improvement, which, in due time, were followed by other useful innovations.

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* Wanka, p. 135.

From the above briefly sketched life story of the Brenner Pass the reader will, I hope, be able to form to himself a picture of the all-important influence it exercised upon the history, as well as upon the early developed art movement in Tyrol.

Had our forefathers possessed the same admiration for Alpine scenery that we possess, or profess to possess, the records of travel over the Brenner and other important passes in the Middle Ages would, assuredly, have been much fuller. This unresponsiveness to the beauties of mountain scenery extends also to other parts of the world. For we find that even such an observant and shrewd mediæval globe-trotter as was Æneas Silvius, the subsequent Pope, Pius II., when he visited Scotland, though he has much to say about its people and their customs, does not make a single remark about its topographical features. It might have been flat as the Sahara for all he says to the contrary.* When Leonardo Bruni visited Constance, where the Council was about to be held, he crossed the Arlberg (*Mons aquilæ*): "a horror and awe seizes me when I observe these fearful masses of mountains and rocks and even now I can not think of them without dread," he writes. And when the Dominican friar, Felix Fabri, a little later (1480 and 1483), engaged on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, passed over the Bozen end of the Brenner Pass (Kuntersweg) he speaks of the mountains as fearful (*horribilis*), an opinion that was shared by nearly all travellers even of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, not excepting the good Sebastian Münster, who, when he stood on the Gemmipass, declared that the sight made "his heart tremble." Gesner's oft-quoted letter in which he gives expression to his admiration for the mountains (*de montium admiratione*) is one of the few exceptions in travel literature of that time.

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* Friedländer and Voigt, i. 91.

It would lead us much beyond the scope of the present volume to follow the fate of the Brenner road beyond its earlier stages, for by perusing what has to be said in the next chapters of the chief events in the country's history, the reader will be enabled to form to himself a picture of the traffic that passed over the country's main highway.

A word, however, has still to be said about one quite modern phase in its life story. I refer to the curious effect that the construction of the railway over the Brenner and along the Inn valley some forty years ago exercised upon the prosperity of the numerous old roadside towns that for centuries had fattened and waxed wealthy upon its traffic. To these places the railway was anything but a blessing, for by one blow all traffic by road and river came to a complete stop. In such ancient posting towns as Sterzing, Matrei, Hall, Schwaz, and Rattenberg, in which literally every second house was an inn, and whose inhabitants completely depended for a livelihood upon the carriage of freight or passengers, the completion of the iron track parallel with the "Reichs Strasse" and the navigable portions of the Inn, was tantamount to a sudden stoppage of life. For almost a

generation their miserable plight continued; men who had been wealthy inn-keepers with eighty or a hundred horses in their ample stables, and whose house accommodation was nightly taxed by crowds of travellers and freighters, became bankrupt, and their many-roomed solid old houses could be bought for a song. Of late years, however, their fortunes are again looking up, for a new traffic has sprung up, *i.e.*, that of the summer holiday folk, or to give them the name by which they are locally known—*Sommerfrischler*. These summer swallows hail from all parts of Europe, and for them the rows of many-windowed rooms that had stood empty for the past quarter of a century have been furbished up, and the demand for cheap quarters in clean old hostelries is to-day greater than the supply, at least for some eight or ten weeks every year, which is the duration of Tyrol's invasion by weary townfolk. In the eyes of these people the old-fashioned prices, the smiling *Kellnerin* in lieu of waiters in greasy swallowtails, the talkative and usually very buxom *Frau Wirthin,* and the stalwart, pipe-smoking host, who greets every guest with a cordial grip of his huge paw, are more attractive than life in some overcrowded Swiss hotel where the individual guest is but a cypher. Though the fare is simpler than in the Swiss hotel, and the luxury of a bath-room, nearer than the next lake or hot spring or neighbouring swimming baths, unattainable in many of the more primitive localities, the sylvan quiet and unpretentious surroundings are compensating advantages to those town dwellers who desire a change in the fuller meaning of that word. And the even more new-fangled type of traveller, the automobilist, will probably add to the prosperity of these roadside *Gasthäuser*, for the latter are generally situated on high roads that are in perfect condition, while the beautiful scenery and usually fine climate of Tyrol, particularly in autumn, add to the pleasures of a tour over these ancient highways with their storied past.

CHAPTER III

A GLANCE AT THE COUNTRY'S HISTORY UP TO MODERN TIMES

Of the many reforms and innovations introduced by Charlemagne, the principal one that concerns us is the subdivision of the countries he had conquered into marcgravates and counties, under the administration of officials of his appointment. During the period of disorder and dissension that followed his reign the more powerful of these administrators began to usurp the position as a hereditary rank, and dynasties came to be founded. By the end of the tenth century three of these ruling families began to take root in Tyrol. They were the Counts of Eppan, Tyrol, and Andechs. These with the three church-lords of the Sees of Trent, Brixen, and Chur (Coire) divided the whole country between them.

Of the origin of these three dynasties very little indeed is known. The Eppans were, it is believed, descendants of Ethico, a natural son of the Guelph Duke of Bavaria, who had been subjugated by the emperor Conrad and divested of certain lands with which the Brixen See had been aggrandised. For centuries this was a cause for strife and bloodshed between the Eppans and the Bishops of Brixen.

The counts of Eppan called themselves when they first appear in the history of the country, Counts of Piano, and indeed we come across them as such as late as 1078—more than half a century before the first occurrence of the name "Tyrol"—though we know that Ethico possessed already, 910 A.D., *montana castra et civitates et prædia non modica.* Two younger brothers of a Count Ulrich of that ilk built the castle of Greifenstein, one of the most inaccessible fortresses in the country. It lies opposite the picturesquely situated family castle of Hohen Eppan, between Bozen and Meran.

The Counts of Tyrol were believed to have descended from the Count Hunfried of Raetia, a contemporary of Charlemagne, who, as Count of Vintschgau, figured among the great territorial nobles who came to the fore at the disintegration of the Empire. According to the well-known historian Hormayr, it was in the year 1140 that the brothers Berchtold and Albert of that family first styled themselves Counts of Tyrol. They were staunch adherents to the Ghibelline cause and for this reason a family feud constantly raged between them and the Eppans.

The origin of the third great territorial noble family of Tyrol, that of the Andechs, is also shrouded in oblivion, though they became for the time being the most powerful of the three dynasties, not only by alliance and inheritance, but by the prowess of their swords. In the century preceding the year 1248, in which they became extinct in the male line, vast allodial estates and great imperial fiefs fell to them and, amongst other honours, they became Dukes of Croatia and Dalmatia or Merania.

What the origin of the Duchy of Merania and its location was, has remained a much discussed question among historians. Curiously enough there exists only one deed that throws any light at all upon its location. In it we read: *Dux de Dalmatia, sive Meran.* What is certain is that this Meran had nothing to do with the Tyrolese town of Meran, ancient as is its history. It was probably only a personal and not a territorial title, and the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V. still bore it among their numerous titles.

These great accessions to the Andechs' power involved the family in sanguinary wars, not the least of them being the struggles between the Ghibellines and Guelphs, in the course of which Tyrol became as usual the cock-pit of fierce faction-fights. The same long struggle that was going on in England between Henry II. and the Papal power since 1162, was enacted abroad between the Hohenstaufen and Rome, only that in the latter case the foes were nearer to each other and passions were heated to an even more dangerous degree. And as if these sanguinary internecine wars did not provide enough opportunities for swordplay, there came to be added the frenzy of the third and fourth crusades in which Tyrol's leading nobles took their share. Amongst the latter Count Berchtold IV., the grandfather of the last male Andechs, played a very prominent part. His extraordinary courage made him famous and in the ballads of that rude time he figures as a hero of wide renown and is called the mirror of all knightly virtues. Count Berchtold IV., who died 1204 A.D., as one of the most famous warriors of his time, left a progeny of which history has much to relate. Three of his daughters made royal marriages; Agnes married Philip of France, Gertrud became Queen of the energetic Andreas of Hungary, while Hedwig became Duchess of Saxony. The fate of the two former was tragic, for as the French King happened to have at the time another queen (Ingeborg of Danemark), the Church's threat of excommunication caused Philip to banish the hapless Agnes with her two children to Castle Poisy, where she died the next year of a broken heart. Victor Hugo made her the heroine of his *Agnès de Méranie.* Gertrud, on the other hand, was foully murdered in consequence of race hatred. Of Count Berchtold's sons, the eldest succeeded him in his Dukedom as Otto I., and the latter's power waxed great in consequence of his having bestowed upon him, by the Hohenstaufen Emperor Philip, the hand of his niece

Beatrice, the heiress of the vast Burgundian possessions. But hardly had the nuptials been celebrated when Philip sank under the steel of Otto of Wittelsbach, the head of the opposing Guelph faction. What brought disaster to the Andechs was that two of the younger scions were implicated in this plot that ended in the murder of the man who had just shown the head of this family such a signal mark of his confidence. What these consequences were will be related when dealing with the history of the Frundsbergs who were vassals of the Andechs. Otto I. was succeeded by his son Otto II., who married one of the two daughters of the last male scion of the Counts of Tyrol, and the two dynasties became merged. But this did not happen quite in the manner and way that had been expected. For instead of the much older Count of Tyrol dying first, his son-in-law came to a sudden end, probably by poison, and, there being no children, the whole of the Andechs' heritage fell to the father-in-law, who survived his son-in-law some five years.

Albert of Tyrol's daughter, Elizabeth, the widow of the last Andechs, married the Count of Hirschberg, a powerful Bavarian family, while Adelheid became the wife of Duke Meinhard of Goricia (Görz). Thus the two sons-in-law of Albert divided among themselves the great Andechs-Tyrol heritage. With the details of this partition we need not concern ourselves, for soon the son of this Duke of Goricia, Meinhard II., had again united in his own hand practically all of those portions of which the present Tyrol consists, always excepting, of course, the fiefs of the two Sees of Trent and Brixen, and those portions of the *Unter Innthal* belonging to Salzburg. This vastly energetic prince was really the first sovereign of Tyrol as it is to-day. He married Queen Elizabeth, the widow of the Hohenstaufen Conrad IV., a pathetic figure among royal ladies, for she was the mother of the last of the Hohenstaufen, the unhappy Conradin, who ended so pitifully on the scaffold at Naples. For us the story of this unfortunate lady has special interest as she was the patroness of the Frundsbergs, of which we shall have to speak in another place.* Of Meinhard II.'s three sons only the youngest, Henry, lived to play a part in history. Wedded to the daughter of the King of Bohemia, he claimed this kingdom, and though crowned (1307) was compelled to surrender it.† On account of this he is usually spoken of by historians as King Henry. His fairly long reign is remarkable for the aggrandisement of the aristocracy, for in it the power and prerogatives of the nobility which, under the previous reigns had been considerably curtailed, were greatly increased. King Henry was a flighty personage, a weak and good-natured ruler, who was soon surrounded by wealthy nobles who by flattery and readily granted loans obtained far-reaching influence over him. Under King Henry Meran was made the capital of the country, and Hall, Glurns and Sterzing were made towns; he granted traders many privileges, and the lot of the villein was ameliorated, a system of heritable land tenure for the peasant class being established. It was a measure that had salutary results also for the sovereign, for as the nobles were free of taxes, it was obvious that if the prosperity of the tax-ridden lower class grew, increased levies in kind and cash could be raised. King Henry, in consequence of his spendthrift habits, seems to have got himself on more than one occasion into decidedly undignified positions; thus in 1317 he found it impossible to settle the Innsbruck citizen Eberhard's bill for fish and wine amounting to the considerable sum of 21 Mark, and as a last resource was obliged to pawn to him the tolls of Innsbruck, a franchise which was of considerably greater value. Eighteen months later (April 1319) when about to journey from his usual winter resort at Gries near Bozen, to Carinthia, the butchers of Bozen were clamouring for money, and actually delayed his departure until he settled their bills, which amounted to 13 Mark. This he did by handing over to them certain tithes at Campill worth 15 Mark.

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* It is rather curious that three persons mentioned within the last few lines became the ancestors of the present rulers of Britain, of Germany, and of Austria. For Otto of Wittelsbach was the head of the Guelph line now seated on our throne; Elizabeth, daughter of Otto I. of Andechs, by marrying the Burggraf of Nurnberg, became an ancestress of the Hohenzollern; while the other Elizabeth is the ancestress of the Habsburgs.

† On the murder of his brother-in-law, Wenzel III., he claimed the Bohemian throne, but another brother-in-law having gained the goodwill of the nobles, Henry had to fly the country and rest satisfied with Tyrol and Carinthia.

His death in 1335 was the signal for a struggle, destined to be long and fierce, for his heritage fell to his only child, Margaret, who played a conspicuous *rôle* in the country's history, and became widely known by her nick-name "Pocket-mouthed Meg." It was she who on the death of her only son, 1363 A.D., ceded the whole of her immense Wittelsbach possessions to her cousins, the Habsburg Dukes of Austria, and from that day Tyrol has formed part of Austria.

About her person circle a great number of legends, though a few are quite unfit for polite ears of the twentieth century. There are two versions of how she came to the nickname; one that it arose from her very large mouth, the other that it was given her in consequence of a box on the ear, called in the vernacular of the time *eine Maultasche* (the first part of the word meaning mouth, the latter a blow).* According to some chroniclers she received the blow from her husband; others declare that one of her Bavarian cousins struck her on the occasion of one of the many ebullitions of her violent temper, to which she was addicted. This blow, it has been suggested, was the probable cause of her ceding Tyrol to her Austrian cousins, to the entire exclusion of her Bavarian kin. Of the truth of the legends relating to the monstrously ill-shaped mouth of Margaret, we have no means of judging, for there is no contemporary portrait of her in existence. But it is probable that facial beauty was as much lacking in her as the sense of feminine shame.

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* Though this word is now obsolete, it was still used in this sense in the sixteenth century, for in a curious religious MS. of that period quoted by Schöpf, p. 420, it is stated that Christ received from the Jews one hundred and two *maultaschen*, or blows on the cheeks.

From the time that she lay in her cradle her father was kept busy with matrimonial projects, for numerous wooers strove for the rich heiress' hand. Bohemian, Luxemburg, Bavarian, and Habsburg princes endeavoured to acquire with her the richest heritage in Europe, consisting not only of the Countship of Tyrol and Dukedom of Carinthia, Goricia and Croatia, but numberless fiefs and minor allodial properties. But project after project came to grief. At last a match was arranged by her father, and young Prince John of Bohemia, then nine years of age, was wedded 1330 A.D. to Margaret of Tyrol, who was his senior by three, or according to some by five years.*

Discord of the worst kind broke out between the couple when the marriage came to be really consummated, for John when he grew to man's estate seems to have been of weak mind and of freeble body, and in no respect a satisfactory mate for his lovelorn spouse. Intrigues of all sorts were now the order of the day; political plots with the Emperor of Germany's party, who was opposed to the Luxemburg faction, to which the Bohemian Prince belonged, and amorous cabals with courtiers and even with stalwart peasant youths, particularly with the handsome young men from the neighbouring Passeyr valley.† These political plots were first unsuccessful, for her machinations were discovered before they had matured, and her unfortunate illegitimate brother Albert, who had acted as go-between, had to confess, when placed on the torture rack at Castle Sonnenburg, that his sister was proposing a coalition with the Bavarians. In consequence Duchess Margaret was placed under restraint by her husband's brother, the subsequent Emperor Charles, who had taken upon himself the duties of ruler, and kept her a prisoner in one of her own castles. But the second attempt to rid herself of her spouse was more successful. Returning one fine day (Nov. 2, 1341) from the chase in the mountains, while his brother was out of the country, John found not only the gates of Castle Tyrol barred against him, but his Bohemian courtiers ignominiously chased out of it, while a message conveyed to him in blunt words the advice to return as speedily as he could to his native land. This advice he quickly followed.

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* Historians do not agree on this detail; some make the difference greater.

† A legend has it that John, jealous of one of his wife's peasant lovers, killed him while out shooting. Of less questionable authen-

Of the scores of castles where the unfortunate John endeavoured to find shelter, only a single one, that of the Knight of Villanders, opened its gates, and that only for the short span of three days, which the laws of hospitality of the time recognised as the right of every traveller to claim. From that stronghold John fled to Aquileia, whose Patriarch gave him houseroom for five months, during which the fugitive vainly awaited help from his powerful father's party. But Margaret had not gone to extremes without having previously matured her plans. The then head of the Holy Roman Empire, the Emperor Louis, the Bavarian at daggers drawn with the Luxemburg and Bohemian faction, as well as with the Pope, had long cast envious eyes upon Margaret's vast territories. And in the person of his stalwart, good-looking son, Louis, he found a

ticity is the circumstance that a number of unusual privileges, such as immunity from taxation, and from local jurisdiction, and the grant of nobility which was bestowed upon peasant families in the neighbourhood of Meran and particularly in the Passeyr Valley, are ascribed as love-gifts of Duchess Margaret to her favourites.

willing tool when once his objection to wed another man's wife before the Church of Rome had annulled the marriage had been overcome. Trouble however arose in consequence of the Pope's wrath at the whole proceeding. Not only did he refuse to untie the nuptial knot, but he threatened to excommunicate Margaret if she wedded the son of his arch-foe, the fact that the fourth degree of blood relationship between Louis and Margaret was a closer one than the Church of Rome permitted offering a further good excuse to make it impossible to have the marriage concluded except with the special sanction of the Pope.* But the Emperor felt himself strong enough to override such scruples and soon was able to find a Bishop, the head of the See of Freisingen, who was willing not only to annul the first ties but to solemnise the marriage in spite of Rome's dire threats. Accompanied by this church dignitary and by two other Bishops (those of Augsburg and Regensburg) and by a great host of Princes with a huge retinue, the Emperor in person journeyed to Tyrol. It was in the depths of winter and the passage over the Brenner Pass must have proved a difficult one even for those days, when the great hardships of winter travel over the Alps were patiently endured. While traversing the *Jaufen*, a secondary pass which offered a short cut from Sterzing direct to castle Tyrol near Meran, a fall with his horse killed the Bishop of Freisingen and so terrified were the two other episcopal travellers by what was of course considered a punitive visitation of Heaven, that they refused altogether

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* In the divorce proceedings which were instituted at Stams before the Bishop of Coire (Chur), to which See Castle Tyrol belonged, some curious details of Margaret's married life became public. Thus her representative made oath: *Item quod dominus Johannes et domina Marg. predicta per eosdem decem annos, vel saltem per triennium continum infra decennium supradictum, sibi invicem fidelem operam dederunt ad carnalem copulam faciedam sua corpora sibi invicem debite voluntari exhibentes.* For other details of this sensational mediæval divorce, *see* Steyerer, p. 634–9, and Ignaz Zingerle.

to take upon themselves the dead man's duties and the great assemblage of Princes arrived at Margaret's Court without the means of carrying out the object of their journey. But the Emperor's determination to have the marriage consummated was unshaken and in defiance of the Pope's wrath, of the great ban of the church, and of all the terrific punishments consequent upon it, as also in the face of the loud murmuring of the people, then as now staunch adherents to the Church of Rome, Margaret was wedded to the Emperor's son. The castle chaplain, who was forced to perform the ceremony, insisted however that all sacred vessels should be first removed from the Chapel.

Great festivities celebrated the event and on the day after the wedding the Emperor, garbed in his imperial robes, formally invested, in accordance with feudal custom, the young pair with the Duchy of Carinthia, the Countship of Tyrol, and other fiefs. Among the great dignitaries of state who attended this ceremony Duke Conrad of Teck, who afterwards played a leading part in the government of Tyrol, held the sword of state. It is interesting to note that the future Queen of England is a lineal descendant of this noble, the Emperor of Austria reviving this ancient title in the person of her father, the late Duke of Teck.

Louis the new ruler of Tyrol was a very different man from John and he had need of courage and energy, for during the latter's feeble reign the nobles of Tyrol had acquired tremendous power, so that the sovereign's authority had dwindled to a vanishing-point. This was remedied by the determined Louis at the point of the sword. Scores of castles belonging to defiant nobles were destroyed by him, and dozens of contumacious knights sent out of the country or killed, Conrad of Teck taking a particularly prominent part in this sanguinary feudal warfare against the aristocracy of the country.*

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* Teck was assassinated in 1352 at Munich by Knight Gundelfingen in revenge for having deprived him of a rich office.

In those years, too, Heaven appears to have visited Tyrol with a number of disasters which the superstitious people ascribed to God's anger at their ruler's defiance of the ordinances of the Church. Three of the most important towns in the country were destroyed by fire, amongst them the country's capital, Meran, the scene of all these wicked proceedings. For three years incredible swarms of locusts destroyed all the crops in spite of the church's ban and of all conceivable means of exorcism. Later, an unprecedented freshet inundated the richest valleys, and terrific landslips destroyed countless vineyards and fields. Then came the terrible earthquake of 1344, that killed thousands, and hardly had people recovered from their fright when the fearful ravages of the Black Death commenced to decimate the population. In some of the mountain valleys of Tyrol, the chronist Goswin states, only a sixth of the population was spared, and in his own monastery (Marienberg) all the fathers except four succumbed to its ravages. Finally, as a consequence of the superstitious belief that some of these fearful sufferings were caused by the Jews, a bloody persecution of the Jewish communities broke out, and very few of its members were left alive.

As a climax to all these misfortunes came another long war. The Guelph faction had suffered considerably by John's fate, and as in the meanwhile they had put up their own candidate for the Imperial throne they were in a position to revenge themselves on the Ghibellines and on Margaret's party. In the general war in which Tyrol became involved, the country was overrrun by the King of Bohemia's forces; these had been joined by those of the warlike Bishop of Trent, who had his own reasons to be at enmity with Margaret. Bozen and Meran, the two most important towns north of Trent, were taken by assault and destroyed, and Margaret was besieged in her chief stronghold, Castle Tyrol. In this fortress, perched on a high rock and as well provisioned as it was stoutly defended, she defied the assaults in so determined a manner that her husband, who had been absent to attend to imperial affairs outside Tyrol, had time to return. This he did by forced marches, and so unexpected was his advent that he easily routed the enemy, but the latter in their retreat wreaked their vengeance by burning every habitation and putting the peaceful inhabitants to the sword. Only the strongest castles could offer resistance. To cover the expenses of these long drawn out hostilities, Louis had to pawn many of the most important fiefs and allodial estates, and amongst other nobles who helped him in his extremities with ready cash, though only on good security, were the Frundsbergs, as will be seen from some of the details given in another place. One of these nobles, Knight Hans, was among the personal favourites of Duchess Margaret, and highly prized privileges fell to his share.

Margaret finally, after many years, made her peace with the Church of Rome, chiefly through the good offices of her Habsburg cousins, the *quid pro quo* being the promise that if her only son Meinhard should die without issue, she would cede her possessions to these cousins. Her resolve to do so in face of the supreme efforts of the Bavarian relations, may, it is quite possible, have been prompted by the unforgotten insult to which we have already made allusion.

Louis's end, and that of young Duke Meinhard, a lad of twenty at the time of his sudden death, were both shrouded in mystery. The former died on a journey with the Duchess Margaret to Munich (1361), the latter a little more than a year later. Tradition has fastened to the evil reputation of Margaret the tale that both died from poison administered by her hand, but this tale historians have disproved. The first murder, it was said, was caused by her fear that her husband was about to revenge himself upon the person of Knight Conrad of Frauenberg, with whom she had kept up an intrigue that had long been the scandal of the country. Rattenberg is the place where the deed was said by some to have been committed. Her son, on the other hand, who had assumed the reins of government at his father's death, had, so the legend has it, earned her ill-will by some measures he enacted to curtail his mother's licentious life. Whatever may have been the end of his father, it is far more probable that the young man lost his life in consequence of a thoughtless act on his part. Of very active bodily constitution, dancing and games had great charms for him, and a drink of icy cold water when excessively heated, is believed by most historians to have caused his end on January 13, 1363.

Sudden as it was, and in spite of the difficulty of travel in the depth of winter, the news of it must have reached Vienna in a marvellously quick time, for we know that the energetic Rudolph IV. of Habsburg was already in Bozen thirteen days later, the date which the deed of cession bears being January 26, 1363. Bent upon making good the bargain between himself as the eldest of the three brothers, and Duchess Margaret, he defied nature as well as man. He entered Tyrol by way of the Pusterthal, and the hardships encountered on this lightning journey, by this not over-strong Prince, must have been unusually great. But he was well advised in expediting his arrival, for dangerous vultures were circling round the goodly prey.

In the above necessarily brief sketch I have attempted to tell the main incidents of one of the most eventful and interesting periods of Tyrol's history, and to give an outline sketch of this curious princess's career. Round no other person, save perhaps Maximilian I. whose personal history is equally intimately associated with Tyrol, has the peasantry woven such a wreath of tradition, and about the doings of few persons that have played great or notorious parts in the Middle Ages, is it so difficult to obtain documentary substantiations, as it is about those of the love-thirsty Pocket-Mouthed Meg. So far as is known, one article only of hers, preserved in the Ambras collection, has come down to us; it is her silver drinking cup, on the edge of which in Gothic lettering is inscribed her oft-quoted motto: *Langer Liebesmangel ist meines Herzens Angel*, which freely translated runs: "Lack of Love is my heart's pain!" Already in the sixteenth century articles that had been in her personal possession or use were much sought for; thus in the Imperial Archives at Innsbruck there is quite a voluminous correspondence * concerning a quiver with three bolts or arrows, a saddle and an iron basinet or helm that had belonged to her, and which Archduke Ferdinand much wanted to obtain and to incorporate in his *Kunst and Wunderkammer*, as he called his world-famous collection that he was gathering at Ambras. The Archduke was successful, his agents by presents and fair words managing to obtain them for him, but their identity can no longer be ascertained.

Rudolph IV. of Habsburg, who had thus secured for his dynasty the fair country of Tyrol, and who, in spite of his youth, was one of the wisest princes of his time, was not destined to enjoy the throne very long. After his death in 1365, at the age of five and twenty, on a journey to Italy, his two brothers Albert and Leopold reigned jointly. But the discomfited Bavarian relations of Duchess Margaret gave them considerable trouble, the Unter-Innthal, where the two countries marched, being the scene of constant incursions by the Bavarians. At last, in 1369, a peace was patched up at Schärding at the cost of a large monetary payment on the part of the Habsburgs.

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* Schönherr's *Urkunden*, xvii. vol. of the *Jahrbuch der Kunsthistorischen Sammlungen*, nr. 14,031; 14,035; 14,040; 14,051; 14,054–5; and 14,071.

In 1379 the brothers divided their heritage, Leopold retaining Tyrol, but his reign was not a long one, for he fell seven years later in the battle of Sempach, where the Swiss peasantry inflicted such a disastrous blow to feudalism. Until 1406, when Leopold's youngest son Frederick, was given the sovereignty of Tyrol, his elder brothers, under the guardianship of their uncle Albert, ruled the country in a more or less perfunctory manner, the nobility rapidly gaining in power. "The empty pocket," the nick-name by which Duke Frederick has gone down in history, represented by no means the true conditions of Frederick's treasury during more than a small portion of his thirty years' reign. It was given him when in consequence of his actions at the Council of Constance, the great ban of the Church and of the Empire made him a proscribed outlaw who was obliged to fly for his life, and hide in mountain fastnesses. But before this happened Frederick was kept busy with internal dissensions. At the very outset of his reign he had to cope against an aristocracy that had grown not only very powerful, but also unruly during the preceding decade of weak government by absentee rulers.

Determined to resist Frederick's attempt to reduce their prerogatives as well as to regain the ancient authority of the crown, the principal nobles, some twenty in number, formed a league known from the emblem the members adopted, as the *Elephantenbund*, or Elephant's league. It was soon followed by a second and more widespread confederation called the Falcon's league, which even some of the municipalities dared to join, in more or less open revolt against their lord.

And as if these seditious movements were not enough to test Frederick's courage, fresh troubles brewed for him, some of the malcontent nobles inducing the ever-jealous Bavarian Dukes to make war. By a bold and treacherous invasion of the Inn valley even the capital of the country was threatened. But for the heroic defence of castle Matzen, during a siege that lasted three or four weeks, the country would have been at the mercy of the invaders.

Hardly had a peace been patched up when the great Council of Constance, "one of the most remarkable events in history," as Hallam calls it, made Frederick one of the foremost figures of the political world of the day. The great assembly, which was convened to put an end to an intolerable state of schism in the church and anarchy in the temporal affairs of the Empire, had to decide which of three rival Popes, all duly elected by their respective parties, and which of three rival heads of the empire, also each duly elected, should be called to the leadership of church and state.* Frederick unfortunately gave his staunch support to a personal friend, Pope John, the man who felt so sure of being elected by the assembled church lords, that it was he who convened the council, but who in the end was forced not only to abdicate but also to fly for his life. Frederick assisted him in thwarting his foes, and making good his flight from Constance, and this cost him very nearly his own life and throne, for Sigismund, the successful candidate to the Imperial throne was then his implacable foe. It was Sigismund who caused the assembled temporal and ecclesiastic lords not only to declare Frederick's throne forfeited, but to make him and his followers outlawed outcasts, whom to shelter was a capital offence, by pronouncing upon them the great ban of the church. Frederick's brother Ernst, Duke of Styria, joined the enemy's ranks by following the call of the aristocratic party to take up the Government of the country, and a sanguinary fratricidal war was the consequence. In its course the peasants and the towns-people, who had stuck to Frederick, showed much gallant devotion to their Duke. These bloody dissensions were at last ended by a peace being patched up by powerful intermediaries in 1416, of which some details will be found in the chapter dealing with the Frundsbergs.

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* Popes Benedict XIII., Gregory XII., John XXIII.; Kings Wencelaus of Bohemia, Jost of Moravia, and Sigismund, King of Hungary.

The last third of Frederick's reign was a comparatively peaceful one and during it trade received the encouragement it had so long lacked. The immense treasure Frederick had accumulated during the last decade by his thrifty habits, proved better than anything else could have done how unjustified was his nick-name. Egger declared that the 1272 Mark worth of silver plate, nearly 47 hundred-weight of coined silver in small barrels, 14,500 ducats, and 54,500 florins, besides a considerable quantity of gold and other jewelry,* constituted the largest treasure left by any ruler of his day. This latter, I think is not quite correct, since Gaston de Foix at his death in 1391 is said to have left behind him in coined money "one hundred thousand florins thirty times over."

But be this as it may, Frederick was no doubt one of the most remarkable rulers Tyrol ever had, and his life-long fight against an overweeningly arrogant nobility and his desire to improve the fate of the peasants and townsmen, have gained him in the heart of the populace a unique place. His friendly manners to inferiors, and his habit of going among his people in the most unostentatious manner dressed in peasant's garb, also contributed to his popularity.

When he died his only son Sigismund was not twelve years of age, and the latter remained for nearly seven years at the Vienna court of his kinsman and guardian, Emperor Frederick III. There among other great personages with whom he came into contact was the clever, much travelled, but unscrupulous and licentious Æneas Silvius de Piccolomini, the subsequent Pope Pius II, who had but recently returned from an adventurous expedition to Scotland, of which he has left us an amusing account. It is said that Silvius's description of the fair daughters of Scotland inflamed Sigismund's heart, though, on the other hand, the primitive manners and lack of all luxuries the traveller witnessed in the wilds north of the Tweed, caused him to remark that the humblest citizen of Augsburg seemed to him to be better lodged and clothed than was the Scotch King and his great nobles, an opinion which seems to have been shared by other Continental visitors of that day, for as Pinkerton remarks, when describing the arrival of the Burgundian embassy that accompanied James II.'s bride to her future home, the people of Scotland appeared to the polished visitors almost as barbarians. (p. 208.)

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* The latter consisted of 752 gold rings and 350 brooches, 4 gold cups and one basin, and other jewels of solid gold.

Be this as it may, it is a fact that when the bride which his father had intended for him * died, Duke Sigismund sought and obtained (1448) the hand of Princess Eleanore, daughter of James I. of Scotland, a marriage which made him a brother-in-law of the Dauphin of France, subsequently Louis XI., and of Francis Duke of Bretagne The marriage was solemnised at Innsbruck in 1448, and as wedding dowry Sigismund gave his bride the castles of Ambras, Hörtenburg, and Imst for her life, and a money gift of 10,000 fl. For upwards of thirty-one years this Scotch Princess occupied the throne of Tyrol, her literary gifts as well as her love of sport, and gentle manners, gaining her a wide popularity. Her literary gifts she seems to have inherited from her father, whose foul assassination by his uncle in the presence of his wife and daughters, forms such a dark page in Scotch history. Her proclivities were shared by her eldest sister, Margaret, the Dauphiness of France, whose admiration for poetic

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* Daughter of Charles VII. of France.

genius, it is said, caused on one occasion considerable surprise to her ladies-in-waiting. Finding the bard Alain Chartier asleep in one of the rooms of the palace, she impressed a kiss upon his mouth, observing to her companions, that she did not kiss the man but the lips that had uttered so many fine sentiments. Duchess Eleanore of Tyrol was passionately fond of the romances of her age and amongst other things, she translated "Ponthus et Sidoyne" from the French into German, several editions of it following the first one which was printed in 1485.* In the preface to it she is called "Queen of Scotland," a mistake as misleading as is the one of calling Sigismund "Archduke" previous to the year 1477, † for it was only in that year that he was granted this title.

The records of Tyrol as well as of Scotland are very silent concerning Duke Sigismund's marriage, the *Auchinleck Chronicle*, which, as Tytler declares, is almost the solitary authentic record of James II.'s obscure reign, says nothing about it, and the local historians for one reason or another are similarly silent about it.

As Sigismund did not visit Scotland himself on the occasion of his marriage, which was arranged by three Tyrolese nobles (Velseck, Annenberg, and Landsee), who acted as his embassy—it is possible, nay even probable, that the Duke met his bride at the French Court whither she and her sister Jean were sent on the death of their mother; for their brother James II. ("with the fiery face" as he was called) evidently considered the Dauphin's

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* Later editions are of the years 1498, 1509, 1539, 1548, 1557, 1568, 1587, 1657, and 1670, showing the long-continued popularity of Duchess Eleanore's translation. The subject of the romance is of the usual highflown poetic type: love tested by treachery, fighting galore, crusades, and a very ample repertory of knightly adventure. The subject was not novel, but can be traced to two old English poems of the thirteenth and fourteenth century (Horn and Rimenild), as J. Grimm has shown.

† Egger, p. 601.

court a pleasant enough place until the tragic fate of his eldest sister, the Dauphiness, convinced him of the contrary.*

Sigismund when he came to the throne in 1446 was eighteen years of age. A fine presence, very winning manners, and great bodily strength, which enabled him to wrestle successfully with the strongest of his subjects, together with a passionate love for the chase and an equally pronounced devotion to the fair sex, gained him great popularity. And as the suddenly unfolded vast mineral wealth of the Unter-Innthal enabled him to spend unheard of sums on his foibles, as well as upon the advancement of art, his court soon acquired the reputation of being one of the gayest and pleasantest in Europe, a reputation of which we receive some circumstantial evidence by the fact that he is said to have left no fewer than forty illegitimate sons,† though, as fate would have it, neither his first wife, nor his second spouse, the young and beautiful Princess Catherine of Saxony, whom he married at an advanced age in 1484, provided the throne with a direct heir, so that in the end his cousin Maximilian became his successor.

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* According to Tytler (p. 21), the "*Archduke* of Austria" was one of the three brothers-in-law of James II. who accompanied the King's bride, Mary of Guelders, from her native shores in a fleet of thirteen vessels to the Forth, and who was one of the witnesses of the famous combat in the lists at Sterling between three Burgundian champions and the three bravest Scottish knights. They fought with lance, battle-axe, sword and dagger, but the two last-named weapons apparently did not come into use, for the King stopped the bloody contest, when one of the Douglases was felled by a stroke of the battle-axe wielded by that redoubtable Burgundian, Jacques Lalain, one of the most famous knights in Europe. Curiously enough, soon afterwards, he came to an ignoble end by that "invention of the devil," gunpowder, a fate shared by James II. Tyrolese records contain nothing about Duke Sigismund's visit to Scotland, which, if it did occur, must have taken place a few months after his own marriage, for the date of James II.'s wedding is known—June 18, 1449.

† Egger, p. 601.

Duchess Eleanore's proficiency in the sporting field deserves some attention, for it makes us acquainted with one of the principal amusements of court life. While Duke Sigismund followed the chamois and stag on his favourite peaks, or absented himself on other adventures, his Duchess accompanied by two or three of the fifty young ladies-in-waiting of whom her court consisted, followed the gentler sport of hawking, at which she appears to have acquired consummate skill. This we learn from an existing letter* from her namesake, Empress Eleanore, in which the latter says that as she has heard that "her dear cousin," Duchess Eleanore, is so exceedingly skilful in the sport (of hawking) "she desires to become her pupil, for in Vienna she had almost forgotten the art she once knew." She adds pathetically that her son (this was the famous Maximilian, then a boy of tender age) "is by God's mercy hale and well, and he also has a particular liking for hawking which makes her confident that he will have a noble and generous heart."

Sport was the subject of much correspondence among royal ladies at that period, for it is a mistake to image that women of rank sat continually in their chambers superintending their handmaidens at their spinning wheels, or were everlastingly working out some elaborate design of tapestry, when not engaged in humbler household duties.

Duchess Eleanore's court was in comparison to the size of the country a large and sumptuous one, for Sigismund spent his vast means very freely. Over the fifty maids of honour ruled the "Mistress of the Court" (Hofmeisterin) and it is evident from certain court regulations that have come down to us her duties were multifarious and strictly enforced. She regulated at what hour the young ladies

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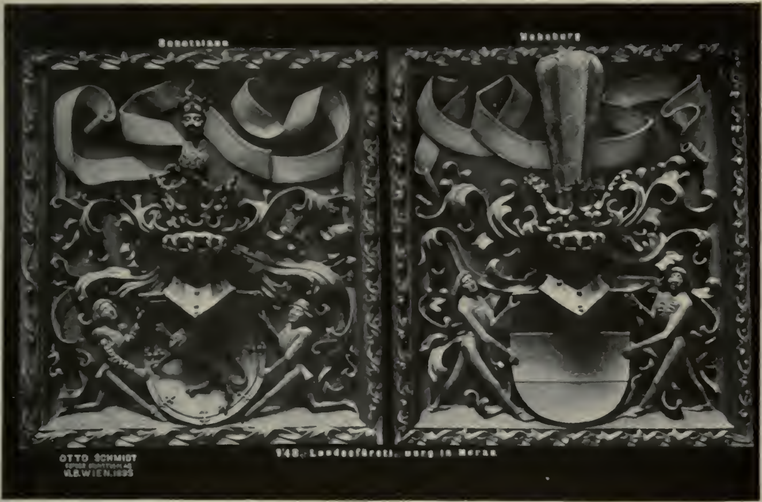
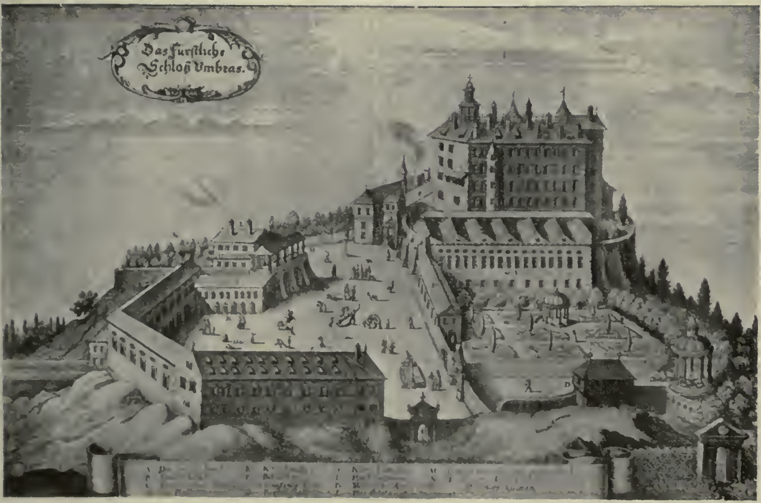
* It is preserved in the Imperial Archives at Innsburck, *Sigmundiana*, iv., a 18. The letter is undated, but from internal evidence it must have been written about the year 1470.


Habsburg
148. Landesfürstl. burg in Meran
OTTO SCHMIDT
W.B. WIEN. 1895


Das Furſtliche Schloß Vmbras.

had to retire to their bed-chambers, and no letters could be sent or received without her sanction. One of Eleanore's pages, the young noble Georg von Etringen, has left us an account of how he came to the Duchess's court, and how in due time he advanced to the post of carver and table page. "Later on," he remarks, "it became my resolve to enter the services of a more diligent Prince, where I could apply myself to knightly deeds and learn knightly games, so that I should not succumb to the luxury and revelling at the Innsbruck court."

One of the chief events of Sigismund's long reign was his quarrel with Cardinal Nicolas of Cusa, Bishop of Brixen, which reached its height between 1460 and 1464. Of one of its causes we shall have to speak in the chapter on the Frundsbergs; here it will suffice to mention that in consequence of the unscrupulous Cardinal's incessant efforts to restore the fallen power of the church at the cost of the Duke's temporal authority, the latter braved the anger of the church by besieging the Cardinal in his castle of Brunneck, and when he captured him would not release him till he had promised certain things in acknowledgment of the sovereign's supremacy. This audacity made a great stir in the whole christian world; two Popes, Calixt III. and Pius II. the latter of whom had once been his tutor and personal friend, pronounced the great ban of the church against him, and had the church not lost so much ground during the preceding century, the consequences would have been far more serious for Sigismund. But as matters stood, the pleasure-loving Duke did not much mind these more or less harmless fireworks, and continued his career with a *sang froid* that exasperated his adversaries exceedingly.

Sigismund did much for the advancement of art in Tyrol. At this court were actively engaged a number of painters, jewellers, glass-stainers, sculptors, and for the erection of the numerous pleasure seats and shooting-boxes which he delighted in building, foreign architects of repute were constantly employed. Duke Sigismund's cannon foundry enjoyed a world-wide reputation. A huge *bombard*, cast by the famous Jorg Endorfer in 1487, which bore the name of the Archduchess Catherine, second wife of Sigismund, is now one of the chief ornaments of the celebrated Artillery Museum in Paris. It must have been used in one of the wars against the Turks and captured by them, for it stood on the walls of Rhodes until 1862 when Sultan Abdul-Aziz made a present of it to Napoleon III. Sigismund's armourers were also famous, and many of the sovereigns of Europe pleaded hard, as existing letters show, to obtain suits from the Mühlau workshops near Innsbruck. Thus the Kings of Naples, Portugal, Scotland, and the Elector of Mayence, amongst others, are known to have obtained plate armour so cleverly hardened that they were reputed to resist cross-bow bolts. The suit which Sigismund sent to James III., son of his brother-in-law in Scotland, was an especially fine specimen, for it was gilt and very beautifully engraved. Whether he wore it at the siege of Sauchieburn in 1488, where he was killed, I have been unable to find out.

Sigismund, who early in his reign had received the nick-name "*der Münzreiche*" or "the rich in coin," was tempted towards the end of his career to commit many wanton acts. Money from the Unter-Innthal mines was plentiful, and the Fuggers, who became his bankers, did not discourage his extravagance, as it put vast profits into their pockets. The maddest of all his actions was his breach of the peace with Venice, for it dealt the commerce of Tyrol a very serious blow.

This began by his claiming and taking forcible possession of some silver mines belonging to Venetians in the Valsugana. A month later (April 1487) he outraged the fundamental laws of commercial free intercourse by casting into prison one hundred and thirty Venetian merchants, who had come to the great fair at Bozen, and by confiscating all their rich goods. The war that followed cost many lives; and, though the Tyrolese proved victorious at the battle of Calliono, where the famous Venetian leader San Severino was drowned, the country lost rather than gained by a struggle with the foremost commercial power of Europe, which revenged itself by henceforth shunning Tyrolese fairs and the trade-route over the Brenner Pass, that had contributed so much to Tyrol's wealth.

Another war with the Swiss, carried on in a somewhat desultory manner by both sides, occurred at this time; but it seems to have made less stir than did the dreaded invasion by the Turks, the probably exaggerated accounts of the horrors committed by Mohammedan hordes in neighbouring Carinthia (1477) spreading terror throughout Tyrol.

The extravagant habits of Archduke Sigismund, for we must now call him by the title conferred on him by Emperor Frederick (probably to pave the way for his son's early succession to the crown), grew with his increasing age, for there was now added a fresh object upon which to lavish money. Archduke Sigismund, the sinner, turned penitent and became eager to make atonement and to secure the salvation of his soul by founding abbeys, making charitable endowments and giving largely to the Church whose mandates and bulls he at one time, not more than a decade earlier, had laughed to scorn. This additional drain even the finances of the "Silverland," as Tyrol was then often called, could not stand, and loud complaints at their ruler's reckless extravagance and indifference to the interests of the country began to be heard. Under the circumtances it is conceivable that the aged Archduke, tired of ruling and of court-life, met his cousin's advances half way. Anyhow, coming as he did at the behest of his father, the head of the Empire and his own guardian, Maximilian did not find it difficult to persuade Sigismund to abdicate in his favour. In return he received an ample income and the right to hunt and to fish whenever he chose, and certain favourite castles where the old sportsman passed the last six years of his life. He died in 1496 in his Innsbruck palace, the one with the golden-tiled roof, which his father had erected to demonstrate to the world how ill merited his nickname had been, and which to-day is still one of the world-known sights of that town.

Whatever may have been the faults—and they were many—of Sigismund's successor Maximilian, the great personality of the latter, and the *beau ideal* which he presented of all the idiosyncrasies peculiar to the age of chivalry appealed with exceptional force to a hardy and simple minded mountain people. Of chivalry he is generally held to have been the last exponent. He was the keenest of keen sportsmen, brave and adventurous to the verge of recklessness. A valiant warlord he revelled in the clash of arms and he loved all exhibitions of manliness and strength. In his intercourse with his subjects he was free from the stern hauteur of the feudal lord, and was approachable to the humblest of his subjects. Lavish with money in the advancement of the arts and crafts, he sowed the seeds of art in those parts of his realm where the artistic instincts manifested themselves.

Withal a devout Christian who, though he enjoined upon his chaplain to "make short work of it," never left for his day's hunting without having mass said: this was the Maximilian, as his Tyrolese "rough-coats" saw him in the years of his youth and early manhood, when he spent much of his time among them. In the latter part of his reign, after his self-assumed accession to the imperial title, when his incessant wars had drained his exchequer, in spite of the vast mineral treasures yielded by so many of his possessions, and when taxes of all sorts began to press upon his citizens, some of whom found it difficult, as we have heard, to collect their debts from his court officials, leading to ungrateful manifestations of "benefits forgot." The idealist Emperor's heart was cut to the quick by this ingratitude, and for the last year or two of his life he seems to have turned from the vanities of the world. His biographers relate that for some years he carried about with him his coffin, "the one narrow palace," he is said to have remarked, "that architects can design cheaply and the building whereof does not ruin princes."

Under Maximilian, Tyrol was first honoured with the distinctive title of *Gefürstete Grafschaft*, his attempt to raise his favourite province to the dignity of an Electorate having failed. In his reign its territorial extent was considerably increased, the three great lordships of Rattenberg, Kitzbühel, and Kufstein, the Ampezze district, the four vicarates, Rovoreto and the towns of Arco and Riva, were added to Tyrol, while his predecessor, Sigismund, had increased its area by a portion of the Pusterthal and a part of the present Vorarlberg.

By Maximilian's will his two grandsons, the Emperor Charles V. and the Archduke Ferdinand, became his successors on Tyrol's throne, but the former soon relegated his share to Ferdinand, the subsequent Emperor. The latter's forty-two years' reign was a troubled one, religious disturbances and peasants' risings making it an unhappy period for the country. At his death (1564) his second son Archduke Ferdinand followed on the throne of Tyrol, and under this art-loving prince's thirty-one years' reign the country may be said to have reached the zenith of its growth. The romantic story of this prince's wooing of Philippina Welser, the beautiful daughter of an Augsburg patrician, her stern rejection by the irate

Emperor, and the latter's subsequent surrender to his daughter-in-law's innate charm, are incidents too well known to be repeated here at greater length. (Pl. 58.)

The fine art-collection, one might almost say the greatest formed up to that time, in his beautiful seat near Innsbruck, Castle Ambras, and that now, with unimportant exceptions, fills the gorgeous new home erected for it in Vienna by the present Emperor, has given his name very high rank among art-lovers.

As he left no heirs of royal birth, the throne fell in 1595 to the Emperor Rudolph II. In 1612 he was followed in quick succession by Archduke Maximilian, in 1618 by Archduke Ferdinand, in 1626 by Leopold, and at his death, six years later, by his widow the wise Archduchess Claudia de Medici. As guardian of their son Ferdinand Charles, she ruled and hunted—for she was a great sportswoman—until 1646, when the latter came of age. On the death of Ferdinand Charles in 1662 without male issue, his austere brother Francis Sigismund succeeded him. His reign was, however, a short one, and the dramatic end, believed to have been brought about by poison administered on the eve of his marriage by his physician Agricola, at the instigation of some Italians whom the Archduke had caused to be removed from his court, ended in 1665 the second Tyrolese Habsburg line of sovereigns.

From that time Tyrol became incorporated as an integral province of the Austrian possessions, and the country did homage to Emperor Leopold, the sole heir of the German-Austrian territories. In his reign the War of the Spanish Succession caused Tyrol to be attacked from two sides, French troops under Vendôme coming in from the south and vainly besieging Trent, while the Bavarians invaded it by routes made familiar to them by scores of incursions during the past half-dozen centuries. This time they were more successful, at least at the beginning, for after destroying numberless villages and castles in the Unter-Innthal, they captured even the capital. At this desperate juncture the *Landsturm*, or general levy of the peasantry, rose up (1703) and smote the invaders in various pitched engagements, the battle at the Pontlatzer Bridge being the most famous. For there an army of trained soldiers was utterly vanquished by a numerically much inferior, ill-armed force of peasants.

The Emperor Leopold did not live to see the end of the war, for he died in 1705, his sons Joseph I., and at the latter's death Charles VI., following him. With the latter's demise in 1740 the Austrian male line became extinct, and his daughter, the famous Maria Theresa, continued the Habsburg succession. In her forty years' reign Vorarlberg was joined to Tyrol, for being an imperial fief it fell back to the Crown when the line of feoffees became extinct. Of her handsome but somewhat faithless consort's sudden death (1765) during their son's marriage festivities at Innsbruck, I have had occasion to speak in the opening chapter. With Maria Theresa's son and successor Joseph II. (1780-1790) a new era commenced for Tyrol, though his useful and eminently liberal-minded reforms naturally met with strenuous opposition on the part of the Church, which deplored the fate of hundreds of churches, priories, and other religious institutions that were abolished by a stroke of the autocratic Joseph's pen. As he died childless, his brother, the Emperor Leopold II. succeeded him for the rest of his short life, his eldest son following him in 1792 as the Emperor Francis II. of Germany and as Francis I. of Austria. He had reigned only a few years when the great struggle with the conqueror of the world commenced. Quickly following up his success at Lodi, the youthful Bonaparte in the first weeks of the year 1797 defeated the Austrians at Rivoli. The retreat of the Austrian army towards Carinthia left the routes into Tyrol so ill defended that again the *Landsturm* had to be called out. Again they showed their superior foe, fresh from their great victories under Marshal Joubert, that the Tyrolese "rough-coats," whose valour Maximilian had already discovered and honoured, were enemies with whom even Napoleon's picked troops, led by tried strategians, would vainly battle, and the heroic bravery shown at Spinges resulted in a glorious victory of the peasantry. At another less important engagement not far from Bozen a small company of thirty-four Passeyar peasants had particularly distinguished itself. The little troop was led by a tall, broad-shouldered man with a long beard, who, as were so many other peasant leaders, was by profession an inn-keeper. It was Andreas Hofer, who in the subsequent glorious fight against overwhelming odds made his name immortal. But before this occurred there was an interval of tranquillity, for the Peace of Campo Formio, following the negotiations of Leoben, terminated for the time being hostilities in which out of a population of some 800,000 souls, more than 100,000 fighters had taken part, not a few women being amongst them.*

Peace was not destined to last long, for in the spring of 1799 a fresh invasion of Napoleon's troops, this time from the west through the Swiss mountain passes, made Tyrol the scene of renewed bloodshed, a like incursion of the Bavarians on the Salzburg and Bavarian frontier † causing the Unter-Innthal peasants again to face their old enemy. By the unlucky Peace of Pressburg (26 Dec. 1805) that followed the unfortunate Three Emperors' battle at Austerlitz, the Habsburgs had to part with the most loyal of their provinces after possessing it for nearly

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* The famous prodigies performed by the "Maiden of Spinges" with a hayfork form but one of many instances.

† One is proud to recall that an Englishman, Lieut.-Col. Swinburne, distinguished himself in a marked manner at the defence of the pass at Scharnitz, repelling three attacks by superior forces.

four and a half centuries, for Tyrol became the booty of the French and Bavarians, the latter retaining the northern, the former the southern part. The country lost even its name, for it was to be known henceforth only by the appellation of the three districts into which it was divided, and which were called after the three principal rivers, *i.e.*, Inn, Eisack, and Adige.

For more than three years Tyrol remained in this unhappy condition of subjection, than which nothing could have proved more humiliating to the proud though simple-minded sons of the mountains. This interval was, however, not idly spent by the men who had fought in 1797 and 1799, and, assisted by a band of patriotic companions, a general rising of the whole country was organised by the principal leaders in the late struggle, viz., Hofer, Speckbacher, or the " Man of Rinn " as he was generally called from the name of his native village, and the tall red-bearded Capuchin monk, who as a half-fledged youth had already captured a fully armed French officer, and soon afterwards was the first to mount at Trafoi a desperately defended barricade, following this up by braining one trooper, shooting an officer, and taking prisoner unaided and with his own hands six French soldiers. This secret organising was dangerous work, for the country was full of spies and death was the consequence of detection ; but the secret preparations for the mortal struggle went on nevertheless with encouraging results.

It is curious to note what an all-important part in getting up the rising the inn-keepers of Tyrol played.

These Tyrolese *Wirthe*, it must be remembered, were not then and are not to-day, at least in the side valleys, the counterpart of the British publican or of the American saloon-keeper. The Wirth is himself a peasant and, with few exceptions, the wealthiest and usually also the most respected and best educated man in the community. The licence to keep an inn is a sort of heirloom in the family, each succeeding generation taking pride in keeping up the good name of the house. In the social life of the community the *Wirthshaus* plays a conspicuous part. Every child born in the straggling mountain village, every couple married, every villager buried contributes to mine host's wealth, for christenings, weddings, and funerals are events that are signalised by feasts, and these on account of the number of guests, can usually be given only in the roomy village inn. The host is the man, therefore, who has his finger on the pulse of the community. He can organise and he has an intimate knowledge of his fellow men's characters. Dignified, slow of word and great of body, for he has to be his own policeman when revellers become unruly or quarrelsome, it is not surprising that his class is what it is. And what is the case to-day was even more to the fore in earlier days of post-roads, when news travelled slowly, and the peasant population turned instinctively to the one man who had the opportunity of hearing important intelligence most speedily, and on whose advice they placed reliance. Thus the inn-keepers, working quietly and circumspectly, were gradually able to surround themselves with bodies of men that would rather have died than betray the cause of their Church and Emperor.*

If we further remember how totally unassisted the Tyrolese were by the central government at Vienna, that "mire of incompetent faint-hearted bureaucrats" as it has been called, and how they lacked leaders of military training, and that neither money nor arms and ammunition were supplied to them, obliging them to enter upon a deadly enterprise with the most primitive and antiquated weapons,—for in the intervening years every house and every possible hiding-place had been ransacked by the French and Bavarians in quest for secreted rifles—the success of the gallant Tyrolese bordered upon the marvellous.

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* What sterling characters were to be found among these unassuming inn-keepers of Tyrol the perfectly authentic story of Peter Mayr, keeper of a small inn at Mahr, near Brixen, illustrates. Taken prisoner while fighting by the French after the promulgation of a decree that instant death would follow any further attempt at armed resistance, Peter's life depended upon his denying that he had read the decree in question; and though his wife, who was with child, begged him on her knees to do so, he refused to "purchase his life by a lie," and consequently was led out and shot.

Stout hearts beat under the rough coats. Trained eyes pointed the cumbrous fire-locks, many of which had done duty a century before, in the memorable year of 1703, in the hands of their great-grandfathers. Blacksmiths and wheelwrights fashioned makeshift cannons out of hollowed trees which were encircled by iron bands, while muscles of iron gripped with tense determination pikes and war-scythes of primitive shape, that had been secretly forged in the dead of night in remote village smithies. Assisted by their intimate knowledge of every path and every stick and stone in their native mountains, deadly ambushes were contrived that in more than one instance played fearful havoc among the enemy, whole battalions being destroyed by the famous "Lass Los,"* stone avalanches, that were suddenly made to descend from impending heights upon the enemy advancing along narrow defiles. But it was principally the good marksmanship of the Tyrolese, trained by their village rifle-shooting matches, that won for them their battles; and when lead grew scarce and pewter platters, mugs, spoons, clock-weights, and other domestic utensils were melted down to make bullets, scarce a shot was fired in some of the later engagements that did not tell.†

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* A corruption of this appellation, *Lass Abi*, is, I hear, still in use in the French army to describe this form of attack from which that army suffered considerable losses. "Lass Abi" is the patois command to loose the stays or ropes that confined the stone avalanches.

† A generation or so ago it was still possible to pick up in remote valleys rifles of 1809 from descendants of the peasants who had used

Thus began the year of fate 1809, and with the first signs of spring the long-prepared national rising commenced. Starting the fighting in the Pusterthal, the 12th April already saw the enemy flying from the capital, and a joint French and Bavarian force, consisting of 5000 soldiers, taken prisoner by the bold Speckbacher on the bloodstained site of the Roman *Veldidena* near Innsbruck. But this was but a feeler, for following a successful incursion of Tyrol from the Salzburg side by the bloodthirsty Bavarian general, Wrede, a large army of some 50,000 victory-flushed Saxon, Bavarian, and French troops fresh from Wagram under the tried Marshal Lefebre, deemed it child's play to overcome "the undisciplined, ill-armed, and ragged peasant louts led by a few ignorant taverners." After many indecisive engagements the battles at the Pontlatzer Bridge and at Berg Isel near Innsbruck, at which the modest Passeyer inn-keeper displayed a military genius that is said to have captivated even Napoleon, demonstrated that those self-same ragged peasant louts could prove their invincibility against the most famous war-tried troops of Europe. Lefebre, with what remained of his army, left Tyrol, and for two months Andreas Hofer, the inn-keeper, ruled the country as military governor from the Imperial palace at Innsbruck amid surroundings that must have contrasted strangely with those with which he and his rough-coats were familiar. He and the whole country were awaiting the longed-for help and word of praise from the Emperor and central authorities in distant Vienna. But alas! neither ever came, and within two months after the last battle, a fresh Bavarian army was forcing its way into the Unter-Innthal. Taking Speckbacher unawares, it ob-

them, so that one could fairly rely upon their genuineness. Two or three of these was fortunate enough to get, and as one looks upon these extraordinarily clumsy weapons, one wonders what feats these born shots could not achieve with modern Mannlicher-Schönauer repeaters!

tained a partial victory. A few days afterwards (Oct. 14), before this misfortune could be retrieved, the distracted court at Vienna purchased peace by the hand of a daughter of the proud house of Habsburg which was promised to the upstart Corsican.

Tyrol remained Bavarian and the redoubtable Andreas Hofer, taken prisoner through gross treachery, was in his captors' eyes a hero too dangerously popular to be left alive. He died the death of a brave man, standing erect and proud before the firing file, himself giving the word of command that ended a career of which the Tyrolese have every right to be proud.

Little more is to be added respecting Tyrol's history. The country remained Bavarian until Napoleon's star went under at the battle of Leipzig (1813) and the allies entered Paris, when the country fell again to the Habsburgs. In 1835 the Emperor Ferdinand I. of Austria succeeded Francis after a long but sadly interrupted reign. After ruling, or rather allowing the all-powerful Metternich to rule for him, until the latter's reactionary policy provoked the revolution of 1848, Ferdinand abdicated in favour of his nephew, Francis Joseph, who still occupies the throne.

CHAPTER IV

THE PEASANTRY IN THE MIDDLE AGES AND TO-DAY

UNLIKE England, where a fundamental change in the condition, laws and property of its population was brought about by the Conquest, a cataclysm which resulted fortunately also in the creation of various records which otherwise would have probably remained unwritten, Tyrol has nothing of the kind to show. Many a time had it been subdued, on scores of occasions had its streams run red with the blood of invaded and invaders, and whole peoples that had settled in its valleys had been exterminated root and branch. But this was all ancient history by the time that William the Norman set sail for Britain. The absence of early Tyrolese Domesdays, surveys and inquests such as correspond with the more ancient Anglo-Saxon documents, constitutes a deplorable void. Historians have consequently found it a hard task to follow step by step the development of social life in Tyrol as it gradually evolved itself from the general chaos,—the ground-swell after the *Völkerwanderung,*—which Charlemagne first succeeded in bringing to an end.

Apart from all discussion relative to the two opposing theories concerning the original condition of the Teutons, *i.e.,* whether they were at the beginning all free men, some of whom gradually became serfs, or whether they were originally all serfs whose condition experienced a gradual amelioration, there exists no doubt that in the period when Tyrol was partitioned off between the Bavarian and Lombard conquerors, the two main divisions of the population consisted of free men and of serfs, or to use the wider term, villeins. Of the former there were two kinds, the *viri nobiles*, representing the highest class, and the simple *liberi viri*, or *boni viri*. With the exception of having to follow the lord's call to arms, neither had to render menial service. The *Leibeigne* or serf's lot was in Tyrol a less miserable one than in most other countries at the period, when they were most oppressed by feudal institutions, and there were fewer of them too. Up to the end of the 13th century the lord disposed of them also in Tyrol as freely as of his cattle ; * they were absolutely his and their fate similar to that described by the Abbot of Burton when referring to certain serfs of the Derbyshire Manor of Mickleover : "for being villeins they possess nothing but their own bellies (extra ventrem)." In Tyrol the *wergeld* or fine payable by the slayer to the relations of the slain, by which the former freed himself from every other punishment or responsibility, amounted to 20 "schillings." † It went, as elsewhere, not to the dead man's relations, but to the master.

Besides the two main divisions there soon came into existence an intermediary class, *viz.*, men who had been serfs originally, but who had received their freedom, remaining however in a subordinate position. The Bavarian laws called them *Barshalks*, while among the

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* An entry in the Domesday of Rattenberg near Matzen illustrates how little family ties were regarded. It relates to a family of *Eigene Leute*, natives of the Zillerthal, and the entry runs : The father belongs with his body to my lord the Duke of Bavaria, the mother belongs with her body to the Frundsbergs, two sons with their bodies are Pfaffenried property, the two others are of Zell, whilst the wife (of one of the latter) belongs to St. Georgenberg (a monastery close by) and the stepson with his body and goods to Zell.

† Egger, i. 98.

Lombards a corresponding type appears to have been known and to have been called in the Roman fashion "possessors." Their *wergeld* amounted to a fourth of that of a free man, and though they enjoyed personal freedom they could not possess any land, and hence no political rights. Serfs were also subdivided into categories, the *coloni* or *Hörige* being probably the least oppressed of the villein classes. One reform which may be said to have been contemporary with the Conquest of England came about in Tyrol by the creation of a new class of territorial nobles, who called themselves after their castles or estates. It must be remembered that up to that time surnames had not come into general use, and it was this custom of adopting the name of a stronghold or place as a distinguishing patronymic which did away with the perplexing vagueness of earlier documents, a vagueness that offers often insurmountable obstacles to the modern historian when attempting to trace the origin of vassal families.

Egger tells us that the original Baiovarii aristocracy in days preceding Charlemagne consisted of six families only, of whom only one, that of the Agilofingers, need be recalled. Of the 10th and 11th centuries he has collected the names of about one hundred and nineteen *mynystres* of vassal-nobles who owed allegiance to one or the other of the three dynastic families of Tyrol, *i.e.*, the Counts of Andechs, Eppan and Tyrol, or to the two sees of Brixen and Trent. Nearly all of these were distinguished by surnames derived in the manner we have indicated.

The well-known feudal maxim: *nulle terre sans seigneur*, which ascribed to the sovereign the sole proprietorship of all the land, a theory which in its turn gave rise to the manifold ramifications of feudalism, held sway also in Tyrol; though it is by no means clear at what precise period, and in consequence of what circumstances many of the over-lord's rights came to be exercised by the dynasts of Tyrol who were really vassals of the Emperor. That in Tyrol more than in other divisions of the German empire there existed an anomalous multiplicity of fealty is certain.* We find instances, such as are mentioned later in the history of the Frundsbergs, that a noble, according to the properties he owned, could be a vassal of two, three and even four different over-lords, and it is natural that his position became a trying and dangerous one when hostilities broke out between his over-lords and his services came to be claimed by them severally.

That in Tyrol the nobles, the drones of the feudal system, could not subsist more than they could elsewhere without a busy hive of workers, goes without saying; indeed on account of the rough climate and wooded nature of the country, rather less so than in flat and productive regions. By the time feudalism had reached its height in the 13th century, the free peasant, who was really a survival of the primeval Teuton tribal existence, had in most districts ceased to exist, and had become a tenant in fief or *Censual* of the nearest lord. For in an age when extreme lawlessness was rampant and might meant right, the weak by surrendering their allodial property to a powerful lord and receiving it back as fief, secured by this act the protection of the latter. As this arrangement did not rob the tenant of any of his rights as a free man, the advantage of thus securing protection for the hour of need was self-evident. But not only the free peasant derived benefit from this arrangement; nobles also took advantage of it, and the history of Tyrol during the Middle Ages furnishes an extraordinary number of instances in which castles and estates were turned voluntarily into fiefs. Hence the scarcity of allodial properties. Of fiefs a more or less strict record was kept, for when death severed the personal band, the heir had to enter afresh into the feudal relationship. Of allods, on the other hand, in the total absence of anything like ancient land registries or courts of record, no account was kept of a change of ownership, whether the latter was brought about by the sword or by less forcible means. Thus it comes that it is very much more difficult to trace the descent of allodial castles and of their owners than of fiefs and of those who held them.

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* The rule, one of the fundamental ones of feudalism, that each class of vassal owed fealty to its own over-lord, but not to the latter's lord, held good of course also in Tyrol.

In some respects the lot of the tenant-in-fief who had formerly been a free peasant must have resembled that of the sokemen in our Eastern counties, the home of freedom, as Prof. Maitland calls them, where during the period following the Conquest the sokemen represented about half the population.* The erstwhile free peasant of Tyrol cultivated his own land and was subject to the *soc* or jurisdiction of a lord and had to render military service to him. In later times it became also in Tyrol a habit to commute "suite and service" by a money payment or scutage.†

If the land which the tenant-in-fief held, formed part of an allodial estate, *i.e.*, one for which the noble rendered no knight's service and which was his absolute freehold property, in the event of the estate being sold, it was the custom to state in full the rents and rent-service due from each tenant-in-fief. If the estate was an important one

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* Prof. Maitland states that the number of sokemen in Lincolnshire according to Sir H. Ellis's extracts from Domesday Book was 11,503, while of villeins there were 7723, and of bordars 4024. Massingberd's calculation (*English Hist. Review*, October 1905) differs slightly, the respective numbers being: 10,823 sokemen, 7193 villeins, and 3467 bordars.

† This system strangely enough is in operation to this day on a continent where one least expects to find traces of feudal relationship, *i.e.*, in the French part of Canada, where, according to French-Canadian law, tenants pay "cens" to the seigneur as an acknowledgment of his suzerainty.

the list was formidable. Thus in the deed of sale by which in the year 1468 the castles of Matzen, which was an allodial property of the Frundsbergs, and Lichtwehr, which they held as a fief from the Archbishop of Salzburg, passed into other hands, all the tenants belonging to the former castle are set forth in full—there were over a hundred—with the rents they had to pay, while those belonging to castle Lichtwehr were not individually specified, but were bunched together under the comprehensive explanation "those which the vendor had been possessed of and enjoyed according to ancient custom."

A lower type of tenant were the men who had to render menial service at the castle as well as military service. At first the conditions regulating the relationship between tenant and lord were more onerous than they became later on when the ruling class gradually began to recognise that a tenant in thriving circumstances could be mulcted of larger payments in kind or in money, than the man who lived in a state of semi-starvation.

From the few early Tyrolese *Urbars* or local Domesdays, that have come down to us, we obtain glimpses of the gradual amelioration that occurred in the position of the serf. Thus in the Domesday of the cloister of Sonnenburg in the Pusterthal (now a ruin) which was founded in the 11th century, we learn that in 1209 the Abbess rescinded the obligation that forced the heirs of her tenants, to pay to the cloister half of a tenant's estate on his demise. From thence on she declared herself satisfied with the "gift" of the best head of cattle the defunct tenant had owned.

The well-thumbed pages of the *Urbar* of this richly endowed foundation read like a catalogue of some mediæval co-operative stores, if such institutions had existed in those primitive days. Every sort of produce, raw and home-manufactured, every category of domestic, agricultural and military service, every species of dues that one could possibly expect from a primitively rural population, are there represented, either as rent or as the result of devout offerings by nobles of Tyrol, anxious to make their peace with heaven. The entries are short, consisting of the name of the property, or of the tenant, and briefly recount what dues each paid. The tributes of produce were on an enormous scale; it would take one hours to count up the hundreds upon hundreds of eggs, hens, lambs, kids, pigs, cattle, measures of milk, pounds of honey and wax, the pieces of *loden* (home-spun), the scores of tanned hides, skins, hanks of hemp, barrels of oil and of wine—of the latter there were many hundreds—which were annually received. Then the labour services were no less comprehensive. Men had to tan, to do smithy work, to herd cattle, to weave, to bake, to furnish fire-wood, to act as butchers, to ride as messengers, to carpenter, to furnish chests and locks, to fish and hunt, to make barrels; while others had to furnish a certain number of horse-shoes with the requisite nails, or to haul a given number of loads of manure to the orchards and gardens of the cloister. With the same laconic briefness as are enumerated the number of pigs or lambs, are recorded the "*eigene Leute*" or serfs belonging to the pious ladies of Sonnenburg. In some cases only the bare number is given; thus to give an instance: "The noble Otte von Firmian has as fief (from the cloister) the mountain which is named Campon, and the fishing rights at Lage and four '*menschen*' (human beings)." * In other instances the Christian names are given—serfs had no surnames—thus "Agnes who has three sons and one daughter who has one daughter, so has Diemuot six sons and one daughter." In this curt manner are recorded the 45 serfs that belonged to the cloister.

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* This reminds one of a document quoted by Prof. Vinogradoff in his "Growth of the Manor," relating how Bishop Denewulf (10th century) exerted himself to colonise and raise the value of an estate at Bedhampton of which he had received the fief from the King. In it the Bishop states that after the last severe winter there were on the estate 420 swine, 7 slaves and 90 sown acres. (P. 222.)

There is one circumstance that must never be lost sight of when examining the social conditions of Tyrol, namely that until the various districts now consolidated into the *Gefürstete Grafschaft* became a whole under the Habsburgs, there existed a great variety of laws and customs in the four areas into which mediæval Tyrol may for practical purposes be divided. In North Tyrol, the country conquered and inhabited by the Bavarian stock, early Teuton customs and laws naturally left their mark. In the Trent country and in the lower Adige country generally, there remained in force for a long time, and in fact there have survived to this day,* economic conditions introduced by the Lombards more than thirteen hundred years ago, when they, in their turn, became the masters of this, the principal part of South Tyrol. In the Pusterthal the influence of its conquests by Slav tribes are still easily traceable in speech as well as costume, while in the remaining large valley of Tyrol, the Vintschgau, yet another racial stamp, that of the Venosts, left its mark. There is, therefore, in Tyrol, considering its diminutive size, a puzzling complexity of primary influences to be accounted for.

The development of the peasant class of Tyrol, as we see it to-day, from the free-peasant and the tenant-in-fief is an interesting subject, but we can only allude to it briefly. The size of the fief or *Lehen* varied considerably.

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* In the Trent country the ancient Lombard tenure of land called *Mezzadria* is still in wide use. It provides that the owner of the land receives as his rent one-third of the gross produce, retaining the right of selling the whole crop himself if he has reason to suspect his tenant's honesty.

In the Unter Innthal there were three classes of the respective areas of 40, 20 and 10 *Jauch*, or 36, 18 and 9 English acres,* the last named being to this day considered the least quantity of land affording subsistence for a family. Attached to almost every peasant's property was either the summer grazing right for a certain number of cattle on common land situated in the mountains, (which right is commonly known as *Alprechte* or Alp rights) or the tenant had acquired by purchase or by use since immemorial times proprietary rights over such upland grazing. It must be remembered that the nobles never concerned themselves with the tilling of land or with cattle raising. So long as their granaries, storehouses and dairies were kept full by the labour of the villeins and by the rents from their fiefs, they cared nothing about ways and means, and even their menials would have considered their hands defiled by touching a plough. For this reason these grazing rights were probably considered of very trifling importance, and they are comparatively seldom mentioned in deeds. When they are mentioned it is usually in connection with hunting rights, for these were usually coupled with the Alp rights. An instance interesting to us because it relates to the Frundsbergs and to a very famous sporting-ground, *i.e.*, that of the *Floitenthal* in the Zillerthal which was the last home of the ibex in Austria, took place in the 14th century, when the Knight Hans Kummersbrucker, hereditary Master of Game of the Dukes of Bavaria, acquired from two brothers Frundsberg the Alp and the chase in the Floiten. The exact date of this transaction is not known, but it must have been soon after 1363, when the Frundsbergs, in consequence of the Habsburgs' succession to Tyrol, deemed it wise to part with those of their fiefs they held from the Dukes of Bavaria or the Sees of Salzburg and Freisingen. The purchaser must have valued these acquisitions in the Floiten valley, for he took the precaution to have them confirmed by his over-lord, the Duke of Bavaria, by a deed which is still extant.*

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* Ancient Tyrolese measures varied in a most puzzling manner in different districts, and in none more so than in Unter Innthal, where in some parts not only Tyrolese but also Bavarian measures were in use. Even to-day the two standards *Jauch* and *Joch* give rise to misunderstandings. Happily the metric system is rapidly removing the cause of confusion.

A curious relic of very early days when most of Tyrol was still a densely wooded wilderness survived until the 16th century in the "*Brand*" or right of burning. It appears that every freeman had the right to go into the woods and by throwing a hammer as far as he could, possess himself of the area covered by his throw, provided he made it arable by grubbing the trees and burning them. After three years' possession of the plot he had to turn it over to the village for common use. If for any reason the community did not enforce this right the land became his. He could repeat this process from time to time, and thus no doubt many a peasant secured for himself, by hard labour, a sufficiency of land. But as the country became more settled up the ownerless tracts became scarcer, and could be found only in the remoter and less fruitful valleys where the climate was rough and the ground so sterile that one is surprised that human beings could subsist on the meagre crops it produced. In the year 1547 this custom seems to have been abrogated by a regulation that made it necessary to obtain the special leave, not only of the commune, but of the newly formed board at Innsbruck, which we hear soon became a hot-bed of official red tape, and estopped the ancient custom.

Having thus briefly explained the principal incidents of tenure during the feudal age, this is perhaps as good a place as any to add a few remarks upon certain modern aspects of the land question in relation to the peasantry of Tyrol, *i.e.*, the law of inheritance by which the drawbacks inherent to the splitting up or "pulverisation" of small areas of land among a number of children is as much as possible avoided. As it would lead us much too far to follow the course of legislation that governed at various periods these laws of inheritance in Tyrol, it must suffice if we briefly refer to the present condition of things in this respect. Since the year 1811 the *Bürgerliche Gesetzbuch* or the "Citizen's coded laws," have governed all civil proceedings of the entire population of Austria from peasant to prince, except regarding inheritance among the highest aristocracy, where the old laws of primogeniture are permitted to remain in force, and in accordance with which the eldest son inherits the principal estates or what is known as the family's *fidei commis* or entailed estates. In every other case when a man dies intestate his property, real as well as personal, is divided equally between his children, the widow receiving the share of a child.* To carry out the division the whole estate is valued by sworn Government officials and each child's share thus ascertained, it being customary to take the land at a low valuation. In the case of peasants the eldest son is asked whether he is prepared to take over the property. If he is, and there is no ready money to pay off the other children, then their shares are placed as a *Hypothek* or mortgage on the property, and if the brothers and sisters have no other occupation, and hands are required to work the farm, they generally enter the service of the managing brother, receiving regular wages besides the interest at a low rate of interest upon their little mortgage, just as any stranger would. Often, however, the eldest brother will have nothing to do with the parental property, for, of course, he then has to face risks of bad crops or elementary disasters, such as so frequently occur in Tyrol, and as he has to pay the interest upon the mortgages in bad as well as in good years, these risks are quite appreciable. On his refusing to take upon himself this responsibility, the other children are asked in turn, and it occasionally happens that a daughter will accept the burden. The father, if he makes a will, has it in his power to leave half of his property to any one child, but not more, it being a fundamental part of the Austrian law of inheritance that one moiety of real and personal property must under all circumstances go to his children in equal shares, this being known as the *Pflichttheil* or obligatory portion, so that the cutting off of one or more children with the proverbial shilling is an impossible parental action in Austria. By making a will in favour of the eldest or of another son who might be better fitted to take over the farm, a peasant can ensure to a considerable extent the future of the child which he desires should step into his place. Not infrequently the writing of the will is put off until too late, for it entails an interview with the notary public or other official in the distant town, a proceeding much dreaded by the primitive peasantry, who entertain an instinctive horror of officialdom. Of the *K.K. Beamten*, or Government officials, the peasant sees quite enough in their character as tax gatherers and when enforcing the regulation of the *Militairpflicht*, or universal military service, from which the peasantry is no more exempt than any other class of citizen. Indeed they furnish the hardiest recruits.

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* Juffinger, p. 154, gives its date as September 17, 1383.

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* This Code was commenced under Maria Theresa and the liberal-minded Joseph II., and its simple language enables anybody able to read to obtain an accurate insight into the laws of his country, and for this reason there is very much less litigation in Austria than in England, and the decisions of the lower courts are rarely upset by the supreme judiciary.

Let me say here a few words concerning this universal military service. Harsh as this measure seems to us who have managed so far to keep clear of it,* there can be no doubt that in many respects it is as excellent a thing for the peasant youth as it is for the proletariat of large towns. The former, when they join the army at the age of nineteen or twenty, are uncouth louts, full of prejudices and intensely ignorant of the world's doings beyond the narrow confines of their remote native hamlet. After their two or three years with the army, they return home very different looking persons, for discipline has worked wonders! Sleek in appearance, civilised in manner, orderly in their habits, and with vastly enlarged powers of comprehension. Add to these benefits the even more important national advantage of thus having provided at comparatively small cost a large and well-trained army and immense reserve, and our insular prejudices against universal service seem indeed incomprehensible.

If one were asked to state the disadvantages inherent to this system according to the experience gained since its introduction more than a generation ago, the following can be taken as a brief summary of them. In many elevated and remote Alpine communities generation after generation of peasants had inhabited small homesteads upon the returns of which they had managed to subsist by dint of the strictest frugality, absolute exclusion of even the simplest luxuries, and by the hardest imaginable work, in which they were unassisted by hired labour of any kind. The tiny patch of field, the few head of cattle, the small plot of timber, and the share of the communal grazing-rights on some high-lying Alp just sufficed to provide the most essential necessaries of life for the family, and every child had of course to take its share of hard work from earliest youth. In this there was in itself no great hardship, for they knew no better and they had no experience of any other mode of life. If the families raised in such humble chalets appeared to be often quite out of proportion to the stock-pot, this in itself was not such a great misfortune, for the elder children began to earn their own living all the earlier, while the younger ones helped at home from the time that they could walk. Until the introduction of universal service neither youth nor lass ever went beyond the district in which they lived: they saw absolutely nothing of the world beyond their primitive little *Gemeinde*, and town life was absolutely unknown to them. Universal military service changed all this, for the young recruit who joined his regiment stationed in some town or perhaps in the capital itself, very speedily finds himself surrounded by the most novel sights and experiences. If he possesses an impressionable mind, these novel incidents do not fail to hold out attractions of a nature that have revolutionised country life in other parts of the world. Instead of returning at the end of his military service to his father's isolated homestead, the young man, now of quite presentable appearance and advanced intelligence, hires himself out to some peasant or to some tradesman near or in a larger village from where the pleasures of the nearest town are not so infinitely remote as they are from his native place. His father, who has probably counted every week, nay every day, until his son should return to take up his share of the work, is now in a sad plight. The severest of manual labour persisted in without change or rest from early youth, no less than the hardships of a rigorous Alpine climate, have told their tale on his robust frame, and he finds that he can no longer do the work all alone. If he has no other sons capable or willing to take up the recalcitrant's duties, no other alternative is left but to hire a farm hand or *Knecht*, on whose honest work the very existence of the family will in future depend, and increasingly so as the owner grows older and less able to work. It is the step which is often the beginning of the end, more particularly so in South Tyrol, where the process of Italianisation is progressing at a rapid rate.

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* The term "conscription" is an entirely inappropriate and misleading one, and its use most objectionable.

Frugal and hardworking as is the Tyrolese peasant in the German-speaking parts of the country, the Italian-speaking cultivator of the soil in South Tyrol beats him hands down, for not only is the population there very much denser, but intense competition makes the conditions of all labour infinitely harder. Accustomed from his birth to the most wretched poverty-stricken home and to food of the very cheapest kind, *i.e.*, the eternal *polenta*, the more substantial dwelling of his German-speaking countryman, and the latter's richer fare of dairy produce, appear in his eyes most attractive. If therefore the peasant takes as his help an Italian from such poverty-stricken surroundings, which in most cases he will do, if he lives in a district south of the Brenner, he will get a very diligent and generally capable labourer as willing to put up with the privations of his new life as he is to accept wages for which no German *Knecht* would work. But by hiring him he will be adding another brick to the great wall which the ardent spirit of the Italians is building up in a somewhat aggressive anti-German campaign, a race crusade which is gradually pushing the Italian tongue farther and farther north towards the foot of the Brenner.

When the peasant dies and some one has to take up the burden of the homestead, the ex-soldier in the distant town, and his brothers, probably lost by a similar process to the class that has for many centuries formed not only the backbone but also the body of Tyrol's population, will feel loth to take up their parent's independent but hard lot. The division of the property in equal shares, each share forming a separate mortgage upon which interest has to be paid, has of course much reduced the hope of making a livelihood out of the parental acres.

The Italian *Knecht*, who possibly had this end in view from the first, has scraped together enough savings to enable him to take over the farm, paying down only a portion of the purchase price and leaving the rest on mortgage. Thus by a lifelong course of the narrowest economy and never-ceasing toil, he will have become the actual owner of the old German homestead, while the true offspring of the soil, the descendants of the race that first tilled the land when Christianity in these mountain retreats was still struggling with paganism, have vanished probably for ever from the homes of their forefathers who lived there during more centuries than most aristocratic pedigrees dare to claim.

That the Italian *Poverissimo*, who has thus proved himself the fittest for the work, should oust the Teuton from his ancestral bit of land, is after all in accordance with the law of Nature that ever provides for the survival of the fittest. There can however be no doubt that it lowers the standard of life, as also that this process is hastened by universal military service. Were it not probable that the future will witness a separation of the Italian-speaking part of Tyrol from the Austrian conglomerate, the consequences to the empire of the Habsburgs would be comparatively quite unimportant, and only of local interest. But as political and racial questions connected with South Tyrol stand to-day, the strife of nationality is likely to bear results of wider imperial consequences.

That the absence of change marks the life of all rural populations is a natural consequence of their existence; for the Tyrolese it holds good to an enhanced degree. Their conservative stability is their chief characteristic, and without question of all European types of men the Tyrolese peasant is the least susceptible to change. Their tenacious adherence to their forefathers' religion and to the Habsburgs—a staunch loyalty that has involved them in countless wars, in which they have been ever ready to sacrifice their all—is as marked as is the persistence with which they cling to their ancestors' old customs, habits and principles. What was good enough for their sires they consider good enough for the present generation, and unlike the mercenary Swiss, who in an ignoble race for the stranger's gold have lost their once unsophisticated individuality, the true Tyrolese peasant, not, mind you, the townsfolk or the dwellers in watering-places or other resorts of strangers, is to-day as self-subsisting, self-relying and independent an individual as was his forefather in long bygone times, before his moral fibre had been put to the test by the advent of the railways which he did not at all want, and of the hordes of tourists which he loved not. If he travels little by the one, and truckles as little to the whims of arrogant Prussians or other grumbling tourists, his ideas of expansion, and of the advantages of modern improvements, are, until he has convinced himself of the contrary, astonishingly conservative. That this stability which often borders on pig-headedness, does not work out to the advancement of the country in the race forced upon nations by the ultra-utilitarian tendencies of the age, is a drawback which in the eyes of some few benighted believers in the blessings of un-strenuous surroundings has certain attractions. The rough home-spun frieze (loden) woven from home-grown wool, the coarse linen spun from home-grown flax, the clumsy, extraordinarily heavy home-made foot-gear, are one and all as indestructible commodities as it is well possible for human hand to weave, spin, tan and cobble. But they are really more, for they prove that there are some few remote nooks of the world left, and that close to the great high-roads of civilisation, where shoddy, unsubstantial modern machine-made goods have so far failed to oust home industry. Were the whole of Europe to be suddenly submerged by the ocean, and only Tyrol left sticking out over the waters as an island, its peasants would neither starve nor undergo unusual privations. Indeed in many a glen that I know the news of the country's utter isolation would, when it finally did reach the remote hamlets, create no more stir nor influence the manner and ways of the inhabitants' lives than would the news of an earthquake in South America or the disappearance of an island in the Pacific Ocean.*

But these mediæval, if primitive, conditions cannot much longer withstand the onthrust of modernity. For hundreds of years the peasant covered his house with shingles that were held in place not by costly nails, but by heavy stones. But the price of wood, especially larch, of which he made his *Schindeln*, has risen two or three hundred per cent. of late years, and bitter experience has shown him that tiles make not only a much safer, but in the end also a much cheaper roof covering. And so the picturesque has to give way to the useful, for not only do the brick tiles sadly detract from the picturesque appearance of the houses, but they introduce a very ugly change in the construction of the roofs. They do away with the projecting eaves, while the pitch of the roof itself is made much steeper, and metal rain-pipes add a further horror! And even a more rapid pushing back of ancient customs and habits is brought about by the utilisation of the water-power with which Tyrol is so richly provided. For although Tyrol is one of the very last civilised countries to turn to practical use this important source of national wealth, the ugly poles of electric works are going up apace all over the country, and even remote valleys in the heart of the Alps have started little electric works for the lighting of their villages and to furnish power for domestic purposes.

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* These words were written many months before the recent earthquakes and supposed disappearance of Robinson Crusoe's island.

Many a Tyrolese peasant house that up to yesterday knew only the flare of the pitch-wood torch, or the dim flame of a tiny lamp consisting of a pan of tallow with a wick of twisted thread, is to-day furnished with a number of 8 candle-power lights, at a rental of 6 shillings or so a year per lamp, for, of course, meters are an unnecessary expense in the case of electricity so cheaply produced as it is in Tyrol.* Meanwhile the trunks of handy trees in the surrounding forest furnish the cheapest possible means of taking the wires to each house. In such places, it is rather curious to observe the two intermediate steps in the lighting of houses between the mediæval tallow wick and electricity, *viz.*, petroleum and gas, were as unknown as if the Standard Oil Trust and those other excrescences of modernity, the gasometers, were inventions of another planet.

And much the same change is perceptible in other branches of domestic economy; thus, upon the peasants' principal production, *i.e.*, butter, modern invention has had a similar influence. Instead of using up their own butter, which, in the total absence of a meat diet, is the mainstay of the robust, extremely hard-worked peasants, their frugal minds hit upon the following curious expedient: they export their butter, and import for their own use the cheap and nasty substitutes such as margarine, which is turned out in vast quantities by huge manufactories in the adjacent districts of Germany. That the result upon the health of the people is deleterious need hardly be said, but unfortunately it is too gradual to make much impression on their minds, and the saving it effects is considerable.

It is to be feared that soon, also, many of the quaint old customs, particularly those that are not immediately connected with their religion, where innovations of any sort are frowned down, will disappear. Already many of the ancient costumes that carried one back more than anything else to the old days when every valley had its own costume that distinguished its inhabitants at the first glance from the people of the neighbouring glens, have gone never to be revived, though of late years, it must be acknowledged, efforts have been made by patriotic associations to prevent this in every possible way. How easily this can be achieved it may be as well to illustrate by a digression which will make the reader acquainted with a typical incident of Tyrolese life.

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* In many villages the lights are not switched off during day-time, the small annual rental of each lamp remaining the same.

Some years ago the people of a small side valley not far from Matzen decided to follow the example of other larger communities and to form what is known as a *Veteranen Verein*, *i.e.*, a mutual help association of semi-military aspirations, to which all the men who had completed their military duties could belong. It is the highest ambition of these rural clubs to have some officer of rank as the "Protector" or honorary head. Another wish dear to all is to possess a gaudy silk banner with the picture of their village's tutelary saint. The higher the rank of the former and the larger the banner the better, for in these matters great rivalry between the valleys comes in. Not knowing to whom they could turn for advice or assistance, a small deputation from the valley one fine Sunday invaded Matzen, to which, by the way, these peasants had formerly been bound in feudal tenure, for the purpose of asking my help. The peasants' vocabulary, it is as well to premise, is an extremely curtailed one, and their intercourse with the outer world is exceedingly limited. Hence on the rare occasions when formal invitations have to be extended even among their fellows to either of the three functions known to the peasant, *viz.*, to weddings, to christenings, or to the *Todtenmahl* (a formal meal provided immediately after funerals), it is customary to send out a "speech-maker," who gets up and recites a set speech. This vernacular fire-work is let off the very moment the "speech-maker" sets eyes upon his victim, before even the ordinary greetings of the day can be exchanged. The occasion in question was quite a novel one in the peasants' experience, and they appeared to think it worthy of a set speech and the despatch of a regular deputation. On the latter's arrival at Matzen, the spokesman began his harangue the moment the door opened, before any greetings had passed or even his fellow members of the deputation had time to be shown into the room. Though the speech began with the formal "you," which is never used among themselves and, therefore, offers sundry obstacles, the familiar and universally used "thou" soon gained the upper hand, which it victoriously retained to the end. I had no idea what was coming or what was the purport of the deputation, and so mixed up was the tirade that at first it seemed a toss up whether it was an invitation to a christening or to a wedding, or to a *Todtenmahl*, or whether it was meant for me or for my mother or for a certain Excellency, whose title appeared with suspicious frequency. In explanation I must mention that being in possession of a brother-in-law whose military rank gives him the latter distinctive title, it presently dawned upon me that the deputation wanted to have the latter as their "high Protector," and that my mother was to become their *Fahnenmutter*, which in other words meant that she should present to the club the silk banner with the saint of the valley painted on it as near life size as possible. When the position of matters had become clearer the question of uniform had to be considered, and here it is necessary to explain that it is the ambition of these clubs of veterans to attire their members for parades on festive occasions in uniform garments, in the designing of which all possible latitude is left to local taste, financial considerations playing, of course, an important part in the deliberations of people who are anything but rich, and to whom a florin (1*s.* 8*d.*) is more than a sovereign is to an English artisan or ten dollars to an American.

Some of the older clubs have most sensibly adopted as a uniform their old national costume peculiar to the valley, with the addition of a sword and a firelock, while others have gone to the other extreme and adopted a vilely ugly semi-town, semi-military garb. At the time I am speaking of the latter tendency was making itself very much felt in Tyrol, and the uniform my Brandenberg friends had evolved was the acme of disfiguring ungainliness. Thus the fustian pantaloons in which were "sacked" the muscular nether limbs of the stalwart spokesman made one shudder. I had been wont to see this strapping young peasant in his picturesque leather shorts and grey knitted stockings, leaving bare the ankle and the knee, the latter tanned to a weather-stained brown that at once told its tale of the exposure incidental to the hard lives of the mountaineers. Instead of the short grey jacket of home-spun frieze with green trimmings, than which no more picturesque dress can be imagined, he had donned a sort of undress military coat made of shoddy cloth of the most uncouth cut and studded with brass buttons, while in his hand he turned shyly a town-made hat some wretched outfitter had suggested as a fit top dressing for those terrible pantaloons and brass studded jacket! Well, there does not remain much to tell, except that after a long parley the deputation accepted the only condition I attached to the fulfilment of their little wishes, namely that their "uniform" was to consist of leather shorts, a frieze jacket, and hat of local shape, the latter being adorned with a blackcock's tail—their féte-day costume—made after a uniform cut and of uniform colour. To-day the *Veteranen Verein* of Brandenberg is the proudest club in North Tyrol, for their dress has, to their own astonishment, proved a huge success, and it has been copied in other valleys!

CHAPTER V

TYROLESE CASTLES AND THE STORY OF THEIR INMATES

It is safe to say that nowhere in the world can the archæologist find in such a small space—a mere speck upon the map of Europe—so many relics of the feudal age as he can in Tyrol. It is true, very many of the five hundred and odd *Burgen* * and *Schlösser* of Tyrol are to-day, and have been for centuries, mere ruins, whose picturesque outlines have become part and parcel of the landscape. They are mute witnesses of a bygone state of society when might meant right, and when history was moulded by the sword as literally as the noble's coat of arms, rudely engraved on the pommel of his battle sword, left its impression on the waxen *sigil* by which in those unlettered days the parchment deed of investiture, escuage, and even the marriage contracts were "sealed and delivered."

In the minds of most English readers the "old castle abroad" is associated more or less closely with the celebrated structures of Touraine or Provence, or with those on the Rhine. For one stranger who has visited Tyrolese castles hundreds have spent long days on the banks of the Loire examining the towers of Chinon, the galleries of Chenonceaux, the rugged keep of Loches; have admired Amboise, Chambord, Cheverney, Beauregard, Luynes, Cinq Mars, Langeais, Azay-le-Rideau, or been enraptured with the unique beauties of Blois. Many of these masterpieces of the renaissance are very beautiful specimens of the elegant architecture of the sixteenth century, but the fatal touch of the restorer has removed from most of them that convincing charm of the really old that alone can carry us back with irresistible force to the daily life of the Middle Ages.

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* The above number does not comprise unfortified country seats and mansions of the nobility, for were these to be included there would be more than double. An acquaintance has compiled a list of all the ancient Tyrolese aristocratic seats, and he tells me he has got together some 1250.

The day has at last come when our eyes are opened to the irreparable damage wrought by the unhappy zeal of Viollet-le-Duc and of his school, that led people to reconstruct in a fatally complete manner rather than to patch and preserve where the ravages of time left no other alternative. Have we not at last learnt to recognise that the so-called restoration of Pierrefonds, that *pastiche mathématique* as even French critics call it, of Carcassonne, of Mont St. Michel, of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, were altogether ghastly mistakes, for it robbed them of the irreplaceable patina as irretrievably as were we to scrub with emery paper an old bronze, or were to repolish an ancient marble? Even the lips of that able champion of the Loire castles, T. A. Cook, cannot smother a plaintive lament that in the garish blaze of gold and carving, in the brightly coloured rooms at Blois, one misses the "mysterious shadows," so that "there is but little left to fancy, to the dreams of the imagination in a reconstruction so painfully complete." Might one not add, so painfully imaginary?

To-day, when in accordance with the restless spirit of the age even that gem of renaissance architecture, the castle at Heidelberg, is about to fall into the hands of the vivisectionising restorer under Emperor William's guidance, it is a decided relief to some to know that in one corner of the world there are left a number of mediæval habitations untouched by man's hand since the day they were evacuated, four or five hundred years ago, and in some cases even more. True, of many of them there is uncommonly little left, in others only just enough to show us what we want to know, but in every case what remains is genuine and really of the period of which it professes to be, and not the result of modern man's imagination, be the latter even that of such a great architect as was Viollet-le-Duc. Follow up *ad absurdum* this craze for reconstructing our ancestors' workmanship, and we logically reach the climax that no architecture older than a few generations would be left.

In Tyrolese castles there is happily no absence of those "mysterious shadows" of the past that one misses in the strongholds of the Loire, and we have nowhere to complain of a "garish blaze of gilding and carving."

In view of the different architecture and widely varying condition of castles in Tyrol, it is impossible to speak of them collectively. Of the five or six hundred that once existed at least three hundred are absolute ruins, roofless, doorless, and windowless shells, at the crumbling walls of which each recurring winter's frost and spring's thaw take a fresh bite with the relentless tooth of time. Of many of them, burnt down and sacked in the constantly recurring feuds or in the course of various great struggles between the sovereigns and their nobility, or that were wrecked by foreign foes, there is absolutely not a bit of wall left standing. Vast heaps of stones overgrown with lichen and shrubs and trees, upon which you stumble accidentally on your country walks on topping some prominent forest-covered hill, or on climbing some beetling crag. Such are the only mementoes to mark the spot where once there were born, there lived, and in due course there died, generations upon generations of lusty feudal lords whose principal occupation was war, whose

favourite recreation was the chase, and whose rude pleasure was deep wassail.

Of other "strong places" only the principal walls are standing. To the critical gaze of the twentieth-century house-hunter some of these curious edifices would present considerable drawbacks. Perched, as not a few are, on the top of almost inaccessible crags, unapproachable for vehicles of any sort, and in some cases get-at-able only by paths that require a mountaineer's agility and a head that does not know what giddiness is, it would be impossible to adapt them to modern requirements. It was only last year that while visiting one of the side valleys of the Pusterthal, a "castle" of this description, with a history that went back to the year 998, was offered me for something less than a five pound note. I had visited it many years before, an occasion which I happen to remember, for I was just a week too late, an ivory saddle, sold subsequently for more than £1000, having been discovered under its roof by an earlier bird. On telling my informant of my previous visit he congratulated me that I had not fared as the last visitor to the ruin had done, some ten years before, who was killed by a bit of wall coming down on his head. "If you want to go up now," he added, "it's a case of shinning up a tree leaning over the moat, and to get to the tree you have to take with you a ladder, and a good long one at that, for the path has broken away, and one has to scale a sheer precipice of rock."

Then there is another type of castle, *i.e.*, the semi-ruined edifice, which, though fast approaching the stage of irretrievable *délabrement* to which the first-named remains have sunk, might yet, with a little money and care, be saved from destruction. Of these there are a great number, probably two hundred, and amongst them are exactly some of the most interesting and most attractively situated, whose fate cries aloud to the lover of the old and of the picturesque.

Some of these venerable piles have been put to very ignominious uses, for their patched up roofs and pitiably dilapidated interiors now give shelter to homeless paupers; others serve as store-houses, and some have been turned into barracks, while a great number are inhabited by poor peasants who till the adjoining croft. They acquired them for a few hundred florins from the government in the lean days of the Austrian Exchequer, or bought them from burghers in neighbouring towns, into whose possession they had come, who were tired of spending their sparse cash in providing new roofs or patching up walls that were on the eve of tumbling down. In half a dozen cases, where the structures were in fairly good repair and contained a sufficient number of rooms, feudal strongholds have been turned into modern *pensions* (Pl. 32 and 33) where English, American and German tourists are catered for by fellow countrymen.

A third class of castle is represented by those that have been bought by well-to-do persons, the most numerous of these hailing from North Germany, some from Russia, and a few American and English, who have restored the structures, though only in a few cases in accordance with the original architectural designs. The "style-full" reconstruction, to translate literally the German *stylvoll*, of ramshackle old piles, is not as easy a task as it looks, and happy results can be attained only by those who either themselves possess, or who employ those who are seised of, an intimate knowledge of mediæval Tyrolese architecture, which has peculiarities quite its own. If in addition the requirements of modern comfort have to be considered, if the dozens of pipes of various sizes, and intended for the various purposes that are required in a modern dwelling have to be introduced into a building possessing vastly thick walls, an edifice that originally did not contain a single pipe of any sort, for even the old chimneys were huge brick-lined square openings up which a moderate-sized balloon could have ascended, while the lavatories consisted of swallow-nest like projections from the outer castle wall, and were void of any attempt to keep off snow, hail, or rain—if, I say, all the little domestic needs that have become indispensable to man, woman and child of the twentieth century have to be fitted into buildings planned and built six hundred years ago, the difficulty of blending the picturesque qualities of the old structure with the essentials of modern comfort, of harmonising the interior fittings of chambers and halls, which were at all times of a rough finish in Tyrolese castles, with furniture that is at once in keeping and yet not toocomfortable, is apt to conjure up little-expected dilemmas.

Those who commenced the work of restoration a generation or two ago had an easier task before them than that which faces the restorer to-day, for the country has been so thoroughly ransacked in the quest for old art by dealers and amateur collectors, that it has become not only a very costly hobby to purchase genuine old furniture, but it requires the critical acumen of an expert if one is not to fall a victim to the host of skilful fakers now busily turning out "old" Gothic art, and even then numerous instances prove that first-rate connoisseurs have been taken in.

To a certain extent this difficulty disappears if one makes up one's mind to be satisfied with good modern copies, and there is no reason whatever that one should not be so. Replicas of the choicest pieces now in the hands of leading collectors or in museums can be obtained at comparatively quite low prices, for the innate skill of the Tyrolese in wood-carving and the forging of hand wrought iron ornaments, such as door locks, hinges, grille-work of all kinds, is to-day as much as it ever was peculiar to the population.

Those who visited the last Paris Exhibition will perhaps remember observing in the so-called "Tyroler Haus" the elaborately inlaid, and carved wainscoting of the famous Bishop's room of Castle Vellthurns, between Brixen and Bozen. It was but a copy of the original, but so skilfully was the work in every detail executed that it deceived even would-be experts, and at least one well-known collector, it is said, was prepared to purchase it at a high price under the impression that it was genuine. This wainscot is generally considered a unique piece of 16th-century tarsia and sculpture work, and experts declare it to be worth at least a quarter of a million florins (nearly £25,000). The castle of which this room formed the chamber of state was an art-loving Bishop of Brixen's summer residence, and it is said that seven skilled joiners and inlayers worked at this room for seven years seven months and seven days, and that the gold employed in the gilding of the sculptured ornaments amounted to more than the cost of the castle. As an instance of the ridiculously low prices at which the finest possible works of art could be obtained in Tyrol a generation ago, I may mention that its owner vainly tried to sell the castle with this and many other panelled rooms and some surrounding land not more than thirty-five years ago for £1000, at which price it was offered to a relation of mine! Subsequently it was saved from tumbling to bits by Prince Lichtenstein, who, after repairing the walls and roof, made a present of it to the town of Bozen on condition that the town keeps the place in repair and open to public view. The well-managed *Fach Schule* (technical school) at Bozen, the pupils of which executed this faithful piece of artistic copying at a cost of £2000, without counting their labour, is one of several in the country.

In the case of a few of the historically most important castles members of the imperial family or the Emperor himself have come forward and by their timely liberality saved them from utter destruction. In this way the ancient pile, Schloss Tyrol, after which the country was

named, has been saved, several patriotic men, amongst them Counts Wilczek and Enzenberg and Hofrath von Wieser, assisting. Then the *Burg* at Meran close by; castle Schenna, the home for many years of Archduke John; Schloss Runkelstein, with its interesting 14th-century frescoes about which much has been written; the tower of castle Frundsberg, of which we shall hear more presently; then castle Ambras, besieged and burnt down three or four times in the last 800 years; the strongholds of Kufstein and Buon Consiglio—all these have been preserved to us in something like the condition in which they were when their inmates were shaping the history of Tyrol.

These praiseworthy efforts to save the country's most interesting monuments from utter ruin must not be confounded with those unattractive attempts to "reconstruct," or rather to resuscitate what never existed, which we have before us in the so-called *Königs Schlösser* in the Bavarian Alps, the work of the last two Kings of Bavaria of unhappy memory. That gold-bedecked sample of ostentatious tastelessness, the lake castle *Herrenchiemsee*, a sort of Tottenham Court Road imitation of Versailles, as well as those of Linderhof and Hohenschwangau (Pl. 36), round which there clings a cloud of tragedy,* exhibit unquestionably fantastic extravagances of an unhinged mind. They are unsuited to their surroundings, and as unreal as an oleograph in a quattrocento Venetian frame.†

And now to speak of the last of the several categories into which I have divided Tyrol's castles: those owned and inhabited by the descendants of the mediæval lords whose ancestors had already dwelt in them for centuries when America was discovered. There are not many left of these ancient families of Tyrol, for you can count them on the fingers of your two hands, and of this we become aware to a pathetic degree when we turn the leaves of the *Ehrenkränzlein*, the Burke of Tyrol, published more than two hundred years ago (1678). While we read in it of families such as the still flourishing Counts of Brandis, Castelbarco, Firmian, Lodron, Spaur, Thun, Trapp, Welsperg and Wolkenstein, whose long line of ancestors takes them back to the darkest ages, to days when the Habsburgs ranked no higher than they, it is startling to note the number of historical names that have become extinct.

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* To the writer, who personally well knew the unfortunate victim of the demented King's homicidal mania (the eminent alienist Prof. Gudden), the dramatic events that occurred in these ill-fated *Königs Schlösser*, culminating in the tragedy of the Starnberg Lake twenty years ago, make the sight of these gilded edifices particularly jarring. The enormous debts incurred by the unhappy sovereign in building them are still being paid off.

† Neither of the Schwangau castles occupies the site of the ancient Hohenschwangau.

The pathetic fates of these few surviving ancient families during the last three centuries reflect in every case the hard buffeting experienced by the country over which they had once held proud sway. None are rich, only a few are comfortably off, and the efficient upkeep of their ancestral seats scattered about the country is as impossible under modern conditions as would be the retention of the lordly style of life their ancestors led in feudal times.

To fill space here with a mere list of ancient Tyrolese castles and of their date of origin would be idle: every guide-book contains such a list. But for the sake of those who have not visited Tyrol's valleys I am tempted to add a few pictures of typical structures that will give some idea of their exteriors. One of the most picturesquely situated is Trostburg (Pl. 16), to which we have already had to refer when describing the early history of the Brenner Pass. It is the ancestral castle of the still flourishing Counts of Wolkenstein, who figure in Tyrol's history since the 12th century. Of the much travelled and famous scion of this house, the Minnesänger Oswald of

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Wolkenstein, who according to some historians was born in this castle (1367), a brief account must be given. His career was a remarkable one, for although he lived at the tail end of the "romantic" period his virtues and vices were those of the age that gave birth to fantastical woman worship, and all the other strangely extravagant doings of the *Minnesänger*, the last of whom he is generally considered to have been. It was therefore fit that he should after years of "service of fair ladies" in the most distant parts of the world, take for his wife the daughter of the song-loving Schwangauers, a damsel famous for her beauty, wit and minstrelsy. She was of the race that gave fame to the noble pile of Hohenschwangau, of the unfortunate "restoration" of which we have just had to speak.

Young Oswald started on his career of wandering minstrel at an early age, for he tells us himself that he ran away from his paternal castle when he was ten years of age with three pennies in his purse and a piece of bread in his pocket, to follow certain Tyrolese knights bent upon an expedition against the heathen Lithuanians. It must have been a rough school, camping in those northern wilds, sharing for eight years the hardships of a savage warfare. Then he visited the Steppes of Russia, taking ship from there to England, France, Castile, Aragon, ending up with Armenia and Persia. His livelihood he seems to have found in a makeshift manner now as a soldier, when there was any fighting to do, then as a sailor, and at a pinch he turned ship's cook, and he even took a hand at the heavy sweeps by which in those days vessels were propelled when the wind failed. He spoke, as he tells us in one of his spirited poems, no less than ten languages so well that when his money grew short he used his knowledge of them to good purpose. In the Black Sea he lost his lyre, in Denmark he fought for Queen Margaret against the Swedes, in the British Isles he threw in his lot with Douglas against the English. In Spain, which he visited twice, he seems to have fared best of all, for the lyric effusions of the much-travelled bard found favour with the fair Queen of Aragon, who, he tells us in one of his lays, wove with her own small white hands a dainty gold ring into his beard while he was kneeling at her feet, and then with a brass pin pierced his ears and fastened therein, as a gage, two rings "that are called *raicades* and which I wore many a long year." He was also decorated by the Emperor with the order of the Dragon.

After fifteen years of adventurous wanderings he returned to Tyrol, so changed that nobody recognised him. Here he seems to have soon fallen into enticing nets spread by Sabina, daughter of a neighbouring knight. His attachment to this fickle damsel the love-sick minstrel had every reason to regret in after years. Sabina promised him her troth if he would take the cross and journey to Palestine to earn the distinction of a knighthood of the Holy Sepulchre, the Garter of knight errantry. This he seems to have done in 1395, taking sail at Genoa in the train of the Habsburg Duke Albrecht IV., at whose side he did valorous deeds at the battle of Nikopol, for he not only gained the coveted distinction, but also won for himself the personal friendship of King Sigismund of Hungary, of whose love for the fair sex and chivalric deeds we have already heard, and who made Knight Oswald his counsellor. Returning to Tyrol at Christmas 1400, he was dismayed to find the inconstant Sabina as the wife of another and his own father stretched on his deathbed. Two castles, Hauenstein and Castelrut, fell to his share, his elder brother inheriting Trostburg.

Saddened by these misfortunes, he soon turned his back upon his home, and sought distraction in foreign lands. This he did in the train of his old protector Sigismund, still King of Hungary, who journeyed to England, France, Castile, Aragon, and Italy, having set himself the nigh impossible task of terminating the existing schism in the Church, so as to get the Pope back to Rome, and to bring about a permanent peace between France and England.

Knight Oswald also visited the land of the Nile, and at Cairo he was received by the Sultan. On his return journey he saw Constantinople, Venice and Crete, and on his Italian journeys seems to have made himself familiar with the works of Dante and of Petrarch.

Returning home in 1404 this restless Knight soon became involved in political plots against the ruling powers. He was one of the founders of the "Elephant League," an association formed, as we have already related, by the principal nobles in defence of what they deemed to be their ancient rights against the aggressive policy of their Duke, Frederick with the empty pocket. Fierce reprisals on the part of the latter presently also involved Knight Oswald in deadly peril, and after having two of his castles burnt by Duke Frederick he had to fly for his life and take refuge in a kinsman's stronghold, the oft-besieged castle of Greifenstein. There he weathered a determined siege, and while beating off an assault, was deprived of an eye by an arrow. But the castle was saved, and his overlord had to withdraw discomfited. Soon an expedition to subject the Moors in Africa formed another interlude in this restless Knight's life. It ended in the storming of Ceuta, where he performed prodigies of valour. On his return to the court of Portugal he was proclaimed a second Cid and the deeds of his sword were made the subject of lyric effusion.

Next the Council of Constance, that long-drawn-out international assembly that sat from 1414 to 1418, gave him another opportunity to see the world in Emperor Sigismund's train. There he had the satisfaction of hearing read out the Edict of the assembled Princes of the empire, which ordered the disgraced and outlawed Frederick of Tyrol, amongst other acts of redemption, to rebuild the Wolkenstein castles which his troops had destroyed, and to restore to Oswald all the loot garnered by the soldiery. Accompanying Sigismund he again visited Paris, but soon after his return to his beloved forest-girt Hauenstein (Pl. 38) his favourite place of residence, troubles of all sorts commenced. Sabina, the treacherous flame of his youthful passion, was the grand-daughter of a previous owner of this stronghold, and now, many years after the latter's demise, raised a claim to its possession on the plea that a certain loan made by her grandfather to the Wolkensteins had never been repaid. Enticing the unsuspicious knight to join her in a pilgrimage for the sake of their old friendship, as she pleaded, she caused her erstwhile lover, who had come unarmed, to be taken prisoner and to be thrown into the foulest prison in her castle's donjon, where she kept him with the connivance, it is said, of Duke Frederick, whose mistress she is reported to have been, laden with heavy chains for two years; for he refused to agree to her condition of restoring Hauenstein to her. It was only when Emperor Sigismund, after long delays, heard of his fate, and forthwith took up his cause, that the knight whose hair had turned grey in captivity, was released. But so cruelly had the heavy chains pressed upon his limbs that for the rest of his life the gallant knight was lame, and at first on leaving prison had to use crutches.

Set free in 1423, he again saw four years later, the interior of a foul prison, his implacable foe, Duke Frederick, having taken umbrage at a mission he undertook by Emperor Sigismund's order. For three years Knight Oswald remained inmate of the terrible underground *oubliette* at castle Vellenberg near Innsbruck, where usually only the worst criminals were condemned to lie. Set free once more he hurried home to Hauenstein, which, alas! he found sadly neglected and rendered desolate by the death of his wife, which, it seems, had occurred while he was imprisoned. Three years later, when he had suffi-

ciently recuperated and could again mount a horse, this adventure-loving knight, now sixty three years of age, started out again to try the edge of his sword against the dread foe of Christianity, the Turks, and in the following year took part in the sanguinary suppression of the Hussites in Bohemia. His last expedition was to Rome to attend the coronation of his old friend and protector Sigismund. When he returned to the solitude of his beloved Hauenstein, that dream castle lost in its wilderness of dense pine woods, far from human habitations, the weary knight had reached his sixty-seventh year, and the remaining nine years of his life he passed in its old walls. He died there, a lone old man, 1445 A.D.

To this master of song the manifold amorous and martial adventures of a more than usually stirring life afforded ample subjects for his muse and his lyre. To this day the peasants of the district believe that the spirit of Knight Oswald haunts the romantic ruin, and that on still moonlight nights those who are courageous enough to approach the ruins can hear the plaintive strains of his lyre giving tongue in melancholy notes to the old bard's love reminiscences. To-day the crumbling walls of the ancient pile are difficult to discover, for they lie far from human habitations and the track that once led to the old castle has become over-grown and lost to man's ken.

Many years ago, one lovely autumn evening, I sat on some bits of masonry where once had been the castle's gateway. The peasant youth who had brought me thither had made some good excuse to return home, so as not to be near the eerie spot after dusk. The great Dolomite peak, 7900 feet high, behind the castle rising sheer from a vast sea of unbroken green, and usually of ghastly whiteness, was now tinged with that wonderful pink so peculiar to that region, making it stand out in the darkening light like a titanic ingot fresh from the furnace. The silence of oncoming night, impressive in mountain solitudes at all times, was doubly solemn and hushed in this lonely spot, and one's thoughts turned to the storied life of the gallant old bard who had so dearly loved this poetic spot.

The bones of Oswald von Wolkenstein rest at Neustift, the hospitality of whose becowled inmates he probably had often gratefully enjoyed when starting out on, or returning from, his venturesome quests after adventures in love and war. A memorial stone (see Pl. 39) with the date 1408 on it, stands to this day in the cloisters of the yet nearer cathedral at Brixen. It represents him with sword and lyre, clad in the coat of mail that had protected his body so oft in deadly frays, but yet failed, if we can judge by the disconsolate yearning of the lovelorn bard's songs, to shield one vital organ against shafts that pierce all armour. As the effigy was executed in the heyday of the Minnesänger's manhood, we are shown the curly beard as it was when the fair Queen of Aragon twined into it her ring.

But we have now to turn to other memorials of Tyrol's great past. A castle that also deserves special mention is Churburg (Pl. 23), one of the Vintschgau strongholds of the Counts Matsch, a race of Tyrolese nobles who, according to some historians, sprang from the *Gaugraf* appointed over Venosta by Charlemagne himself. Of their doings we shall hear some typical details when dealing with the history of their kinsmen the Frundsbergs. A direct descendant in the female line of this very ancient race, Count Trapp, still lives in Churburg. From the archive in his castle which is the best stocked private collection in the country, he can produce a wealth of early documents that go back to the 12th and 13th centuries, illustrating the history of his family. The collection of defensive mediæval arms preserved at Churburg is the best in Tyrol, but it is difficult to obtain permission to inspect it.

One of the largest of Tyrolese castles is Sigmundskron (Pl. 31), occupying a steeply rising rock south of Bozen. In the early part of the tenth century it was the northernmost frontier stronghold of the Bishops of Trent, the fief of which was held by the Firmians, one of Tyrol's oldest families. It was then called Formigar, changing its name only 1473 A.D. when it passed into the hands of Tyrol's ruler, Sigismund, who rebuilt it and enlarged it considerably, so that four nobles could dwell in it with all their retainers, each noble having a tower of his own.

Another very old castle is Taufers (Pl. 22), at the end of the valley of the same name with the grandly rising giant glacier peaks of the Zillerthal chain towering up behind the castle. Its lords, known for their charity, first appear in records in 1130, but they had already become extinct in 1337, and in 1481 the castle was rebuilt like so many others. It is now being gradually restored by an enthusiastic lover of the old, who is endeavouring to retain all its ancient features. Hoch Naturns, Ehrenburg, Hoch-Eppau, and Greifenstein are other castles dating from the eleventh century, and Ambras (spelt frequently Amras) was also built in that century and until 1138, when it was completely destroyed, it was the principal seat of the Counts of Andechs.

Tratzberg (Pl. 37) is also of ancient origin, for it was built about 1120 by one of the scions of the Knights of Rottenburg, whose ancestral seat towers right opposite it in a position as commanding as Tratzberg's. But unlike the more ancient seat, which was never rebuilt after its destruction in the 15th century, when Duke Frederick's men carried out his command not to leave one stone upon another, Tratzberg met with a kindlier fate when, in the last quarter of the 15th century, it fell into the hands of a mining king who completely rebuilt it, the absence of all defence works and the very lofty splendidly finished rooms of great size betraying at a glance that it was erected as a place of residence, and not as a stronghold capable of being defended against a force provided with cannon.*

As we shall presently hear more about the interior of Tratzberg (Pl. 52–56), we can now turn briefly to the castle that is supposed to have given its name to the country: Schloss Tyrol (Pl. 19). It is probably, of all strongholds in the country, the best known to the globe-trotter, for it lies near Meran, that much-visited climatic resort. The first reference to it occurs in the *Notitia dignitatum utriusque Imperii* of Emperor Theodosius II., under the name of "Teriolis," and it appears to have been then the seat, if not of a tribune at least of a centurion, as well as of a prefect to whom was entrusted the purveying of provisions and military stores. Much has been written about Schloss Tyrol by historians without, however, definitely settling some of the controversial questions. It contains a celebrated chapel. The carving on the door is among the best preserved specimens of the romanesque period in the country. Of the fate of this castle during the half-dozen centuries that followed its occupation by the Romans practically nothing is known. And the same is to be said of its history during the disintegration of the Roman empire, during the grim period of carnage tamely called the *Völkerwanderung*, or during the rise and decline of the Carlovingian dynasty, when blood flowed in streams. We have to be satisfied with a deed from the year 1090, where its name figures for the first time in relation to some affairs of the Bishop of Chur (Coire), to whose see almost the entire Vintschgau then belonged.†

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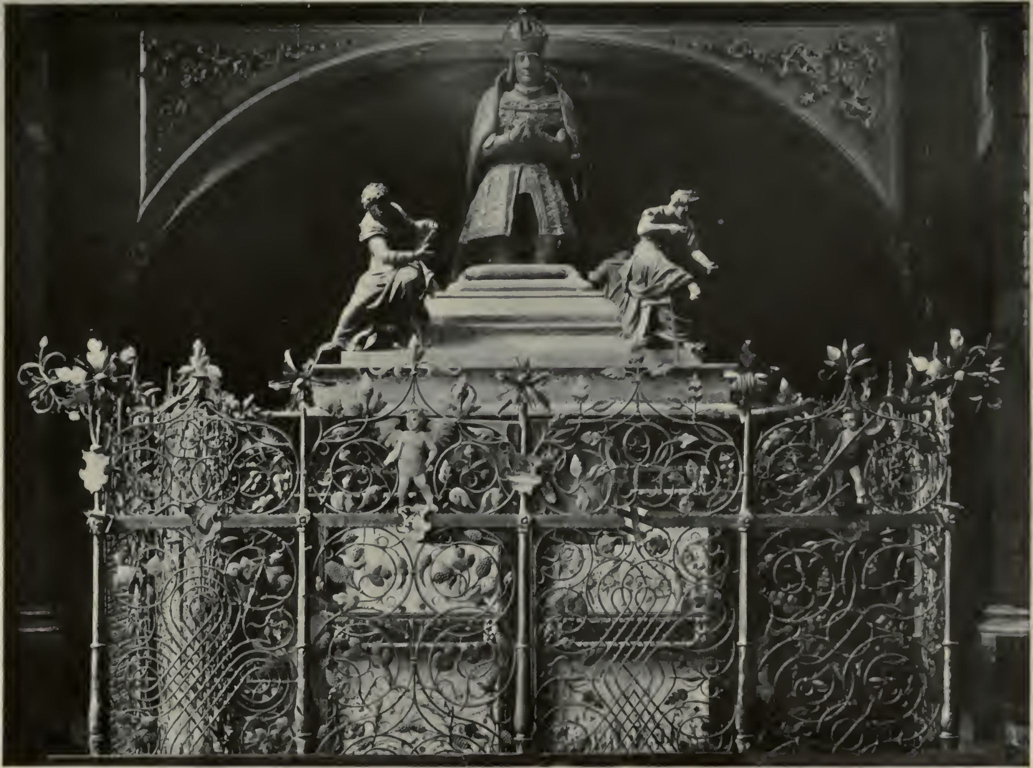
* Prof. Prokop in his monograph on the castle states that the Knights von Schlitters were the first owners.

† As an instance of the utter indifference, nay downright vandalism, prevailing a hundred years ago, it is worth while mentioning that in 1808 the then Bavarian government of Tyrol sold the semi-ruined castle Tyrol for less than £200, the purchaser proposing to use the stones elsewhere for building purposes. Only at the last moment, when the wrecking had actually already commenced, was the place saved from this ignominious fate.



One more castle must be mentioned in detail, *i.e.*, on the boundary between Tyrol and Bavaria, Kufstein, which is among the oldest settlements of North Tyrol. One of the few existing documents of Charlemagne's time is the inquest of 788 A.D., known as the *Indiculus Arnonis* which enumerates it among the properties which the Archsee of Salzburg possesses *in pago, qui dicitur inter valles*, specifying that the church belongs to "Caofstein," together with a *cellula* "in which our brothers busy themselves with the labour of their hands." The stronghold occupies the top of a high boldly rising rock, a point which probably the Romans already had turned to good use, it being, as can almost certainly be assumed, the site of the station *Albianum.* Kufstein's history is a bloodstained and checkered one; for centuries it was turned into a political shuttlecock, now taken by force of arms, then by stealthy surprises; now mortgaged, then redeemed or exchanged for some other possessions by its whilom owners.* Its fate was commonly shared by the two other important lordships of north-eastern Tyrol, *i.e.*, Rattenberg † and Kitzbühel, than which no districts of Tyrol were more exposed to attack, owing to their proximity to Bavaria.

The principal event in the history of Kufstein was its siege by Maximilian I. in 1504, an occurrence of general interest, for it demonstrated probably for the first time in definite form, that no stronghold, be it ever so inaccessible and its walls of enormous thickness, could resist artillery. At the commencement of the siege the Emperor's artillery consisted of only ordinary-sized culverines and serpents, which proved so ineffectual against the fourteen feet thick walls that the bold commander of the castle, Knight Hans v. Pinzenau, in derision of the Emperor, caused the walls where they were struck by cannon balls to be brushed with brooms, an act which infuriated the Emperor exceedingly, and in the end cost the scoffing knight his head.

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* The castle, to distinguish it from the little town huddled at the foot of the rock, was at one time called Geroldseck, but this appellation is no longer used.

† Rattenberg derives its name from Ratinesperch and not from *Rad* or wheel, as is generally supposed, owing to the fact that a wheel forms the town's device. (Heigel.)

Realising the impossibility of battering down Kufstein's walls with his light guns, the Emperor ordered his two recently cast monster guns to be brought from Innsbruck. They were floated down the Inn river, their huge weight sinking the rafts so deeply that they constantly ran aground, for the water was already low, it being the middle of October. Maximilian beguiled the wearisomeness of the siege by making shooting expeditions into the neighbouring mountains in quest of stags then in the rut, for his passion for sport would never be denied. The orders to the Regents of Tyrol to send the two monsters guns down the Inn, were issued by him while he was thus engaged. The letter was written by his own hand, for, as he adds, his secretaries would not stay with him, as they feared too much the fiercely roaring stags that surrounded his abode in the mountain wilds ! The date of the letter is September 26, 1504, and as the guns arrived in spite of his urgent orders only on October 12, we can see what transportation difficulties had to be overcome.

From the existing drawings of these two monsters we see that they were of considerable length, far longer than the somewhat older "Mons Meg" in Edinburgh Castle; and their weights must have been also much greater than the latter's (four tons), for it took 32 horses to move one. Their calibre was, however, smaller, for while Mons Meg propelled stone balls weighing about 300 pounds, Maximilian's "Weckauf" and "Burlebaus," as he named his favourite toys, threw iron balls of the same weight.*

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* It is said that these two guns propelled their missiles to a distance of 2500 paces.

Maximilian, who enjoyed the reputation of being the most expert artillerist of his day, must have welcomed the opportunity to put these monsters to such good use, and historians relate that he himself trained and fired * the first shot out of "Burlebaus," and with such accurate aim that none did better. The missiles penetrated the 14 feet of masonry with ease, and it at once became evident that the fall of the proud castle perched on the top of the unscaleable rock was but a matter of days. Then only did Knight Pinzenau offer to surrender if his life was spared. But his appeal was in vain, and Maximilian sent back the two noble pages who acted as parlementaires with the message that as it had pleased the Knight to cause the fine old castle to be wrecked, it was fit that he should share its fate. The next morning, on which a general assault was to be made, the survivors of the garrison, numbering less than fifty men, attempted to escape by a secret passage, but the besiegers had been expecting such an attempt, and they were taken prisoners.

Condemned to death by a council of war there and then assembled, Pinzenau was the first to lose his head, but when seventeen more had shared his fate, Duke Erich, of Brunswick, who had a short time before saved the Emperor's life in battle, stepped forward and pleaded on bended knee for the lives of the rest. Maximilian had publicly announced that he would box soundly the ears of anybody who should dare to ask him such a favour, for the fate of Kufstein had incensed him grievously.

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* Considerable risk was attached to the act of firing these monster guns; James II. of Scotland's fate at the siege of Roxburgh, when the bursting of the "Lion" killed him, being by no means an isolated case. Maximilian's two monsters, however, stood the test, but they were found so unwieldy that some years later the celebrated founder Peter Löffler was instructed to melt them down, for which purpose a separate oven had to be erected. It is believed that some of the statues of Maximilian's tomb at Innsbruck were cast of the bronze so gained.

Gently striking the cheek of the Duke, Maximilian granted him his request.

Kufstein would have been given over to the troops for pillage had the assault taken place. So it was decreed that every man was to give up the booty he made, so that the whole should be divided among the army in certain proportions, even the large sum of money (30,000 fl.) which was found in the castle being divided in this way. Thirty-eight marten and one lynx skins formed part of the booty, and these, we are told, the Emperor retained, but he conscientiously paid what they were worth, so that his soldiers should not lose by his keeping them.*

Of a number of castles, one must not forget to add, every trace has disappeared, so that to-day not even the spot where they once stood is known. In Matzen's immediate neighbourhood the castles of Schintelberg, Kundelburg, Mehrnstein, Schwarzenberg, Schlitters, and Mayrhofen, have thus completely vanished within four or five hundred years, not a trace marking the spot where generations of lusty knights passed their lives, and of which a few parchments with appended seals are now the only existing record. In some instances Nature has to be blamed for this efficacious house wrecking, great mountain slips or avalanches such as nearly destroyed Tratzberg in 1686, and devastating freshets leaving literally not a stone where man's hand had placed it. In other instances the vandal hand of man destroyed these ancient relics for the purpose of using the stone for other structural purposes.

There is good evidence that in the 10th and 11th centuries Tyrolese strongholds were as elsewhere still frequently built of wood. In the Domesday of Lorsch occurs a direct confirmation of this: "*Mansus in dominicatum cum solario lapideo et casa lignea.*" In the quaint didactic poem, "The New Advice,"

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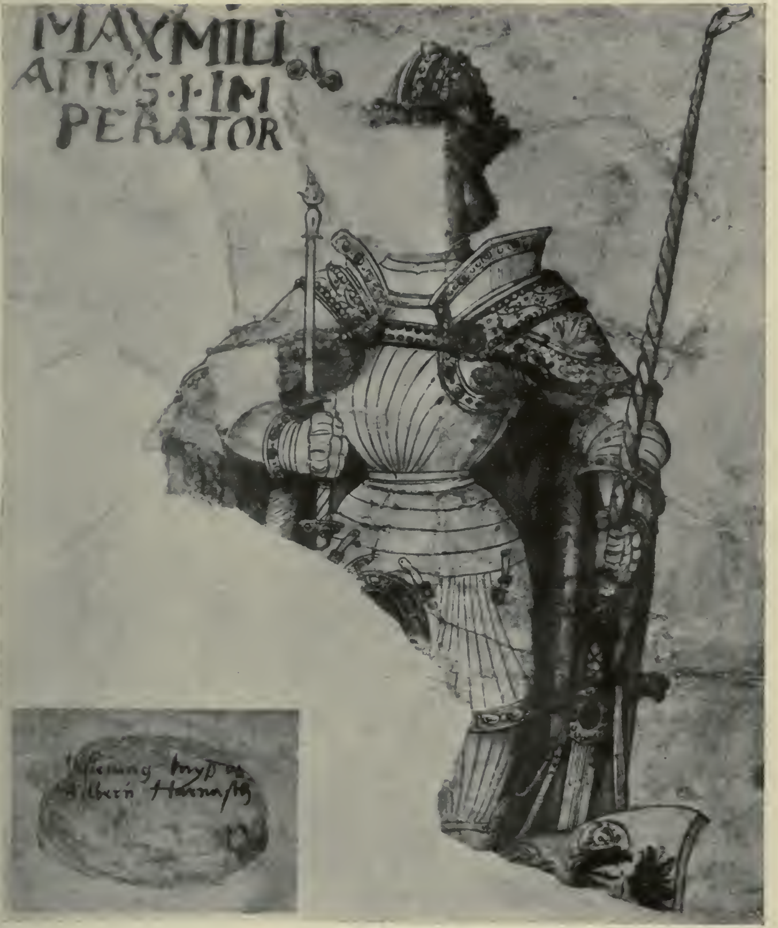
* Dr. T. F. Knöpfler's *Festschrift*, p. 38.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the labourer, represented by a beaver, advises the King Lion to build himself castles of wood without any stone whatever. Of the castle of Kiens near Brunneck we read in an entry of 1050 A.D. that it is a "*castrum lapideis ligneisque edificii constructum.*" Of the ancestral seat of the Frundsbergs we hear: *casa lignea cum solari lapideo:* but as the population increased, and weapons improved, wooden structures no longer satisfied the wants of even the poorer nobles, and from a period when also elsewhere huge structures of stone such as those erected by William the Conqueror on both sides of the Channel came into fashion, we hear nothing more of buildings intended for defensive purposes being constructed of other material than stone, and, to a small extent, brick.

CHAPTER VI

LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL CASTLES AND THEIR CONTENTS. ART IN TYROL AND WHY IT OCCUPIED SUCH AN IMPORTANT POSITION IN THE ART MOVEMENTS OF EUROPE. HOW TYROL WAS RANSACKED FOR ART TREASURES

Were one asked to give the characteristic features of a Tyrolese castle in the golden days of feudal life, say during the 14th century, one would describe a very rude and rough structure, perched on as inaccessible an eminence as it was possible to find in the vicinity. The mediæval castle builder had only one object in view: to make the building as safe as he could against sudden surprises, and to render it as impregnable as rock and stone could contrive against the besiegers' *trebuchets*, *petrarias*, the towering *malvoisins*, or the strokes of the battering ram. A lofty tower occupied the highest point. The towers were either round, or square, and the lowest floor had neither door nor window and could be reached only from the inside by a trapdoor and a ladder-like stair. The only means of ingress into the tower from the outside was to the second floor by a narrow and low door, twenty or thirty and occasionally even more feet from the base. It was reached by a ladder or wooden steps that could easily be removed. In many towers which were put to other uses in the last century or two, doorways have been broken through on the ground floor so as to make the latter easily accessible. This is also the case in the Matzen tower, where such an opening was made by the late owner about fifty years ago. Defensive towers up to the 16th century had never doors on the ground floor.

The tower served two purposes: as a look-out, and as a last refuge in the event of a long and desperate siege. The thickness of the walls varied, the oldest structures having walls not more than six or seven feet thick at the base, those of the 13th century increasing to nine or ten feet, and the later ones to 14 and 16 feet, but I know of only one instance of the walls of Tyrolese towers approaching in thickness those of the Dover keep, which are 21 feet at the base, and this is at Sigmundskron, rebuilt 1473, where the walls are in places 20 feet thick.

According to Piper's *Burgenkunde*, which is one of the latest works on mediæval castle architecture abroad, the builders in the later Middle Ages followed a certain rule in proportioning the thickness of the walls to the other dimensions. In round towers the thickness in the lowest storey was half of the diameter. In square ones it was ·293 of the wall on the outside. The height of the tower was equal to the circumference at the base on the outside. Numerous exceptions to this rule are however known, even in the case of later castles. The Matzen tower being a very early one where the walls are comparatively thin (only about a third of the inner diameter) does not come within Piper's remarks.

The interior of the tower was usually divided into five or six storeys, each forming one more or less spacious and high chamber. The storeys were connected in the inside by steep steps or ladders. There were no proper windows in the tower, only narrow slits, and in the older type no means seem to have existed of closing these apertures. Nor were there any fireplaces or chimneys. How the inmates in old days managed to exist at winter time in such grimly uncomfortable dwellings is almost incomprehensible. What the discomforts were was once, many years ago, demonstrated to me for only a few hours in a ludicrous manner. Returning unexpectedly one winter night in a howling snow blizzard from a shooting expedition in the mountain, I found it impossible to get into the castle or to arouse the servants. Neither shots from my rifle or running kicks at the iron plated gates succeeded in arousing anybody, and the best I could do was to seek shelter in the second floor of the tower by swarming up a rope some workmen had left dangling outside from the old Roman doorway. There I found a scanty supply of hay covered with snow that had drifted in through the loop-holes. Wet and shivering, I lay there during the rest of a long night, and as the gale moaned and shrieked through the old tower, creating uncanny noises and weird groans, the two bells in the belfry below occasionally clanking against the clappers when a more than usually fierce gust struck them, I realised of what tough fibre the men of old must have been made.

Round the outside on the top storey ran the *Wehrgang*, or balcony-like parapet supported on stone corbels, on which a watchman was constantly on the look-out. In peace time the various storeys were used as store-rooms and to house that portion of the castle guard that did not live in the gate-house which was always situated over, or at the side of, the principal inner gate. This structure separated the outer defence works or barbican from the inner ring where stood the *pallas* or dwelling-house of the lord and generally also the tower.

The principal gate had the usual portcullis, and, if the lie of the ground at all allowed it, a deep moat made access to it impossible except over a drawbridge which was constantly kept drawn up. The unapproachability of the gate was the best defence against battering-rams, though in truth it would have been difficult, nay often impossible, to get one of these formidable machines up the terribly steep and narrow as well as winding bridle paths which were the only means of getting up to the majority of strongholds.

The gateway was wide enough and high enough to allow a mounted knight with his lance in the "rest" to pass through, and the huge door was a very solid affair of massive beams plated with iron on the outside. It was closed by a big beam placed athwart and sunk into recesses on the inside of the marble or stone blocks that formed the gateway. It had no lock or key, but into this big door was cut a low postern not more than four or five feet high, so that only a stooping man could enter, and this diminutive door, through which an enemy could make no rush, was the one usually used. It had a gigantic lock and as gigantic a key which an ordinary coat-pocket could not house. Over the gate on the outside was a pent-roofed opening, the *machicouli*, from which the enemy outside the gate could be shot at or doused with boiling pitch or molten lead. If there was no moat there was a gate tower through the base of which ran the arched entrance way, for in such cases it was doubly necessary to safeguard the front of the gate.

The *pallas* or residential part of the castle was as cramped for room as the tower, for the thick walls and the smallness of available space on top of the hill or crag both contributed to this. More spacious dwellings, even if there had been room, were undesirable, for it necessitated the presence of a larger force of castle guards and a proportionately increased difficulty of defending the place against surprises. The rooms it contained with the exception of a central hall for the general use of the lord's family, were therefore anything but large, and the windows, which pierced very thick walls, were small and were generally placed higher than modern ones, so as to protect the inmates of the room as much as possible from missiles that might enter from outside. Usually the window was either a single or a double arched opening, a centre pillar making the division in the latter case, while two side seats built into the deep and splayed window recess, with a step up to the latter, were common features. Until the 15th century window glass was practically unknown, and the only means of shutting out the fierce blasts of winter or the beating rain and driving snow consisted of wooden shutters that either slid back into recesses or that hung over the window like a trap door and could be let down. These shutters had two circular openings about six inches in diameter closed by oiled parchment, thin panes of horn or of isinglass, and later on with the round panes of glass or bull's eyes. Thus we can imagine how little light penetrated into a room when for climatic reasons it was necessary to close the shutters during daytime. Fully glazed window sashes came into use only towards the close of the 15th century, the first Tyrolese glass factory fo which we know being the subsequently famous *Glasshütte* in Hall, near Innsbruck.

The rooms in the older castles were either vaulted (Pl. 75) or the ceilings consisted of large beams of which the centre one was carved with some Gothic design, such as we see in Pl. 51. The walls of the state room were either hung with arras or panelled half way up, the upper half being covered with frescoes in distemper colours. The subjects represented were varied, hunting scenes or tournaments being favourites, but in some instances some legend or famous mediæval romance came to be limned. The rich wall-hangings so popular in French chateaux of that time were not used in Tyrol until a later period, and even then they were considered so precious that when the lord moved from one castle to another they were taken from the walls, and with the rest of the household treasures packed on sumpter horses. In the one bath room, the bath was either sunk in the floor or was a wooden tub. The water was heated by immersing red-hot stones in it.

Another chamber which was never lacking was the armoury, and though no other Tyrolese castle could vie in that respect with the famous *Waffensaal* at Ambras under Archduke Ferdinand, the requirements of feudal service obliged even the lesser lords to possess a comparatively considerable supply of arms, not so much for their liege men who held their fiefs by military service, and generally owned the requisite arms themselves, but for the villeins, who had to assist in the defence of the castle when required. The contents of the armoury were therefore a fair standard of the importance of the lord, and no doubt it was a matter of pride for most knights to make a good show. The arms that might be required suddenly by the gate-guard were always found in or near the gateway suspended on handy racks. They mostly consisted of some halberds and lances, and some body armour. When gunpowder came into use for small arms, we find a goodly supply was kept on hand, thus at Runkelstein in 1493 there were stored 16 barrels containing about 100 cwt.

The chapel was usually small, so small that in many only the members of the family, if at all numerous, could have found room. It either occupied a projecting wing of the pallas, or one of the spaces in the latter was made the chapel. Sacred subjects were depicted in distemper on the walls and the vaulted roof was supported by groined arches of which the keystone bore in handsome carving the family "coat." Sculptured spandrels likewise showed the taste and skill of the architect. The small lancet windows probably held a few precious bits of stained glass of Venetian manufacture.

In the adjoining generally still tinier chamber was the Sacristy where were kept the sacred vessels and the embroidered vestments and here very often was also housed the chaplain or *Schloss pfaff*, as chroniclers call this useful personage. Here were to be found the only ink-horn and reed pen in the whole castle, for it was he who wrote out the deeds, which were not signed but only sealed by the knight, and as a rule only he could decipher the cramped handwritings and puzzling abbreviations of fellow scribes on the rare occasions when written communications were received. It was he who taught the young generation their "rudiments," and it was he who helped to pass those long winter evenings with readings from some manuscript copy of a mediæval romance or some tale of travel or a Minnesänger song of the milder sort, the blazing logs piled high in the huge open fireplace furnishing the required light while the wintry gale whistled and roared round the exposed building, piling the snow deep in every embrasure and oylette and filling every crevice in the walls of the eerie structure that loomed up dark and mysterious in the whirling snowflakes.

As to the furniture in castles of that period, I mean up to about 1450, it was of the roughest and most primitive nature. Four or five 15th and 16th century inventories of the contents of castles that have come down to us show what an extraordinary lack of comfort there was. Bedrooms seem to have had always stone flagged floors, and were never supplied with fire-places or stoves, even in districts where prevails such severe cold as in North Tyrol or in the Vintschgau, where there are some castles that are situated at an altitude over the sea equal to that of the Brenner Pass, *i.e.*, close upon 5000 feet, and where for seven months of the year the ground is frozen. Even the sovereigns of Tyrol evinced a simplicity of life and hardy vigour of body that stood in strong contrast to the requirements of our pampered generation. Thus in the *Burg* at Meran, a very diminutive royal residence (Pl. 24), where the principal living rooms used by Duke Sigismund and his Scotch Duchess in the 15th century are

to-day much in the same condition in which they were four hundred and fifty years ago, only the one living room could be heated, and we know that even at a slightly later period when the Emperor Maximilian caused rooms to be fitted up for his special use in a number of different castles (Pl. 53)* that were favourably situated for the chase, he invariably restricted their number to two, *i.e.*, the living room with a stove, the adjoining "Kämmerlein," as a bedroom, without a stove. The latter contained nothing but a bed, one table, a chair or two, and a *Truhe* or hutch for his clothes.

In an inventory of the contents of castle Höhingen made 1424 A.D. there are listed 4 cwt. of gunpowder, 6 copper and iron guns for stone balls, 8 hand guns, 17 cross-bows, 50 fire-brand arrows, 3000 ordinary arrows; of household necessaries the schedule mentions a less complete contents, for there were less than a dozen sheets for beds, but of wine there was a goodly stock, *i.e.*, 22 loads (or 88 barrels) of new wine, and no less than 88 loads (or 352 barrels) of old wine.

In castle Schenna in 1563 the pewter dishes and tankards weighed 250 pounds; there were also 10 silver spoons, 2 salts, 10 cups and 2 tankards of that metal. In the library there were 35 religious books, one surgical and one medical work, and one "little book with wise sayings about the vice of drunkenness." Comparing the inventories of Tyrolese castles of that period with those of the subsequent two hundred years, one notices that up to the 17th century the wealth of a family could be appraised by the quantity of silver articles they possessed. They seem to have been also the favourite for wedding presents. Thus in an inventory in castle Lichtwehr of 1543 when the daughter of the house—one of the influential Murnauers—married, she received 23 silver cups. One hundred years later Turkish carpets seem to have become very fashionable, and only in the 18th century does the storing up of vast quantities of household linen become the fad of the wealthy.

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* The castles of Schneeberg, Telfs, Pfunds, and Runkelstein, as well as Tratzberg, all contained rooms specially arranged for the Emperor.

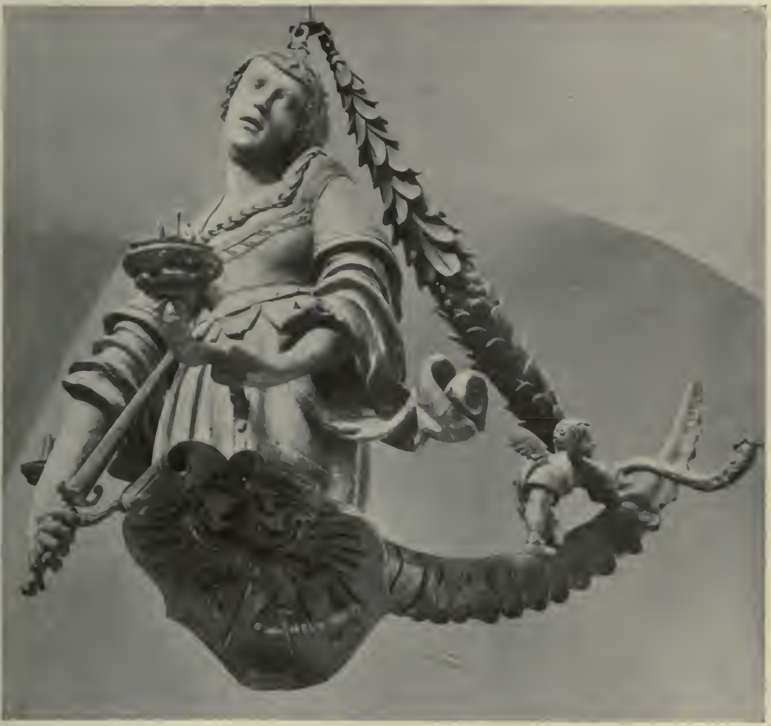
To come to the routine of daily life in Tyrolese castles, it must be remembered that they were entirely self-contained and self-subsisting. Nothing was imported except perhaps spices and pepper, much-esteemed luxuries during the Middle Ages. Everything else was grown on the lord's soil or was furnished by the villeins or by the tenants. These tithes came often from fiefs in distant parts of the country. Thus nobles in North Tyrol, where the wine produced was not of good quality, obtained their supply from South Tyrolese *gilten* or fiefs. Raw material such as hemp, wool, corn, oats, hides, honey, the different kinds of meat and even iron ore, were brought to the castle by the villeins, and there made ready for use. Honey took the place of sugar, the meats were smoked, the venison was salted, the salt being obtained from the mines at Hall; the leather was tanned and turned into foot-gear or gloves or harness by the inmates; beer was brewed on the premises; flax was spun and wool was carded and made into cloth, if not in the castle, at any rate on the estate, as is done in many an humble peasant's châlet to this day, where artisans, such as cobblers and tailors from the nearest village, go from house to house, working in each for a week or two. They get their food and modest wage until the supplies of leather and wool are turned into a year's supply of shoes, and the *Loden* or frieze is tailored into jackets and trousers for young and old.

Exceedingly simple as were the requirements of life, the necessity of keeping on hand, in case of a siege or of a sudden call to arms, a sufficiency of supplies, caused the cellars and storing places to be very capacious. Sieges were occasionally of considerable length, and in the majority of cases, at least before the use of gunpowder became general, strongholds were reduced by famine. Thus Greifenstein, perched on a perfectly inaccessible rock many hundreds of feet over the road connecting Bozen with Meran (Pl. 21), was captured only after a siege that lasted more than two years (1426). It received on that occasion the nickname *Sau-Schloss* (Pig's castle), by which it is still known, in consequence of the following trick played on the besiegers. When the siege had lasted two years famine was pressing not only the garrison but also the beleaguering forces. All that was left in the castle was a pig, and this the bold defender, Knight Starkenberg, caused to be thrown down the cliffs into the camp of the besiegers amid the jeers of the garrison. It is said that but for this insult the defenders would have retired discomfited. But this taunt caused them to redouble their efforts, and the famished garrison was finally obliged to yield.

Scores of instances of this sort could be cited, for Tyrol's history abounds with curious incidents of feudal warfare, but it will suffice to relate two in which the fair mistresses of castles distinguished themselves in their defences. The one that had about it a certain grim feudal humour occurred, when the strong-minded Duchess Margaret of Tyrol, of whose licentious adventures the legends of the country have much to say, successfully defended her stronghold, Schloss Tyrol, against—her husband. Dissatisfied with this weakling, she had chased him out of the country. When he returned with the troops of his brother, the King of Bohemia, he was keen to avenge the insult. But his martial efforts were in vain, and after a siege of Tyrol of some weeks, he had to retire discomfited to his relative in Bohemia. The other instance occurred in 1442, when the mistress of castle Schenna, in her Knight's absence, beat off for six weeks her over-lord's determined assaults. This siege is of more than usual interest, for a detailed account of it has come down to us, describing the whole operation, and we even learn the names of the forty-three castle-guards. From it, too, we obtain an insight into the primitive manner in which a siege was conducted in those early days of artillery. The Duke's troops had, it seems, no guns wherewith to reduce the walls, and none could be got there on account of bad approaches. The leader of the besieging forces caused large stores of metal to be brought on sumpter horses over alpine passes, and the guns were cast on the spot in a foundry he caused to be built in the fields at the base of the castle. In those days only stone cannon balls were used, so he summoned all the stonemasons of the surrounding country and they set to work to shape projectiles from the stones in the fields and in the river-bed close by, and by their means the walls were reduced and the castle finally captured.

The previous owner but one of castle Schenna was the somewhat notorious Knight Petermann, one of the many lovers of the licentious Duchess Margaret of Tyrol. In 1367, not long after her abdication, this noble joined the religious brotherhood at Wilten " to expiate the sins of his youth," and on endowing the monastery with an estate, he and the Abbot drew up a businesslike agreement respecting his stay in the holy house. The latter engaged to give him the benefit of all the masses said and of the good works performed by the brotherhood; the knight was to have two servants to attend upon him and they were to share the meals of the brothers, while the knight himself was to enjoy the same service from kitchen and cellar that the Abbot had. Evidently this was not found good enough, for we are told that he insisted on an increase in his victuals to the extent of a capon, 4 fowls, 40 eggs and 4 lbs. of butter and hay for his three horses.

A century or more later the owner of this castle, Knight



Christian Lichtenstein, was taken prisoner by the Venetians, who demanded a huge ransom for his release. How slowly news travelled in those postless days is shown by the fact that although the distance was not more than a couple of hundred miles in a straight line, it took three months to reach his home.

The ordinary incidents of feudal life are so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell at greater length on episodes that were after all very similar in all European countries, though in Tyrol the isolation of many of its remoter castles during the long winter months must have been even greater than elsewhere. Deep snow blocked up the only trails that led to them, avalanches made travel impossible, and the ground was frozen so hard that when an inmate died the body could not be buried until the spring. Existence in such a place must have been indeed unspeakably monotonous and dreary, and amid unlettered and intercourse-less surroundings one can well understand that the chase formed a very welcome change for the male inmates of a Tyrolese castle five hundred years ago.

Can contrast be greater than the conditions in such a dwelling to-day? When I step to my window any winter afternoon I know that the white puff in the distance means that it is two o'clock to the minute, and that in less than half an hour I shall have the London papers of the previous morning in my hands, while if I desire to chat with friends in distant centres across the seas, I can do so before the sun has disappeared behind the mountains. Indeed, time and distance are annihilated to an even more wonderful extent, for cannot a certain middy, in whom I happen to take a paternal interest, while swimming about the Atlantic in the latest thing in battleships hundreds of miles from the nearest shore, send me by "wireless" the interesting information that his exchequer would feel invigorated by a P.O.O. forwarded by the same mysteriously speedy means!

In the second half of the 15th century great changes were wrought in the appearance of castles, and in that of their fittings as well as in the simple lives led hitherto by their inmates. All underwent striking alterations. The two causes of this were alike potent and unprecedented. Gunpowder, which had come into general use for heavy ordnance in the previous decades, demonstrated that castle walls, be they ever so thick, no longer afforded security, and that the strongest and most inaccessibly situated *Schloss* could speedily be reduced to a heap of stones. For this reason architecture underwent corresponding changes, and from then on castles were built less for defensive purposes and more for comfort. Large lofty rooms took the place of the cramped and ill-lighted little chambers sunk into the depth of formidable walls, and instead of being erected on the top of steep rocks more convenient locations on slight eminences or quite in the valley were selected. The second cause, the immense increase of the country's wealth by the discovery of wonderfully rich silver mines in the Unter Innthal and in various other parts of Tyrol, contributed concomitantly to the creation of a more luxurious standard of life, which showed itself by much richer domestic furniture and a corresponding increase of the every-day requirements of life. The arts and crafts received a powerful impetus, and with such an innately art-loving people as are the Tyrolese, it did not take long to develop their artistic skill in a most marked degree. For we must not forget that the geographical position of the country on the high road between Germany and Italy, the home of art, was an unusually favourable one for propagating new ideas of art.

The train of sumpter horses that formed the convoy of the enterprising Flemish or Suabian trader wending its slow way over the Brenner Pass, paid toll both ways in kind: going south in linen and stuffs and in articles of

Nürnberg or Augsburg silversmiths, while on its way north, spices or the rich wares of Eastern manufacture imported through Venice or Genoa paid the way. A different toll was paid by the journeyman artisan returning to his native Flemish or German town after his three or four years' apprenticeship in an Italian art centre. While on his weary homeward tramp he tarried often for many months in the chief Tyrolese towns, where he imparted the knowledge he had acquired to the *kunstbegierige* craftsmen of Trent, Bozen, Sterzing and Innsbruck. Their ready hands and eyes alive with the instinct of art were quick to grasp the teachings of the Tuscan sculptors, the Venetian frame-makers and carvers, the Florentine intarsia workers, the Milan or Brescian armourers, and when in the person of Maximilian the country was granted an art patron as intelligent as he was energetic, Tyrol soon became world-famous for the skill of its craftsmen. Albrecht Dürer, who was one of the most constantly employed artists of Maximilian, engraved the oldest picture there exists of Innsbruck, and he tarried there more than once on his journeys to Italy. Lucas Cranach shared for several years with rare devotion the imprisonment of his master the Elector Frederick the Wise in Innsbruck, and a great number of his pictures were discovered in various churches and cloisters in Tyrol. The immortal Titian painted there more than one of Charles V.'s family pictures, while Jörg Kölderer, Fontana, and nine or ten other meritorious painters whose names it would be wearisome to cite in these pages were natives of Tyrol. Of sculptors Alexander Colin, the incomparable Malines master and his son Abraham largely contributed to Tyrol's treasures, as those will remember who have examined the beautiful reliefs on Maximilian's tomb. Michael Pacher, a native of the Pusterthal, has left us some of the grandest wood carving produced in the second half of the 15th century, his masterpiece, the altar in the church at St. Wolfgang (well known to the writer as it happens to be, for it was on his father's estate and an object of his youthful curiosity), being generally considered as one of the most exquisite pieces of Gothic art at its grandest. Of artificers in metal the famous de Cavalli whose master hand, it is almost certain, modelled the world-renowned bust of Mantegna in Mantua, Maximilian employed in the mint at Hall. Peter Löffler and Stephan Godl were eminent founders, while Paul Trabel designed that wonderful *grille* that surrounds the Emperor's sarcophagus in which are imbedded Colin's reliefs. More widely celebrated than the latter men were the armourers of Innsbruck, but of these extraordinarily skilful workers in iron and steel we shall have to speak presently. Sebastian Scheel, Tiefenbrunner, Pirger and, last but not least, Paul Dax added in another department of art, that of architects and map-makers, to Tyrol's fame.

Another and quite different factor that did its share to fill the castles of Tyrol with the choicest articles *de vertu*, was that this country had become the favourite enlisting place for the *Landsknechte*—Europe's first foot mercenaries, who on returning home from their wars brought with them the richest imaginable booty. One need not recite individual instances to prove that the lucky freebooters who shared and probably had the lion's portion of the spoils at the capture of the splendour-loving Francis I. at Pavia, or of the yet richer booty at the sack of Rome, came home laden with the most precious articles which finally found their way into the castles of such art-loving collectors as was Archduke Ferdinand, or of other wealthy lords.* We can therefore understand that in

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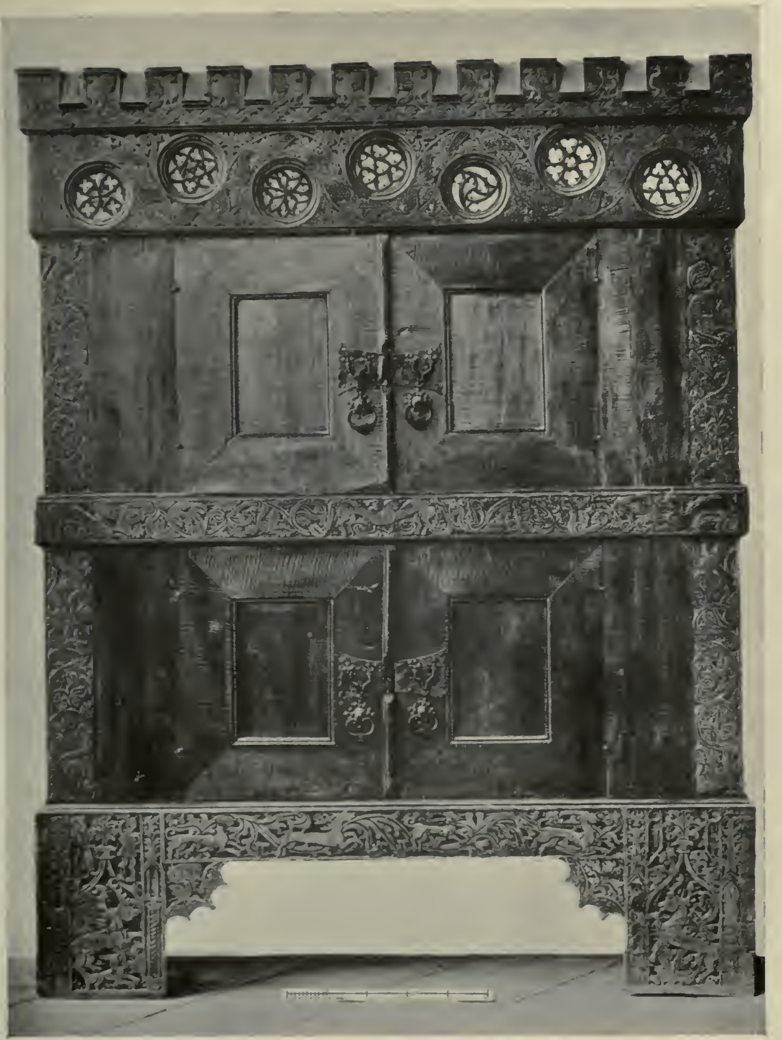
* Sometimes, it is true, these masters in the art of looting brought home with them rather curious "valuables"; thus one of the most prized treasures of the Archduke Ferdinand's collection at Ambras was a trophy garnered by Schärtlein von Burtenbach, one of Frundsberg's captains, at the Sack of Rome. It consisted of a piece of the



the 16th century Tyrol's castles became richly stored receptacles of what was beautiful, rare and precious, for had not its nobles the means as well as the opportunity to an extent vouchsafed to the aristocracy of probably no other country, of acquiring art treasures ? It is true that the three hundred years that intervened between 1550, the zenith of Tyrol's artistic period and material wealth, and the year 1850, had witnessed many great wars, and even a greater number of invasions which gutted hundreds of castles and reduced to penury the majority of the nobles. But some of these shells still contained a couple of generations ago priceless relics of the country's glorious past. It is no exaggeration to say that fifty years ago there was no richer field for the professional or amateur art collector and dealer than was poor exhausted Tyrol. It was just beginning to recover from the deathlike torpor that had rested upon it since its last heroic struggle against Napoleon, from which, had it not been shamefully abandoned by a pusillanimous government at Vienna, it would have emerged as victorious as it had from the first years of the campaign.

Such was the position about the middle of the 19th century, when modernity suddenly created by its collecting craze a very ruthless human foe who with crow-bar and axe waged cruel war. It was the professional dealer who unfortunately first became aware of the richness of the field and exploited its treasures with infinite success. Local agents of no artistic training but gifted with sharp eyes, were employed, and their ruthless hands sacked the derelict castles with a thoroughness truly appalling. With the house wrecker's rough tools the beautifully

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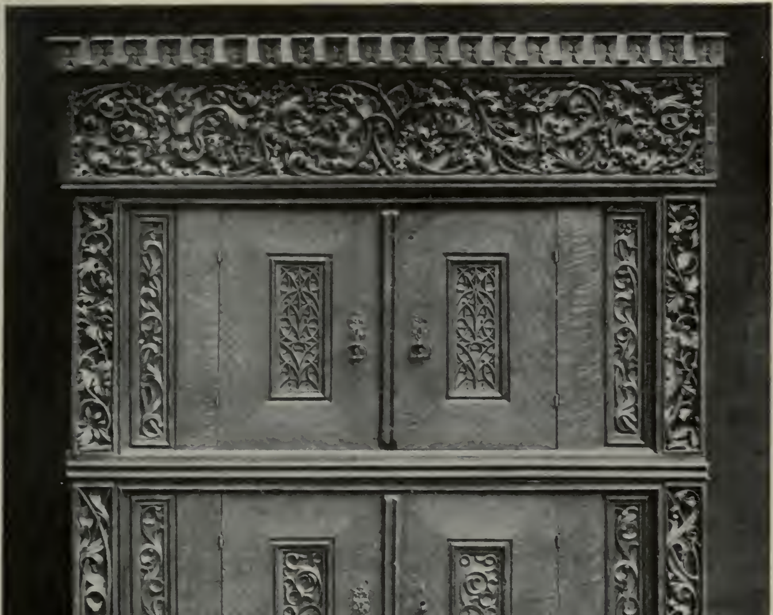
rope with which Judas hanged himself, which memento he had taken from the altar at St. Peter's. This gruesome trophy reminds one of the fabulous sum paid by Saint Louis for the supposedly genuine Crown of Thorns of our Lord, put in pawn by the Emperor of Constantinople in the 13th century.

carved marble door and window casings were broken out of the walls, leaving ragged gaping holes; from their place of honour over the main gate were prised the great marble slabs bearing in inimitable Gothic designs the "coat" of the ancient race that had dwelt there and of whose knightly deeds in the Crusades minstrels had perhaps sung. Where handsome chimney-pieces had graced the walls of the main hall hideous cavities yawned as mute witnesses of the vandalism that had occurred.

With hammer and saw the hand-wrought hinges of delicate scrollwork that held the doors in place were rudely wrenched from their places, and with the same rude implements, that were handled probably by some unskilled village blacksmith, were removed the carved beams that spanned the rooms and the inlaid or engraved *boiserie* round what had once been the chamber of state. If a quaintly chiselled gargoyle was spied jutting out from the eaves, the prize was hewn off with the same desecrating zeal that tore from its old home in the arched niche in the chapel or in the court-yard the life-sized effigy of the castle's patron saint carved in wood or stone, or moulded in *gesso* by some master hand of the 15th century. And a like fate befell the shrine in the chapel where posed in quaint yet stately elegance the handiwork of a Michael Pacher, a Riemenschneider, a Veit Stoss, a Krug, or a Peter Flotner, representing probably the Holy Family as the centre group, with their two saintly satellites, a St. George of placid mien, slaying with his formidable lance a dragon of horrible aspect, and a St. Sebastian, benignly smiling in spite of the arrows that are making a pincushion of his naked body. At his side was standing, as another figurative representation of the tortures inflicted upon the saints of the Church of Rome, a mitred victim in the act of having his entrails wound up as a cable would be upon a gigantic spool which is being energetically turned by two grinning ruffians. The gold on the cloak that fell in such elegant folds from the shoulders of the Virgin Mary, or with which the fluted armour of St. George was burnished, the gold whose sheen had received that inimitable lustre which only centuries can give, which for a long time was one of the few touches that puzzled the modern forger of antiquities—(alas! it no longer does)—will never again light up those dim aisles! And when the vandal turned his back upon the vaulted edifice, its lancet windows were despoiled of the stained glass that came, we can be sure, from the famous works in Hall.

The same fate befell the adjoining sacristy, with its Gothic wardrobes and hutches in which were stored the richly ornamented vestments and chasubles, at the embroidering of which fair fingers had diligently worked for generations, and the various silk or linen altar-coverings and surplices fringed with old point lace. Nothing escaped the lynx eyes of these raiders: neither the Antipendium from the altar-front, wrought of sheeny Cordova or Aragon leather, its bright colours almost as untarnished as they were four hundred years ago; nor the long disused sacred vessels hidden away in the tabernacle, or in the ambry, which, when once the dust of centuries was removed, displayed rare *châmplévé* enamel, or instead of being of brass or other base metal, proved to be of gilt silver covered with the finest tracery by the graver of some Florentine silversmith of renown. In several instances known to me dealers purchased the whole property of a peasant if it happened that the house contained some fine panelling or altar or picture with which the owner refused to part. To lull suspicions a third party was sent to conclude the deal. In this manner a well-known dealer of Bozen obtained the very fine triptych of Limoges enamel now in the Innsbruck museum, while Count Wilczek, a famous Vienna collector, had to buy a castle to get a panelling.

What harrowing tales of spoliation could be told! How for a florin or two simple-minded peasants or ignorant burghers parted with priceless articles *de vertu*, worth as many hundred pounds as shillings were offered. Among the spoils were ivory saddles of the 13th and 14th centuries, exquisitely carved triptychs of the same precious material and early date, chased ciboriums and chalices, reliquaries with plaques of Limoges enamel, quaintly shaped brass *acqua maniles* and pricket candlesticks of Romanesque workmanship, covered with the lovely patina of six centuries,and illuminated parchment MSS. Of the latter, one was acquired for a few shillings and sold after passing through the hands of several dealers for more than £2000, it being the earliest version we know of the *Roman de Rose*. And as for the contents of old armouries, Tyrol was for years an inexhaustible mine. Out of cartloads of mediæval arms and armour, bought as old scrap iron by shrewd dealers, and in one or two cases also by lucky private collectors, many a piece, when once the outer coat of rust had been removed disclosed the gold inlay tracery of a Giovanni Figino, Piatti, Pullizone of Milan or of Nigroli or Ghisi of Mantua, or of some Brescian or Florentine master. A large tome could be written about Tyrol's armourers and collections of arms. One of its castles, Ambras, contained in the 16th century, five hundred suits of armour, all choice specimens of their kind, and in Innsbruck worked some famous armourers, such as Lorenz Plattner, William and Jörg Seusenhofer, attracted thither by that enthusiastic as well as critical connoisseur of arms and armour, Maximilian I. Only recently the interesting discovery was made by the late State Councillor Schönherr, head of the Imperial Archives at Innsbruck, that Jörg Seusenhofer of Innsbruck was entrusted by his master, the Emperor Ferdinand I., with the making of the splendid suit of armour intended as a gift to Francis I. of France. The



present was, however, never sent off, and when Napoleon, nearly three hundred years later, entered Vienna, a special rescript of his ordered that this famous suit should be taken from the Ambraser collection and sent to Paris, where it was received with much applause as the armour of Francis I. in a special sitting of the Academy. It is now in the Louvre, and is wrongly ascribed there to an Italian armourer. Seusenhofer made six other suits for the French court and several others for the Kings of England and Portugal. As Viscount Dillon has shown, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth caused many armourers as well as the raw material to be imported from Innsbruck.

Many of these treasures from Tyrolese *Schlösser*, cloisters and churches now grace the most renowned museums of Vienna, Paris, Munich and also of Berlin, whither so many of the choicest national art prizes of England have also wandered, while in the four great *Sammlungen* of the Rothschild family, in the Maniac, Londesborough, Stein, Soltykoff, Heckscher, Zchille, and particularly in the Spitzer collections, one could renew one's acquaintance with pieces that one knew hailed from the "Land in the Mountains," to most of which were attached stories of great interest to the collector.

Very similar to the fate of the armour, furniture and fittings was that of the archives in Tyrolese castles. For the ignorance and carelessness of bygone generations in relation to the preservation of documents and deeds is simply incredible. Conflagrations that did not spare vaulted archives, and pillaging troops or rebellious peasants no doubt accounted for a large number of despoiled muniment-rooms, but the vandalism springing from ignorance, a barbarism that was at work at all times, has even a greater number of rifled castle archives on its conscience. The present generation still, as I can say from personal experience, sold for a few shillings parchments by the hundredweight as so much waste and rubbish, in much the same spirit of ignorance that sent cartloads of chain and plate armour and rare mediæval arms to the village blacksmith to be sold as useless old iron.

The worst loss of all for Tyrol was the removal of the Ambras collection to Vienna. Amassed in the second half of the 16th century by Archduke Ferdinand, it was indubitably the finest collection of pictures, jewellery, armour, choice manuscripts, art curios of all sorts and kinds, and rare natural history specimens in existence. To read Pighius' and Primisser's accounts of the treasures accumulated in Ambras parches one's mouth. Among the invaluable MSS. was the exquisite copy of *Gaston Phœbus* which a Tyrolese *Landsknecht* had captured in the gold laden tent of Francis I. after the battle of Pavia, which without question is the finest MS. hunting book in existence, and notwithstanding its great size had been taken by the sport-loving Francis on his ill-fated Italian expedition. Then there was the sole existing copy of the *Weisskunig*, Emperor Maximilian's family laudation illustrated with 236 drawings by the first masters of his time and numerous other similarly unique bibliographical treasures. Among portraits, of which there were over one thousand, there was one of Drake, the inscription of which throws light upon the still unsettled question of his age. It ran : "*D. Fran. Drake Eques, Oceani Indici utriusque explorator magnus. Aetatis suæ* 42 A.D. 1581."*

The Ambras treasures now form the principal contents of the palatial Imperial Museum in Vienna, whither they were taken in 1805 on the eve of Napoleon's invasion of Tyrol, the promise being given, it is said, that when the danger was over, they should be returned to the country. It is now more than a century since this occurred, but the promise is still unfulfilled and probably will remain so. The fact that the collection was the private property of a Habsburg prince, and not the property of the state or of the country, must however not be lost sight of when passing judgment.

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* Some articles of inferior value and a good many of the later arms were left in Ambras, but even they fell a prey to incompetent custodians. Hardly a decade ago an individual of this type appointed by the Viennese authorities sold to a Berlin collector, out of the armoury, all the effigies of horses dating from the 16th century upon which the equestrian figures of armoured knights were mounted ! This same would-be art expert achieved another record by causing the famous bronze figures round Maximilian's tomb at Innsbruck to be "cleaned" with acids, thereby destroying the exquisite patina that three or four centuries had given these masterpieces !

No visitor to Innsbruck fails to look at Emperor Maximilian's tomb in the church of the Franciscans attached to the Imperial palace, for it is the most famous of its sights, and the group of twenty-eight gigantic bronze figures, most of them weighing a good deal over a ton, that stand in the form of mourners round the sarcophagus, is decidedly among the most imposing and interesting specimens of 16th-century modelling and casting.* The execution of the work extended over several generations, and a veritable library has sprung into being anent many of the details and respecting the identity of the artists who created it. The most famous statues are by Peter Vischer and Gilg Sesselschreiber. To the former we are indebted for the matchless figure of Arthur of England, by far the most striking of the whole series ; † to the latter we owe the majority of the others.

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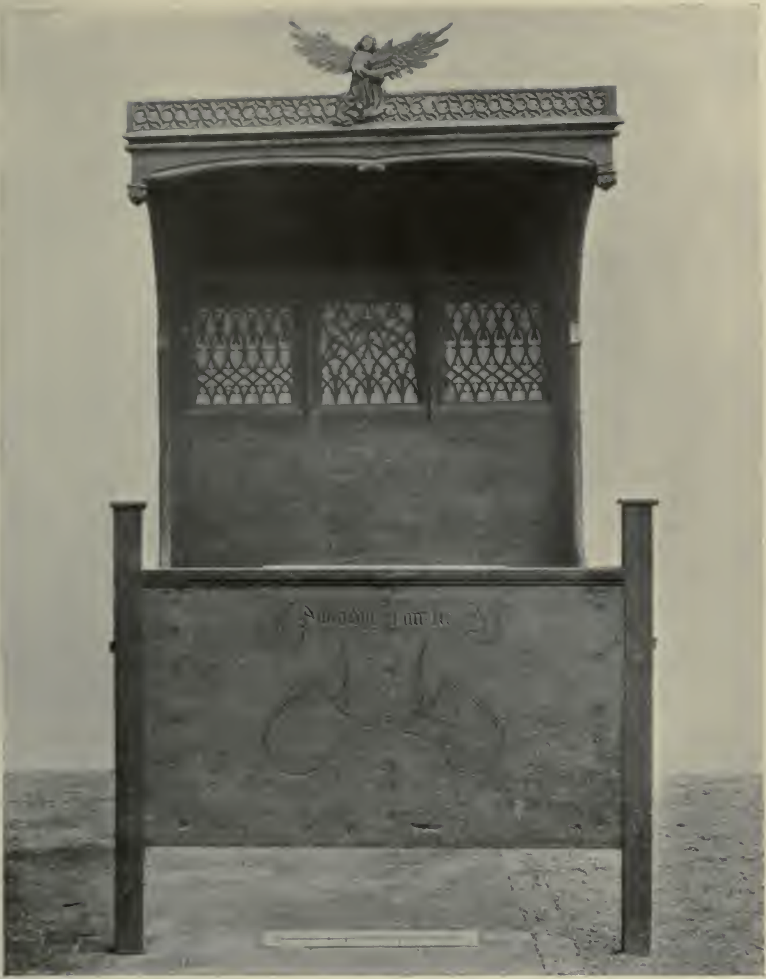
* Twenty-three of the figures represent ancestors or then living members of the Emperor's family, while the rest are the effigies of his favourite heroes of past ages.

† The figures of Arthur of England and King Theodoric were both cast in the year 1513 by Vischer at Nürnberg, 1000 florins being the sum he received for them, but they reached Innsbruck only in or after the year 1532. The reason of this extraordinary delay was typical ; the Emperor wanted money and pawned them to Bishop Christoph of Augsburg, who placed them in the chapel of Saint Lorenz in that town. A recently discovered document shows that they were redeemed only in 1532 by the Emperor's grandson, King Ferdinand, the money being paid to the Bishop's steward.

This Gilg Sesselschreiber is an interesting personage, a true child of his time. His whole connection with the art-loving but improvident Maximilian, from his first engagement in 1502—the original indenture is extant by which the services of the Munich painter were secured—until his imprisonment by the angry Emperor, throws a flood of light upon the curiously crude condition of everything connected with the fine arts. We hear of the miserable financial plights in which men of genius seem to have been continually placed not only in consequence of the constant lack of cash from which the Emperor suffered owing to the number and vastness of his schemes in every department of human affairs, but also as a result of the poor appreciation in which the artists were then still held by the official world.

Master Gilg made the designs for most of these statues, and some of them were subsequently cast at a foundry which the Emperor caused to be placed at his disposal at Mühlau, now a suburb of Innsbruck. In the Vienna Imperial Library is still preserved a priceless codex (No. 8329) containing these designs. They are exquisitely finished tinted pen-and-ink drawings of the highest artistic merit. One leaf that is missing is supposed to have been a representation of the Emperor himself. Maximilian was the foremost connoisseur in Europe in everything connected with artillery and particularly with armour, for he had studied the plater's art practically at the bench. And in the eyes of the "Last Knight," by which nickname he has deservedly gone down in history, the distinctive garb of chivalry occupied a foremost place. Maximilian paid minute attention to all the details of any work ordered by him, and his numerous "books of instructions," "books of questions," and other memoranda, some in his own handwriting and some written at his dictation, show with what extraordinary attention he followed the carrying out of his heterogeneous and mul-



tifarious undertakings in the fields of literature, art, sport, science or in that relating to improvements in weapons of every kind. And this while he himself was often at the moment engaged in desperate wars at the outskirts of his vast empire.

In the still existing large correspondence between him and Gilg Sesselschreiber, the fact is repeatedly mentioned that the Emperor with his own hands corrected the former's *Visirungen*, as he called the designs for the great tomb upon which Master Gilg was employed for more than a decade.* This personal co-operation of the Emperor, interesting in itself, heightens the value of a drawing by Sesselschreiber's hand (Pl. 41), which is in the writer's collection. There is good reason to believe it represents the first sketch to the drawing of Maximilian's statue which is missing in the Vienna codex. And not only this, but the corrections plainly visible in the drawing of the cloak about the shoulders, made in a paler ink, and with a lack of technical skill that is apparent in other similar corrections by the hand of the Emperor, leave, in the opinion of the foremost experts who have examined it, no doubt that they were made by Maximilian himself.

On the back† of the sadly mutilated original was written a longer superscription, and of this remain the words: "*Visierung kays M. . . . Silbern Harnasch*" (design of his Imperial Majesty's silver armour) in the unmistakable handwriting of Sesselschreiber, which give us the clue to another interesting discovery, *i.e.*, that it was the intention of the Emperor to have himself modelled for his tomb in his famous silver armour, in which he was clad at the wedding festivities in the chapel of the palace at Ghent * when he gave his hand (August 20, 1477) to Mary of Burgundy. This is shown by the fact that in his left hand he carries the *Windlicht* or torch similar to most of the other figures round the tomb. For no other purpose would a statue be made to hold this sepulchral emblem. The circumstance that the face of the Emperor has been cut or torn out of the drawing is in keeping with similar proceedings in the case of other designs for the tomb. Thus in each of four of the drawings in the Vienna codex, a second face has been glued over the original one, showing that the original likeness did not please the Emperor, and after furnishing Sesselschreiber with further useful material, such as portraits, coins and medals, the artist superimposed an improved likeness over the faulty one in the drawing. In the design here reproduced the contrary was probably the case: the Emperor liked the face but did not approve of some details in the armour as is shown by his corrections, so Sesselschreiber was ordered to make a new and more finished drawing in which the Emperor's corrections were carried out, but to use the face which he cut out from the one before us. A close examination of the original shows that the face was coloured, remains of the flesh-tone being visible along the line where the knife roughly separated the missing part from what is left. This second amended drawing is, it is almost certain, the one that has disappeared from the Vienna codex. If we search for an explanation for this curious *lacuna* we learn that the Emperor's statue, the most important of all, of course, was never executed according to designs seen or approved of by himself. For, in strange irony to his intentions, it had not even been modelled when death claimed him (1519), and the figure of the kneeling Emperor which now graces the top of the sarcophagus (Pl. 40) was not cast until 1583, after a model made by the younger Colin (Abraham), who was not born when the Emperor died. As we see, he wrapped him in the folds of a coronation mantle instead of clothing him in the garb of chivalry, which from the foregoing we have good reason to believe had been the Emperor's choice.*

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* After working for the Emperor for a number of years Master Gilg became very dilatory, Tyrolese wine and the charms of the fair sex weaning him from his work. Fearing the Emperor's wrath, he fled to Augsburg, but he was arrested there and sent back to Innsbruck, and put into prison. When released after some months, in September 1516, he promised to reform, and to remove him from temptation he was ordered to reside at Natters, a village in the mountains not far from Innsbruck.

† To save a plate I have had this inscription reproduced on the same plate as the design itself.

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* Klöpfel's "Maximilian."

This is perhaps as good a place as any to say a few words about a peculiarly Tyrolese adaptation of the Gothic style of architecture. Tyrol's Gothic differs in many respects from the Gothic of other countries; less so perhaps when compared with that of the Bavarian, Suabian and Rhenish districts where the *Haus Gothic*, as the Germans call the profane uses to which they put it, was probably almost as widespread as in the mountain-girt valleys of Tyrol. It need hardly be pointed out that our "Early English" and "Perpendicular" styles were by us less frequently employed for our domestic buildings. Indeed, a glance at our cathedrals, which are such superb examples of the ecclesiastic uses to which we put the Gothic, will emphasise the difference. The Tyrolese Gothic is as devoid of spires, pinnacles, bosses, and other elaborate ornamentation, projecting from the surface, as it generally is of the open geometrical fretwork—"compass Gothic," as somebody has called it—of which most of our ancient ecclesiastic buildings display such profuse varieties. What we see in Tyrol is, as a test of individual taste and inventive skill, certainly not only more interesting, but also in one respect more beautiful, though it rarely has the same high finish that distinguishes English or French Gothic. In the materials employed there is also a striking difference, resulting from a natural adaptation to the country's resources. The hard woods, for which England was ever famous, were rarely used in a country that did not produce them, the arve and lime-tree offering far less expensive materials quite as well adapted to sculpture and tracery.

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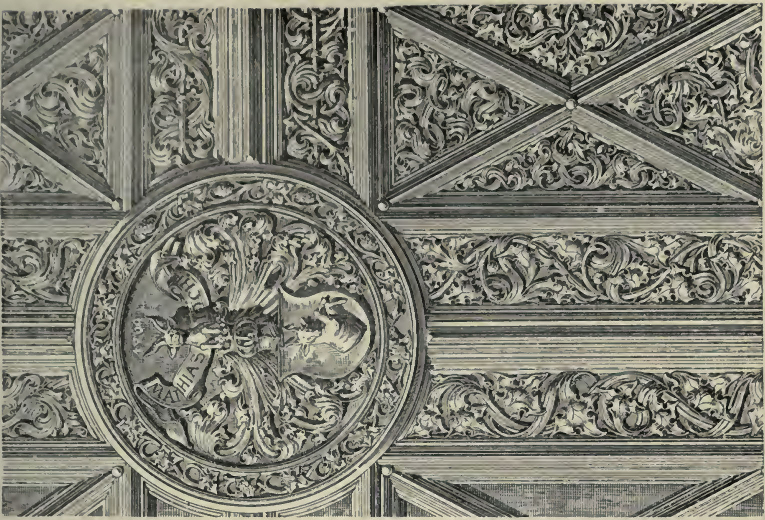
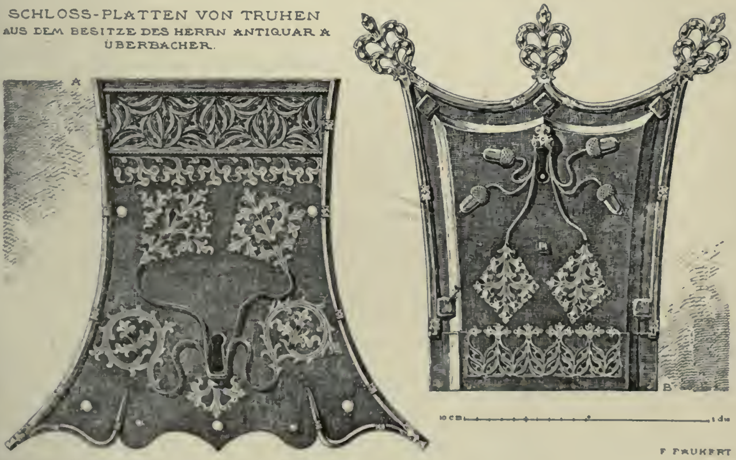
* I purchased this valuable drawing many years ago for a few shillings with some old maps that had once hung in Ambras. As many of the unique works of Maximilian were once in Ambras (under Archduke Ferdinand), its bad condition caused it probably to be left behind when the principal treasures were removed.

The greatest difference of all lies, however, in the designs. The curves of the compass—"measure-work," as the Teuton term *maaswerk* might be translated—to which our English Gothic has given such an infinite variety of forms, are replaced, as a rule, in Tyrol by tracery that represents the idea of organic growth in which some plant-form of richly convoluted outline twines along a staff, or otherwise fills the space given to it. This rendering of plant-life in ever-varying designs, without thereby descending to a realistic copying of Nature, gave every possible scope to individual taste, and carries conviction to the eye that the hand that created the panel or moulding, that filled in the space allotted to it, was not that of a mere artisan working by rote and rule, after a hard and fast design, but that of a master whose brain had evolved, and whose hand had the necessary skill to carry out, that which consummate taste showed him would fit best to ever-varying surroundings and requirements. For the one quality in which Tyrolese Gothic is without a rival is the extraordinary diversity of the patterns it wrought. Of many hundreds of grandly built-up armoires, presses, bridal-chests, tables, stalls, retables, room-panelling, ceilings, and other samples of Gothic design, known to the writer, no single instance could be cited of two or more of these articles being adorned with precisely the same pattern.

In some cases "measure-work" was blended with the more idealistic plant-form designs, and of such blending the beautiful presses of which I give reproductions (Pl.



SCHLOSS-PLATTEN VON TRUHEN
AUS DEM BESITZE DES HERRN ANTIQUAR A
ÜBERBACHER.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44 and 45) are typical instances. To the lover of this type of ornamentation, such designs always suggest a certain poverty of ideas on the part of the designer: as if they were an unconscious confession that his inventive genius had temporarily come to a standstill, and that he had to fall back upon the mechanical lines of his compass. Pl. 49 represents some rather more ancient and simpler forms of Gothic designs used for panel work. Cut with the roughest of tools by some village carpenter, who had probably never left the isolated hamlet hidden away in a remote mountain wilderness, these designs, nevertheless, show an innate taste and an imagination which speak volumes for the inherent art-instincts of these simple mountain people.

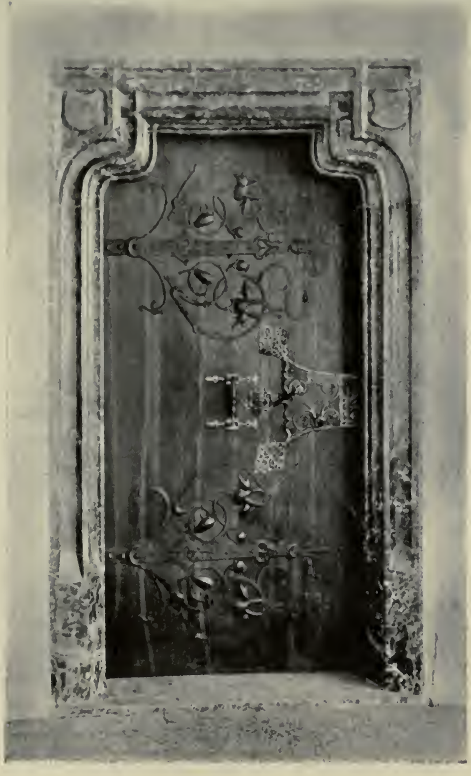
Architecturally, the Tyrolese Gothic frequently manifests a disregard of the primary form of the pointed arch that gave the whole style its name. Square windows, flat ceilings, and square doors, are very frequent. Sometimes what might be called the "broken-corner" style, is employed with the best of effects. A door-casing in marble represented in Pl. 50 reproduces an attractive form of this kind often met with in profane as well as in sacred buildings.

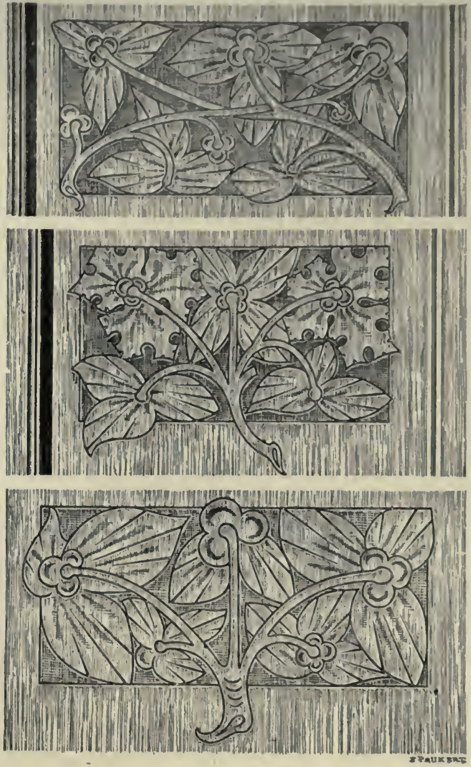
The doors of the rooms had generally on the inner side a framework to strengthen them. They were made usually of very thick planks, and, while the inner side of the door was covered with the elaborate, widely-extending iron hinges (Pl. 50), the outer surface was either left plain, or the lower portion of the door was adorned with the same Gothic designs employed in the panelling of the interior. The ironwork of the hinges follows out the same general idea of Tyrolese Gothic that uses some convoluted plant-form as pattern. Very often the fretwork of iron was painted and partially gilt, and occasionally it was underlaid by a polychrom ground. Many of the locks are exquisite bits of the metal-worker's art (Pl. 48).

The walls of the rooms, if not panelled with plain boards framed in by narrow borders of "stave and leaf" ornamentation, were covered with arabesque fresco-work of a light green or blue tint, picked out in white or black. Figures of huntsmen, stags, and other game, or of some troubadour subject, such as the Tristan and Isolde legend—of which the Castle Runkelstein contains some remarkable examples—being usually interwoven in the flourishes of the design.

Pl. 24 shows the interior of one of the gems of Tyrol, which those will remember who have ever visited Meran, nestling at the foot of vine and castle-clad slopes of stern-looking mountains that encompass on every side the ancient capital of Tyrol. In the centre of the rambling old town, where the buildings are as curious and instinct with age as are the quaint costumes of the broad-shouldered, serious-faced mountaineers who stalk through the streets, will be found the *Hotel Cluny* of Tyrol. To-day a museum, it was five hundred years ago the town residence of some of the most famous rulers of the country, notably of Duchess Eleanor the Scotch princess who, during a long reign, had thoroughly won the hearts of her subjects. Three or four centuries of almost complete neglect had caused the building to fall into decay, if not absolute ruin. From the latter it was rescued at the last moment, and was restored by the capable hands of the late Councillor von Schönherr. This interesting though diminutive "Burg"—the sovereign's real residence, Schloss Tyrol, occupies an eminence overlooking the town—contains some perfect specimens of 15th-century panel-work, furniture, &c. The rooms are very small, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that even the ruling classes dwelt in lofty halls in days when the defences of a castle cramped up all spaces that were devoted to other than warlike purposes.

Another interesting building lies close to Sterzing,




F PAUKERT

that quaint old town once of considerable importance, for it lay on the Brenner Pass, over which, as we have already heard, a great deal of mediæval art traffic passed from its ancient home in Italy to Central and Northern Europe. This is a *Herrenhaus*, or manse, called the *Jöchelsthurn*. It contains the remarkably fine Gothic ceiling of which Pl. 47 gives some details. Completed in the year 1469, the carving is in a good state of preservation, but the whole has been greatly damaged by successive coats of grey paint that cover the gilding and the beautiful blue with which the pattern was originally picked out, so that at present it is impossible to judge of its pristine state. Its exquisite details afford an infinite subject for study to the student of the Gothic in Tyrol at its best period.*

As an illustration of the taste often displayed in the dwellings of even the roughest Tyrolese yeoman peasants in "that solemn fifteenth century," as Pater calls it, the interior of a house in one of the Alpine byways of Tyrol, the Sarntheim Valley, of which we have already spoken, will give undeniable evidence (Pl. 51). The heavy centre balk of timber displays the usual form of flat carving, while the artistic profile of the cross-beams, cut with the rudest implements, shows what good effect was obtained by the simplest of means.

The five illustrations on Pl. 52–56 are from interiors in Schloss Tratzberg. Of the original building, dating from the twelfth century, there is very little left, for the wealthy mine-owner Tänzel, after acquiring it from the Emperor Maximilian, and being raised by the latter to noble rank, rebuilt it entirely during the last years of the fifteenth century. The family continued to enjoy the good-will of the liberal-minded ruler, who visited them frequently, for the neighbouring mountains were even fuller than they are now of the Emperor's favourite game, stag and chamois. By the year 1500 the stately building was completed. With its 365 windows, rows of lofty and spacious state apartments, its great castle-yard with treble tiers of cloistered corridors on one side, it presents a typical instance of the rapidity with which the invention of gunpowder revolutionised domestic architecture. For, though the new castle occupies the same lofty perch on the precipitous slope of a high mountain, the small-windowed, low-pitched rooms to be found in the cramped-up older strongholds of the same character, which probably were not absent in the original Tratzberg, had already in the second half of the 15th century given way to lofty chambers of stately proportions. The chief chamber in Castle Tratzberg, a noble hall over fifty feet in length and of proportionate height and width, is adorned by a most interesting tempera painting, representing the family tree of the Habsburg dynasty (see Pl. 52.) The 143 figures in half life-size, each group having a legend on scroll-work beneath it, represent all the members of the ancient house, from Rudolph I. to Maximilian's son Philip the Fair, with his six children. It was probably commenced, and in the main part finished, in the first decade of the sixteenth century, in honour of the great Imperial sportsman who had shown the owner's family so many marks of favour. Nothing quite definite is known about the artist, but it was probably Caspar Rosenthal of Nürnberg, a master who we know lived for some years at Schwaz, quite close to Tratzberg.*

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* Two very fine private collections particularly rich in the choicest pieces of Tyrolese Gothic are those of Dr. Albert Figdor in Vienna, and of Count Wilczek at his castle Kreuzenstein, a few miles out of Vienna. It would be quite impossible to-day to get together similar treasures, and books might be written about each of them.

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* As in most other castles, the principal rooms in Tratzberg are open to visitors on payment of a small fee that goes to some local charity.

CHAPTER VII

THE HISTORY OF THE FRUNDSBERGS, TYPICAL TYROLESE KNIGHTS, AND OF THEIR CASTLE MATZEN, FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

If apologies are needed for extending these pages by a detailed story of the castle from which they issue, I trust that it may suffice to say that whilst the history of Matzen is a representative one, and the life story of its mediæval inhabitants a record typical of their time and their country, circumstances have also led to my being better informed about the annals of Matzen and of its mediæval indwellers than about any other.

It would be easy enough to piece together for the benefit of the romance-loving reader a striking story of its first inhabitants in historical times, the Frundsbergs, a family which chroniclers acknowledge to have occupied the foremost position amongst the vassal nobles of Tyrol. One could give a picturesque account of the lives led by these knights within these walls from the day, early in the twelfth century, when they first step into the pages of written history, until their departure from Matzen in the autumn of 1468, an event which appears to have been the preliminary step to the family's emigration to Suabia, where they flourished for another hundred years. But the temptation to stray from the circumscribed domain of archival research into the wider regions of speculation or of romance shall be resisted in order to produce a record of which every detail is limned either by the actors themselves or by their contemporaries, and will therefore bear the critical examination of the historian.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the three hundred years during which we know that the Frundsbergs possessed Matzen, represent a period in which were manifested some curious phases in man's emancipation from barbarism.

It was a picturesque period, when "the world, the flesh, and the devil," in the nakedness of the time, furnished many striking incidents. The age that gave birth to the villainous *Faustrecht* with its train of brutal retaliation, and on the other hand, witnessed the frenzy-like exaltation of the crusades, when even the most hardened ruffians gloried in religious devotion of the most extravagant nature, when no expiatory sacrifices were considered too great, no braving of sword, of sea, of pestilence, or of famine, too hazardous in order to gain the favour of the church and the latter's intercession with the Deity—that age, it must be remembered, could not fail to present groundwork upon which to build up many an exciting tale of adventure and romance. Hands dripping with the gore of slain foes promptly "sealed" the parchments by which were founded as expiatory offerings religious houses, deeds that bequeathed to the church substantial estates, that provided for countless masses, that filled monastic cellars with oil casks wherewith to keep alive in shrines and chapels the "eternal lights" over tombs speedily erected by pious hands above the sinner's remains. The same spirit of rude rebellion against credulity and a blind obedience to the dictates of a supreme church that led Fitz Urse and William de Tracy to cleave the head of England's primate, caused also Tyrolese nobles of high degree to turn assassins, and the same generation that witnessed the tragedy in Canterbury Cathedral, saw the lance

of Knight Castelbarco slay Trent's Bishop on a Tyrolese highway (1177), and contemplated with impassiveness the terrible outrage committed on the sacred persons of the Pope's delegates by the Counts of Eppan, one of the three dynastic families of Tyrol (1158).

Civilisation has long swept from the fair fields of England the habitations of Fitz Urse and of Tracy, but there remain to this day in Tyrol the rough shells of masonry that sheltered the Castelbarcos and the Eppans. And if in the one Dante was made welcome, and into the other Henry the Lion, the second Henry of England's son-in-law, strode as victor after a stubborn siege,* the temptation lies near to let the stones that form those shells tell us their vastly interesting tales.

And the Frundsbergs of Matzen took a like share in the moulding of their country's history. They waylaid and robbed traders and travellers and Bishops on their own account and fought to a bloody finish personal feuds as readily as they pillaged monasteries, burnt castles, and sacked towns at the behest of their liege lords, the Counts and subsequent Dukes of Tyrol. They followed the latter across the seas to fight for the Cross or to slay the heathen in what is now Prussia. They made pilgrimages to distant shrines, and in their last moments showed the same, or, as we have some cause to suspect, they exhibited rather more than the usual contrition at the blood they had spilt so copiously, and evinced even more than the ordinary penitent anxiety to make their peace with Heaven. In one respect they can claim a distinction that was usually reserved for sovereigns lords, *i.e.*, of having on more than one occasion drawn down upon themselves the fulminations of papal bulls and of having the dread penalty of excommunication hurled at their heads.

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* Henry the Lion was, as Gibbon long ago showed, an ancestor in direct line of the present reigning family of Great Britain, William of Winchester having been his third son by Maud of England.

What has been said in another place concerning the difficulty of tracing the origin of even great dynastic families at periods when the use of surnames had not yet become general, holds good to a much greater degree in the case of families that never attained dynastic rank.

The meagre penmanship of a few monastic scribes in the shape of entries into domesdays and capitulars, or in that of briefly worded charters and grants, form practically the principal source of contemporary history. Fortunately for us, the Frundsbergs played such prominent parts in the history of the country, though only as vassals of its rulers, that by following up the latter's records we obtain many details in addition to those relating exclusively to themselves.

Let me clear the ground in one other respect. Having for many years collected all references to the Frundsbergs and to Matzen in published as well as manuscript records, I have amassed many hundreds, of which the most ancient goes back to the first third of the twelfth century. In order not to encumber pages intended for the general reader with masses of dry archival research, only the briefest excerpts will be given from the more interesting documents.

A word still remains to be said in reference to the archive in Matzen which at one time unquestionably contained a large mass of valuable records. Unfortunately their number was sadly reduced by an act of vandalism perpetrated within the memory of living man, when a mass of the oldest parchments, so voluminous that it filled a cart, was cast out and sold as rubbish. To-day the oldest document there does not go further back than the year 1395. But even these comparatively late deeds revealed, when they came to be studied, some facts of historical interest that had escaped the historian's ken. Not much older are the deeds preserved in the imperial archives or in those of the Ferdinandeum at

Innsbruck.* Thus of the sixty-two relating to Matzen and Frundsberg in the latter repository, the oldest is of the year 1332. The explanation of this is a simple one, but it makes the loss of that cartload of parchments all the more regrettable: Matzen was always an allodial or freehold property, and at no time either a temporal or a church fief, so there are no early allusions to it in the public records relating to tenure of land.

Though Matzen, as we have heard, can claim an origin older than Christianity, we entirely lose sight of it for some centuries after the fall of the Roman empire, and we renew our acquaintance not with *Masciacum*, but with Matzen, and this in the second half of the twelfth century. It is in the shape of an entry in the Salzburg domesday of the year 1167 where "Ulricus de Vriunsperch von der Matzen" † and his wife Elsbeth von Walchen renounce their rights to a certain property called Waidring (near Kitzbühel) in favour of the Archbishop of Salzburg, the predecessor of the Church lord who, nine years later, consecrated the chapel at Matzen, as we have already heard. (Lettenbichler.)

More ancient is the first documentary evidence of the name of Frundsberg, and there is good reason to believe that the family was one of importance quite two hundred years earlier. All the 16th and 17th century writers who deal with the history of the family, concur not only in asserting that in 1085 A.D. three brothers "Vriuntesperch" were vassals of the dynasts of Andechs, but add quite positively that one Ulricus of that ilk participated in the fourth great tournament held 968 A.D. at Merseburg, so that, if this be true, they must have been men of note at that early date, for only nobles of wealth and standing appeared in the lists on these great occasions. No contemporary or trustworthy subsequent muster-rolls of the earlier tournaments have come down to us,* so we cannot regard the above assertions as "proved true"; at the same time, the writers who mention the above facts may possibly have had before them perfectly authentic coeval evidence, of which we have been robbed by the wars, conflagrations and vandalism of the last two or three hundred years.

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* It is possible that these formed a part, a small part, of the cartload removed from Matzen, but all the older documents of the 12th and 13th centuries are probably irretrievably lost.

† The name of the Frundsbergs was spelt in the most extraordinarily diverse manner, as can be seen from a brief summary in the Appendix.

Matzen, I must hasten to explain, cannot claim the honour to have been the original home of the Frundsbergs, for all historians unite in making Schloss Frundsberg or Freundsberg as it is often called, lying about eleven or twelve miles from Matzen, on a hill over the ancient town of Schwaz, the ancestral seat of the race. Some Roman remains dug up round the single tower that to-day remains, confirm to a certain extent the legends that here stood originally a Roman watch-tower guarding the road between *Veldidena* and *Masciacum.* The family probably took their surname from their ancestral seat, as did at that period so many of their fellow nobles. And though it does not seem to have remained long their principal stronghold, and ceased to be an allod in 1319 when the then Knight Frundsberg surrendered it to the sovereign receiving it back as fief, there is little doubt that it was the original place of residence in Tyrol of the Frundsbergs, probably as early as the tenth century. When Matzen was first occupied by the Frundsbergs we know not, the first documentary evidence of their becoming associated being the entry of the year 1167.

The first appearance in any coeval document of the name of Frundsberg occurs in the domesday of St. Georgenberg in which there is entered an endowment granted 1128 A.D. to the holy brotherhood by the Knights von

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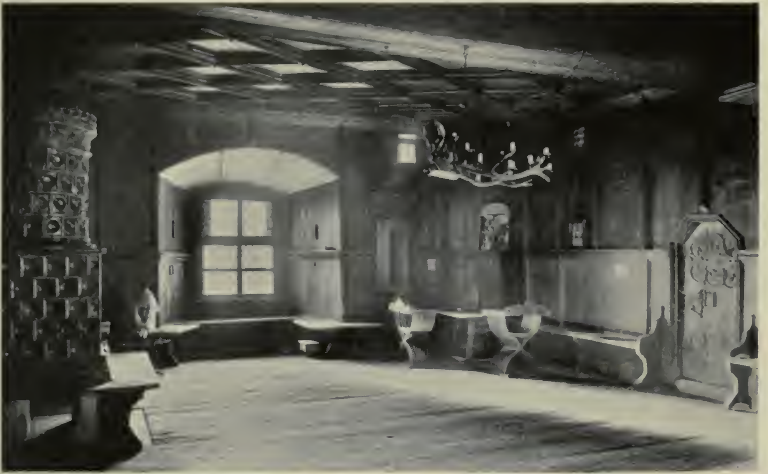
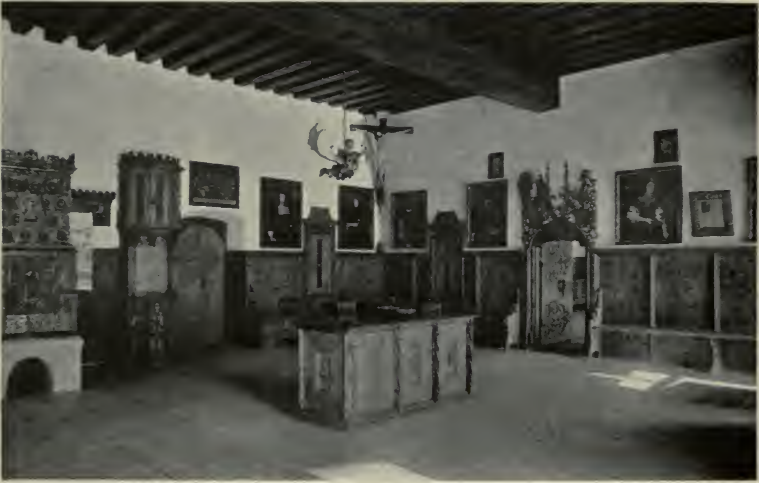
* There exist many forged rolls.





Schlitters, who were neighbours and kinsmen of the Frundsbergs, to which deed one "dominus Ulricus de Fruintsperch" together with some twenty other nobles and ecclesiasts are witnesses in accordance with the then prevailing custom. The document in question is of some local importance, for it is nothing less than the endowment of the monastery with an immense area of country with all its inhabitants of both sexes, the fields, meadows and woods, and comprising the whole of the Achen See, now a much visited mountain lake which the present Prior, an unusually wideawake ecclesiast, has turned into a gold mine for his order.*

Several important events occurred in the course of the next hundred years with which the Frundsbergs as one of, if not the most powerful vassals of the Counts of Andechs, must have been more or less intimately connected, though in the absence of any definite information, one can relate only the ascertained main facts. One was the fierce feud which ravaged the Unter Innthal in the years 1137 and 1138, in consequence of the wide-reaching hostilities between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Count Otto of Andechs had got into serious trouble by taking the part of his uncle the Bishop of Regensburg (Ratisbon) against Henry of Bavaria, over-lord of those portions of the valley which were not part of the Andechs family fief. Count Otto waylaid and tried to capture the Duke while on a peaceable journey, without having observed the formality of declaring war, and the Duke escaped capture only by the exceptional bravery of his followers. In revenge the Duke invaded the Unter Innthal and among the castles of the Andechs and of their vassals that were destroyed, Ambras, the chief seat of the Andechs, was one of those which were burnt to the ground. A couple of years later another feud broke out between the See of Regensburg and the Abbey of Tegernsee, in which the Frundsbergs must have also been concerned. Its cause is better known than its final result. It appears that the latter very ancient foundation had got into momentary money difficulties and had been obliged to pawn the two principal articles of its treasure, a very valuable chalice and ciborium, to the Counts of Valey. Before they could be redeemed the latter nobles sold them for 22 talents to the Bishop of Regensburg from whom the Abbot of Tegernsee vainly demanded them back.

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* The donors of this very substantial offering would probably be excessively surprised at the commercial exploitation of their property by noisy steamboats, crowded hotels, shrieking mountain railways, the letting of the fisheries and of the shooting rights, and other proceedings that for several months annually rob the beautiful spot of its pristine charms of wild solitude.

Concerning the next record, *i.e.*, the participation of one Knight Ehrenfried v. Frundsberg at the great tournament held 1165 at Zurich, the same *caveat* has to be entered as in the case of the Merseburg joust of 968 A.D. During the next few years three brothers Frundsberg, Ulrich (this became the family Christian name), Henry, and Gebehard turn up according to entries at the Abbey of Diessen and Schefflarn in the train of their lord "Marchio Bertholdus," and they witness important deeds and grants. In 1177 two of these brothers, Ulrich the eldest, and Gebehard, are among the witnesses of the charter founding the famous Neustift near Brixen, the oldest of the hospices on the Brenner route. Three years later a fourth brother appears in documents, the four brothers assisting at a ceremony of considerable local importance, *i.e.*, the granting of its first charter to what is now the capital of the country. *

To realise the political position of this part of North

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* Until recently it was believed that Innsbruck was older than this deed indicates by some hundred and fifty years. But a certain papal letter of indulgence in which the name "Inespruge" occurs, which it was thought bore the date 1027, is now shown to have originated in the year 1327 only.

Tyrol it is necessary to remember that a large portion of the Unter Innthal was part of the immense fief with which Emperor Henry IV. had invested in 1057 Bishop Altwin of Brixen. Some decades later the See of Brixen had granted this fief *Comitatus vallis Oeni inferioris* to Count Otto of Andechs, and thus the Frundsbergs, who were seated there, became their vassals. Although our information is extremely meagre, it is certain that the beautiful mountain-enclosed basin now occupied by the flourishing capital, was then still a sparsely populated district. A small village with a flourmill, a few cultivated fields, and a bridge or ferry over the Inn, had sprung up in the neighbourhood of the monastery of Wilten that had arisen on the site of the ancient Roman station of *Veldidena*, and was all that marked a spot singularly favoured by Nature.

There is good reason to believe that difficulties had arisen between the villagers, who acknowledged the Andechs as their lord, and the Abbot of Wilten, who probably claimed all kinds of dues from the former. To avert a serious quarrel it seemed expedient to the Andechs to make an exchange of certain lands with Wilten, which would allow the young community to spread without coming into conflict with the fathers. The charter in question issued in 1180 by Markgrave Berchtold III. of Andechs and his son Berchtold IV. defines the new area given to the villagers as also the dues payable by them to Wilten and the rights and privileges reserved to the latter amongst which are the chase and fishing rights, the ferry toll, and sole milling privileges, as well as certain annual money payments, showing that the fathers well knew how to take care of their interests. The occasion was, of course, a very solemn one, and most of the nobles of the Unter Innthal figure as witnesses to it. Amongst these there are the four brothers Ulrich, Gebehard, Conrad and Henry v. Frundsberg.

The charter of 1180 seems to have been carelessly worded, or possibly the rapidly increasing prosperity of the settlement tempted the burghers to assert more than was their right against the fathers of Wilten. These, as we can well conceive, looked with considerable jealousy upon the flourishing village, whose inmates dared even to lay forcible hands upon the possessions of the fathers, destroying in the summer of 1184 the Abbot's crops on some fields near Innsbruck which they claimed as their own.* It became necessary therefore for the over-lord to hold a formal court of inquiry. This was done by Berchtold IV. of Andechs in 1188. On this occasion the "stressful causes of rupture" between the holy house and the burghers were "searched and remedied." The evidence seems to have been of a conflicting nature, and seven of the nobles seated in the immediate neighbourhood were called upon to testify on oath. A verdict in favour of the fathers was returned, which verdict was recorded in a deed to which Ulricus v. Frundsberg is witness.

Though we have no direct evidence, there is good reason to believe that one or more of the Frundsbergs accompanied their liege lord Duke Berchtold of Merania on the third crusade 1189 A.D. in which the latter took a prominent part, distinguishing himself by his valour, sharing with his over-lord Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, and with Richard of England and Philip Augustus of France, the terrible hardships and reverses of that arduous campaign, which ended without accomplishing its principal object—the recovery of Jerusalem. Before starting Knight Frundsberg executed a renunciation in favour of the Archbishop of Salzburg, in which he made oath that he would not erect any "strong place" in the Zillerthal without the See's special permission, thus acknowledging the latter's suzerainty over it. It was probably a peace offering to the church such as nobles on the eve of starting for crusades or other dangerous expeditions frequently made.

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* On a subsequent occasion the burghers of Innsbruck went even further in showing their displeasure with the proceedings of the holy fathers of Wilten, for in 1368 they took out and drowned the head of the house, Abbot Konrad, in the river Sill flowing past the monastery's backdoor, probably on account of his friendliness to the Bavarian cause.

The next event of importance in which the Frundsbergs were involved was one of those tragedies with which the records of the illustrious Hohenstaufen line of Emperors bristle, *i.e.*, the murder of Emperor Barbarossa's youngest son, King Philip, by Otto of Wittelsbach. It was one of the consequences of the violent convulsion brought about by the fall of Henry the Lion, brother-in-law of Richard of England. The imperious Henry, who once had the proud Barbarossa kneeling before him in his vain supplication for help against the victorious Lombards, had a few years later come to kneel at the Emperor's feet, but no longer as proud sovereign of Bavaria and Saxony and the mightiest Prince of the Empire, but as an outlawed fugitive condemned by his peers to lose his realms if not his liberty and life. When Philip's assassination made the deadly quarrel between Guelph and Ghibellin yet fiercer, and vengeance visited the murderer and his associates, the Andechs were placed in a sorry plight, for two members of that family were implicated, and though the head of the family, Count Otto I., was not himself involved in this deplorable affair, all the Unter Innthal fiefs of the family were confiscated and remained so for more than twenty years, the ban of the Empire being pronounced against the two younger brothers, obliging them to fly for their lives. To what extent the fortunes of the Frundsbergs suffered as vassals, by their association with Philip's murderer, there is nothing to tell us ; but that they were sufferers we can gather from the fact that two sons of Conrad v. Frundsberg were retained at Augsburg as hostages together with other scions of leading vassal families.

In the thirteenth century the family of Frundsberg appears to have split up into several branches, each branch calling itself after the castle which the head of the branch had inherited or had acquired, or of which the ruler of Tyrol or of Bavaria as the case might be, had granted him the fief. Thus we find a Frundsberg writing himself "of Frundsberg," or "of Matzen," or "of Schintelburg," and occasionally in the casual and irresponsible manner of the time, the "Frundsberg" is left out altogether, and we read in deeds of a Grifo or of a Rupert of Matzen, or a Hans of Schintelburg. One of these instances occurs in an interesting deed of 1263 on the occasion of a visit paid to Matzen by the sovereign of the country, the redoubtable Meinhard of Tyrol. Among the row of nobles witnessing a deed in which Meinhard confirms his predecessors' gifts to the monastery of Benedict Bayern, is enumerated Rupert von Matzen, and the deed issues: "*Acta sunt nec* (*sic*) *Burgo Matcii*." *

In a deed of the year 1233 Innsbruck is for the first time called a town, "*civitatem Inspruke*," and it is probable that it was then that the town received its first defensive walls, towers and a moat. At a diet held in Innsbruck in 1234 Ulrich v. Frundsberg was present, but it was only in 1239 that "Otho dux Meranie comes palatinus Burgundie" the successor of the Otto who had died in 1234, gave Innsbruck its town charter.

In 1237 A.D. a reconciliation occurred between Duke Otto of Bavaria and the Bishop of Regensburg, the former having to pay heavy damages for the injuries done to the castles and estates of the See by Ulrich von Frundsberg. (Lettenbichler.)

The year 1248 was a very important one for many of

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* *Monumenta Boica*, vol. vii. p. 136, probably a misprint for "hec."

the Tyrolese nobles, for by the death of Duke Otto of Andechs, the line became extinct, and the vast Andechs properties fell to the Counts of Tyrol, who became the new liege lords of the Frundsbergs. There is extant an interesting document of that year, illustrating the prominence of the Frundsbergs among the nobles of Tyrol. It is a papal bull addressed by Innocent IV. to the Bishops of Freisingen, Passau, Regensburg, Eichstädt, Augsburg, and to the Archbishop of Salzburg, commanding them to extend their protection to the person of the faithful son of the Roman Church, Count Conrad Wasserburg, and to contrive by their utmost efforts that the castles, towns, and lands of which he had been robbed by the adherents of the excommunicated Emperor Frederick be forthwith restored to him. The Pope names the foremost abettors of the proscribed Emperor, the "*quondam imperatoris dei et ecclesiæ inimici*," and following the names of the Duke of Bavaria and his sons come six nobles, among whom is "Ulricus de Fruintsperch." The Pope exhorts the Bishops to spare no means to see that justice be done, and decrees that otherwise the ban of the church with all its extreme penalties should be pronounced against the recalcitrant nobles and all the church fiefs be withdrawn from them.* (*Oberbaier. Archiv.*, i. 36–44; *Beiträge Deutingers*, ii, p. 16.) We unfortunately have no means of discovering the final issues of this pretty little quarrel, in the course of which evidently much blood was shed and many strongholds destroyed.

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* This Count Conrad von Wasserburg, the last of his ancient line, seems to have ill deserved the protection of the Church, for he preyed upon the traders on the Danube, and we have at least one documentary proof of his being forced to swear that he would cease to rob and kill. Among his many castles was the Burg Kreuzenstein near Vienna. After lying in ruins for several centuries the present Count Wilczek, a well-known antiquary, has rebuilt it in a most elaborate and skilful manner and filled it with ancient furniture, old arms and objects of mediæval art, the like of which probably no other private castle contains. It was lately visited by the German Emperor, who went into ecstasies over it.

Almost all of the Frundsbergs proved munificent donors to religious houses; one or two examples taken from many scores of such offerings may be quoted.

In the year 1257 Frederick the younger von Frundsberg when starting on a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella and other places made his will and bequeathed to the holy house at St. Georgenberg for the purpose of keeping an anniversary day in his honour, the following articles: 2 sumpter loads of wine, 7 bushels of wheat, 100 cheeses, four pounds Berner coin and also five pounds Berner for oil for an "eternal light," and the income from 2 marks Berner coin. The Knights Ulrich and Conrad v. Frundsberg of the castle of Schintelburg (a castle farther down the Unter-Innthal of which now no trace is left) were witnesses.

In 1259 this castle of Schintelburg was the scene of a compromise between the Bishop of Chiemsee and the family of the Knight Leutold von Kundel. It appears that the latter had forcibly appropriated a farm belonging to the former and had been murdered by persons not named. At the time of his death the ban of the Church was resting upon him and for this reason it was not possible to bury him in consecrated ground. His parents, unhappy at this disgrace, had restored the farm to the Bishop, and in the deed we are referring to he declares himself as satisfied. The seals of Ulrich and Conrad v. Frundsberg (father and son) and of the Bishop, are attached to the deed, and the two Frundsbergs with their chaplain, Herr Johannes, are among the witnesses that testify to it. (Chronik of St. Georgenberg.)

Eight years later the same Frederick the younger v. Frundsberg, on the eve of starting for the wars, endows, for the salvation of his soul, the holy house at St. Georgenberg with 50 marks to be used for his funeral if he should be killed, and 50 marks to found a solemn anniversary day; he also bequeathed of his property at Aich 10 pounds Berner for two weekly chanted masses, 8 pounds from another estate to keep up an eternal light, and 20 marks to keep in repair the St. Martin's Chapel there, which had been built by the Frundsbergs.

By marriage the Frundsbergs became kinsmen of some of the most prominent families; two of the earliest of these ties of which we have any record being the union 1140 A.D. of Hildegarde v. Frundsberg with Caspar v. Freyberg, and some time later of Luitkard v. Frundsberg with Knight Hiltepold of the famous race of Schwangauer.* The latter nobles held in fief the Hohenstaufen castle of the same name, often called the Swan's Castle, or, as it is now called, Hohen Schwangau, in the halls of which the harp and the lyre of the poetic *Minnesänger* vibrated longest and loudest. For there all that was gay, bright and romantic in those picturesque days of extravagant love-making found a warm welcome. There is probably no castle in the whole of Europe, with the exception of the Wartburg, which is more closely associated than is the Swan's castle with the whimsical cult of knight minstrelsy, and in none were the surroundings amid some of the finest scenery in the world better adapted to the melodious chords of lovesick bards.†

In the earliest days of the Frundsbergs, when Castle

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* They intermarried on two other occasions: Stephan v. Schwangau marrying Agnes v. Frundsberg in the middle of the fourteenth century, and their daughter Anastasia becoming the wife of Conrad v. F.

† In the 16th century it became again famous as the hiding-place of Luther. It was destroyed in the wars of the Spanish Succession, and what remained of it was bought in 1809 by a peasant for £20 in order to use the stones for other buildings. And though this piece of vandalism was not carried out, it must not be believed that either of the two modern show castles (Hohenschwangau and Neu Schwanenstein) upon the erection of which the late King of Bavaria spent millions, and which no doubt many of my readers have visited, can make claim to occupy the site of the ancient castle.

Frundsberg was probably their only possession, sundry members of the family found their last resting-place at St. Georgenberg, the monastery of which we have just spoken, which was the most ancient religious foundation in this part of the country. Dating back to the last quarter of the tenth century, it had been visited and endowed by some of the Salic Emperors on their way to or from Rome. The monastery, which still flourishes, lies perched picturesquely on a high rock, in a glen opposite the Castle of Frundsberg, far from all habitations (see Pl. 57). There the family had built a chapel and a family sepulchre, and numerous endowments were granted by penitent Frundsbergs when they lay on their death-bed or when about to start on warlike expeditions, on crusades, or on pilgrimages to far-off shrines, the dangers of which voyages were deemed great enough to warrant special efforts to propitiate the Deity. When Matzen became the principal seat of the chief branch, which it seems to have done about the time that Knight Ulricus (II.) makes his appearance in the Salzburg domesday, and the chapel consecrated (1176),* the desire to possess a family sepulchre nearer to it than was St. Georgenberg, no less than the wish to honour the memory of their father by the founding of a religious establishment, induced Knights Conrad and Frederick v. Frundsberg, grandsons of the chapel-consecrating owner of Matzen, to erect a cloister with a family vault. This they did in an idyllic spot at Mariathal lying at the entrance of the beautifully wooded Brandenberg glen less than two miles from the gates of Matzen. They endowed it richly and promised the Abbess and the other inmates their protection for all time to come against all aggressors, a precautionary measure by no means dispensable even in the case of religious houses.

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* As we know that this Ulricus was the eldest of four brothers and as such wrote himself as of Matzen, it follows that Matzen was considered a more important stronghold than Frundsberg.

The cloister was completed and consecrated in January 1267, and seven months later this pious foundation received royal approbation in the shape of a grant by Queen Elizabeth,* Countess of Tyrol, and her *dilectissimus filius* Conradin, King of Jerusalem and Sicily. By it sixty sumpter loads of wine, oil and other necessaries were to be annually imported free of all dues and custom charges. This grant—(see Appendix)—was issued at Castle Schwangau where Queen Elizabeth, the Lady of Woe, as she was called by her contemporaries, was then in temporary residence. For the curtain was about to rise upon one of the most pathetic dramas of the Middle Ages. The great nobles had assembled at Schwangau in the full war panoply ready for starting upon that ill-fated expedition to distant Sicily, by which the last of the Hohenstaufen line of Kings hoped to regain his father's lost empire. This was the youthful Conradin whose name is the first in a long row of witnesses to the grant. He was the "dearest son" of a sovereign lady who has gone down in history as Europe's unhappiest mother. There are surely few scenes in mediæval history more pregnant with human interest than was that parting at the gate of the Swan's castle between the mother and the slim golden-haired youth, scarcely sixteen years of age, alive with the fierce energy of his great forebears, and burning with the desire to wrench his Hohenstaufen patrimony from his uncle's murderer, the unholy brother of Saint Louis. Well might, on that August day, the heart of the illustrious lady be heavy with forebodings, for as the portcullis of Schwangau rattled down, it shut from her motherly embrace for ever the lithe figure, that some months later, on the scaffold at Naples, was "shortened by a head," to use Charles of Anjou's callous words. Even if the oft-told legend that an eagle swept down from the clear sky, and dragging its wings through the blood that gushed from the youth's corpse, was the first to bring the woeful tidings across the mighty Alps to the wretched mother, be but an invention of a romancing scribe, it needs no special appeal to our imagination to picture the grief of the distracted mother, when, on hearing of Frangipani's treachery, and of her son's capture, she collected as speedily as possible a large sum to ransom her son's life and hurried over the Brenner. But her mule loads of silver came too late.

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* Queen Elizabeth was the widow of Emperor Conrad IV. and sister of Duke Louis of Bavaria, of whom we shall presently have to tell a tragic story. One of her two daughters, as strong and beautiful as she was, became the wife of Albrecht I., eldest son of Rudolph of Habsburg, and by the intermarriage of some of her twenty-one children she became the ancestress of many European royal dynasties.

As Baron Hormayr in his *Chronick of Schwangau* has shown, a dame Luikard v. Frundsberg was about that time the chatelaine of this famous castle, but whether she was a sister or an aunt of the two pious Knights who founded the cloister near Matzen, it is impossible to say. Probably she was the former, for the name of the Knights' mother was also Luikard, as is stated in the deed of consecration: *una cum Patre nostro Ulrico pie memorie et reverenda matre nostra Luikarde.*

What stirring days this mistress of Schwangau must have witnessed within those famous halls, what memorable scene must have been presented by the departure from her gate of that brave cavalcade, in its centre the youthful hero! Is it not likely that the sorrowing mother, when she had seen the last glitter of steel in the dim distance from the lofty tower, sank weeping on the neck of her hostess? And in her ears must have rung the curse of the Hohenstaufen race, hurled at her brother's head by his wife as she was about to sink under the steel of his henchmen. For Queen Elizabeth's brother, Duke Louis of Bavaria,* was also the hero of a tragedy.

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* Young Conradin was brought up at Louis's court, for the latter was his guardian.

The Duke's wife, Marie, daughter of the Duke of Brabant and grand-daughter of the murdered Hohenstaufen King Philip, was as beautiful as she was virtuous. One of her favourites was a Knight Ottlinger, with whom she frequently played chess. He had repeatedly asked her the favour of being allowed to address her by the intimate "thou," but she had always refused to grant him permission. When her husband, whose valour was well known, soon afterwards went to the wars, he had in his train also Knight Ottlinger. One day the anxious wife wrote two letters, one addressed to the Duke, imploring him not to run risks more than he could help, the other to the Knight asking him as a special favour that he should watch over the life that was dearer to her than anything in the world—meaning her husband's, so that no harm should come to it. She concluded her letter by saying that if he did this "she would grant him the favour he had so often solicited"—referring to the "thou." These two letters by a fatal mistake were delivered to the wrong persons, and when the imperious and jealous Duke Louis read his wife's missive to the Knight, he put the worst construction upon her words, and was filled with a most ferocious rage. Killing the unfortunate knight at sight, he hurried home as fast as relays of horses could carry him. He arrived at Donauwerth, where the Duchess resided, on the evening of January 18, 1256, and the first person who met him was one of his wife's ladies-in-waiting, Eilika von Brennberg, who fell dead, pierced by his sword. Another lady of the court he caused to be thrown from the top of the tower, and without listening to his wife's frenzied assurance of her perfect innocence, he had her decapitated forthwith. That same night, however, such good proofs of his wife's guiltlessness were forthcoming, that the Duke was convinced of the fearful mistake he had made, and chroniclers tell us that when day dawned the hair of the wretched man, who was only twenty-seven years of age, had turned white.

According to Baron Hormayr, all the nobles, including Knight Conrad v. Frundsberg, who witnessed the Queen's grant to the cloister of Mariathal, accompanied Conradin to Italy, the last named being particularly mentioned by Conradin in a pathetic letter he wrote from Verona to his mother, which, so far as we know, was the last one she received from him.

Whether Knight Conrad's bones came to be interred in the newly founded sepulchre of the Matzners at Mariathal or whether they lay bleaching on the field of Tagliacozzo or of some other battle on parched Italian soil, where so many of his fellow nobles ended their careers, there is unfortunately nothing to tell us. But probably those of his brother and certainly many of his family were interred under the altar at which burnt the "eternal light" for the oil of which the "Lady of Woe" had granted freedom from toll. To this day a sacred sisterhood spends hours daily in prayer in that peaceful world-forgotten spot.* Embowered in a glade in the silent forest at the side of a rushing stream that skirts the foot of the great Sonnwendjoch peak, chamois and deer peer down from the steeps when the *Ave Maria* tinkles, much as they did six or seven hundred years ago, when the silvery tones first sounded through the remote wilderness. It would be difficult to discover for oneself a more peaceful resting-place.

Among the families, besides those already named, with whom the Frundsbergs intermarried, were the Walchen, the Wolkensteins, the Firmian, and the Montforts, all of the most ancient lineage and prominence. A daughter of the first-named house, dame Elizabeth, was the sister of the Archbishop William of Salzburg, a sovereign Prince. Ties of the same nature united the Frundsbergs with the Counts Matsch, who by frequent intermarriage were related to the Sovereigns of Tyrol. These Matsch who occupied in western Tyrol and eastern Switzerland much the same all-powerful position attained in the Unter Innthal by the Frundsbergs, sprang, probably, from the dynasts of Venosta appointed by Charlemagne. They were as ancient of lineage as they were violent tempered, and the fair Thecla of Frundsberg, with her rich dower of 3500 florins, married into a house where murder and ferocious outrages were by no means rare crimes. One of the clan, Albero the Glutton, as his nick-name ran, was "Advocatus de Amatia." He, as well as Knight Seyfried v. Malles, then the Deacon of Mals (a town which stood under the protection of the Matsch) and Knight F. v. Ramüss with six servitors, and Ulrich v. Matsch, all fell victims to the unbridled violence for which this race was notorious. The case of the last is typical of the lawlessness of those days. Count Ulrich was Protector or *Advocatus* of the cloister of Marienberg, which his ancestors had founded. This, however, did not hinder him, when the Prior dared to differ with him on some details relating to dues, from falling upon the holy house, plundering it from cellar to garret, and having the Prior's head struck off and brought to him as proof that his orders had been carried out. The father of his victim, himself a man of high birth, hurried to the Emperor, and sought his permission to challenge the Count to mortal combat, but before this could be carried out, Count Ulrich had left the country and repaired to Avignon to seek forgiveness at the hands of Pope

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* Emperor Joseph in 1783 abolished the cloister with many hundreds of others, but since then it has again become the seat of a sisterhood. When in the last century the family vault of the Frundsbergs was opened to make some repairs to the foundation of the church, there were found amid a great accumulation of human bones, some of which were of quite unusual size, several ancient battle-swords, spurs, buckles, &c. These articles are now in the Ferdinandeum Museum in Innsbruck. Mariathal is to this day the burying-place of Matzen's owners.

Clement V. Nobles of great position had to be dealt with leniently by the Church,* so the penance which the Pontifex ordered him to perform was that he should return to his home and under the supervision of the Bishop of Brixen, go bare-footed from church to church in the vicinity of the murder, and stand stripped naked down to the waist, with a scourge in one hand and a rope round his neck, at the church doors. There, while the priest was singing the penitential hymns, he was to acknowledge in a loud voice his great sin and be scourged till blood flowed. He was also to make good to the cloister all the damage he had done to it, and was to lose the Patronship over it. (Avignon, March 19, 1308.) But before he could carry out this humiliating penance, he was discovered carrying on an intrigue with the wife of his cousin, a daughter of the Count of Homburg, the words of the chronist being "*minus honeste tractasset.*" The husband, of as fierce a temper as his cousin, promptly slew the latter. When the body came to be interred in the family sepulchre at Marienberg, the Prior refused to grant it burial within the sacred confines, as the dead man had failed to carry out the conditions imposed by the Pope. The remains were therefore put underground outside the church. Later on, the family caused them to be buried in the family vault, no holy rites being performed. The tombstone is to-day visible.

The Matsch family had some time before divided into two lines, their seats being quite close to each other, *Unter* and *Ober Matsch*, as they were called, for they were built one above the other. The events related above had naturally caused exceedingly strained relations between the two cousins, Ulrich the son of the murdered Count and Egno who committed the deed, and mortal strife was the result. It was set at rest, though only temporarily, by the action of the sovereign of Tyrol, the popular King Henry. There exists a graphic description of the act of reconciliation, which took place April 25, 1312, at the church of the Franciscans at Bozen. Standing before the altar, clothed in his regal robes, at his side Ulrich v. Frundsberg and Henry of Rottenburg as kinsmen of the two Matsch, with a great number of the country's foremost nobles forming a ring round the group, the rest of the church being filled with followers and minor nobles, the King read out the conditions of the family peace, appointing certain leading nobles under oath to see that the provisions were duly carried out, and imposing a heavy fine for a breach of the same. The kiss of peace exchanged in the King's presence by the two cousins concluded the ceremony and terminated, at least for a time, the fierce feud. One of the conditions imposed by the King was that the son of the murdered Count Ulrich could, if he desired, banish his cousin, Count Egno, and the three followers who had assisted at the murder. Of this right Count Ulrich seems to have instantly made use, and we find Count Egno getting up a troop of forty mounted men and taking service with Emperor Henry VII. in his Italian wars. A charter dated at Pisa, May 23, 1313, shows that he must have been a valiant soldier, for the Emperor rewards him in it with the fief of the Velteline valley. In 1338 a fresh outbreak of hostilities occurred in the family, but this time only the blood of followers and peasants was shed, a very considerable ransom (700 marks Berner) satisfying the victorious Count Matsch, who had succeeded in incarcerating both his brother-in-law and his uncle in his tower. Nine years later there was a renewal of the feud, one of the Matsch having slain a noble page of his kinsmen. Far more serious was the outbreak in 1357, when

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* Not very long before a Tyrolese Knight killed wantonly Bishop Berchtold of Chur. The only penance imposed by the Pope was that the murderer should join a Crusade to Palestine, for as it happened, the Bishop had belonged to a party opposed to the Pope.

Count Ulrich, husband of the richly dowered Thecla v. Frundsberg, and possessor of the lower of the two Matsch castles, laid siege to the upper one, and, proving victorious, drove from their ancestral seat Count John who was killed and Count Hartwig who died three years later in his cousin's prison. He was the last of that branch, and the ruins of the two strongholds that to this day guard the entrance to the valley from which the family took their name, remind one of the pathetic end in his cousin's dungeon of the last tenant of the upper castle.

As we peruse the details of all these deeds of unbridled violence and follow step by step actions illustrating the extreme lawlessness of the time, we cannot help being struck with the absolute indifference shown by the authorities in respect to them. Not a single attempt is made by the sovereign to stay their audacious vassals' hands, or to protect the weaker against the stronger.

Though the story of the Frundsbergs in the Unter Innthal does not present the same picture of unbridled fierceness as does that of their kinsmen in Western Tyrol, they were not exactly saints either, and when interests clashed brought out their roughness even to the extent of doing personal violence to the sacred person of a prior, the head of a religious house over which they themselves were installed as protectors. Thus the Knight Hans v. Frundsberg, Duchess Margaret's favourite, must have been a gentleman of somewhat violent temper, as is shown by a plaint inscribed in the chronicle of St. Georgenberg. Some difference of opinion having arisen between the head of this monastery and Knight Hans, respecting the question upon whom devolved the duty of repairing the great bridge over the Inn river, we hear that one day Knight Hans in a fit of bad humour, rode up to the lonely monastery to interview the Prior. The latter appears to have had the courage to express his opinion openly, and to insist that it was the Knight's duty to do the necessary repairs. This so angered the short-tempered Knight that he cut short the interview by threatening the holy man: "Don't lie, black-coat, if I thought that you really meant what you say, I would throw you out of this window,"—a drop of several hundred feet to the torrent at the foot of the giddy rock. Knight Hans's son, Wolfgang, who carried on his father's dispute about the bridge, seems to have inherited a similar violent temper, for once when the Prior, accompanied by the Vicar of Kolsass and the Judge of Rottenburg, attended by two mounted grooms, rode through the town of Schwaz, Wolfgang v. Frundsberg's warden, with five men at arms fell upon the peaceable party, and pulling the two grooms off their horses, carried them away to his donjon where he held them prisoner until such time as the Prior would agree to his master's demands.

Almost all the strongholds of the Frundsbergs lay in the Unter-Innthal, which from time immemorial was constantly exposed to the raids of the Bavarian Dukes who were the hereditary foes of the Tyrolese. It was a natural consequence of this that the rulers of the latter country made it a point of conciliating in every way possible the border-lords whose castles defended the country's boundaries at the most exposed points. And not only this, but some of their castles lay actually in Bavaria, for it was not until 1342 that the north-easterly part of the present Tyrol, embracing the three important lordships of Kufstein, Kitzbühel and Rattenberg, became part of it. These districts formed part of the dowry bestowed upon Duchess Margaret by her second husband, a union to which ampler reference was made in a previous chapter. Before that date and at certain intervals subsequently, Tyrol therefore did not extend beyond the confluence of the Ziller and the Inn, though there were castles belonging to Tyrolese nobles in this Bavarian part, Matzen itself being one of these instances. In such cases the castle's bailiwicks (over which the lord exercised supreme jurisdiction, if an allodial property) formed as it were little islands that owed fealty to different overlords. This relationship was, of course, subject to changes. Thus towards the close of the 13th century (1296) Knights Ulrich and Conrad v. Frundsberg tendered their oath of fealty to Duke Otto of Bavaria, swearing to keep open to him at all times their castles of Matzen and Frundsberg. But their allegiance to Bavaria did not last long, and some decades later (1362) the sons of these two Knights, Hans and Ulrich "von der Matzen" and their cousin Conrad of castle Frundsberg, rendered Knights' service with "four and twenty men with helmets," and took oath to keep open their strongholds Matzen, Frundsberg, and Schintelburg, to Duke Rudolph of Austria, Count of Tyrol, thus returning to the old fold.* As the wealth and power of the family increased and they acquired other castles and properties, either as fiefs or as security for loans, or as marks of royal favour, the multiplicity of their Knight service increased in proportion, creating a condition of things and a conflict of interests that on occcasions must have been singularly awkward.

Indeed, such an anomalous plurality of fealty was possible only in the case of a border family so peculiarly situated as were the Frundsbergs. They were lieges at one time of the Andechs, dynasts of Tyrol, of the Archbishop of Salzburg, of the Duke of Bavaria, of the Bishop of Freisingen and of the Bishop of Brixen, all warlike lords frequently fighting each other.

From the middle of the 14th century onwards the

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* This Knight Ulrich seems to have been a somewhat forgetful Matzner, for in the deed it is expressly mentioned, so as to explain the absence of his seal from such an important parchment, that as he did not happen to have his own seal by him, he expressly undertakes to consider the seals of his brother and of his cousin as binding upon himself.

power of the Frundsbergs grew apace, and at one time they had acquired almost supreme command over large portions of Northern Tyrol. To a certain extent this was due to their favoured position at the Court of the licentious Duchess Margaret. Hans von Frundsberg, Henry of Rottenburg and Ulrich von Matsch were three Knights of whom history has much to report; for they seem to have shared to a like degree the favours of the amorous Duchess Margaret. Their purses appear to have been ever open to the pleasure-loving lady, and Knight Hans made good use of his opportunities. The fiefs of lordship after lordship, of castle after castle, were granted to him and his family, so that at the end of the century "the castles of the Frundsbergs commanded the whole of the Unter Innthal." * To their ancestral seats of Frundsberg and Matzen they had added the proud castles of Friedberg and Tratzberg, which were pawned to them; over the important Salzburg stronghold of Kropfsberg they ruled as wardens; the strongholds of Schintelburg, Thierberg, Itter, Maria-Stein, Stumm, Freundsheim, the famous old Guelf castle of St. Petersberg (a favourite hunting seat of Duchess Margaret), were theirs, as well as Strassberg on the Brenner; and by marriage they had become possessed of the neighbouring castle of Lichtwehr. To the fratricide said to have been committed by a Frundsberg of Lichtwehr by a crossbow-shot aimed at his brother standing at a window in Matzen, we have already referred in the opening chapter, though, being unsupported by any contemporary evidence, the legend must remain for us a legend.

Besides these numerous strongholds the family owned many lesser properties, not to forget some extensive South Tyrolese vineyards which helped to keep filled the capacious cellars excavated in the living rock underneath Matzen's walls.

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* *See* Egger, p. i. 411.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FRUNDSBERGS IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES

We have detailed in another chapter the great changes wrought by the abdication of Tyrol's throne by Duchess Margaret in favour of her Habsburg cousins. That lightning journey of Rudolph IV. over the Alps from distant Vienna in the depth of winter (January 1363) to clinch the bargain entered upon years before, procured for the house of Austria the jewel of the Habsburg crown, the mountain home of staunch loyalty and unparalleled devotion. The young Duke had died on January 13, 1363, and the thirteen days' reign of his mother came to an end on January 26, when, at the advice of her councillors she abdicated in favour of her three cousins Rudolph, Albrecht, and Leopold, Dukes of Austria. Amongst the names and seals of the fourteen councillors attesting the deed of abdication figures Hans von Frundsberg, but Count Ulrich Matsch singularly enough, though titular Governor of Tyrol, is not among them. He seems to have incurred the special dislike of Duke Rudolph, for not only was he immediately deprived of his high offices, but he was cast into prison at Hall, and remained there until he agreed to purchase his freedom by an immense ransom consisting of the whole valley of Ulten, the castle of Eschenloh, the bailiwick of Nauders, the castle of Naudersberg, his rights over the " free people" of the Engadine and the surrender of various other privileges. A like fate befell the almost equally powerful Henry of Rottenburg, Hans von Frundsberg appearing to be the only great noble at the court of Duchess Margaret who managed to escape the wrath of the new sovereign of Tyrol. The probable explanation of this must be sought in the peculiar position held by the powerful and widely ramified Frundsberg clan, who between them, as we have heard, controlled the whole of the Unter-Innthal and commanded the Brenner Pass. To make them enemies would have been a suicidal policy on the part of the country's ruler and would have led, probably, to the loss of a considerable portion of North Tyrol and the immense strengthening of the Habsburg's most inveterate foe.

As it was, the change of lords meant to the Frundsbergs an era of war and rapine, that must have sorely tested their loyalty. The Bavarian relations of Duchess Margaret lost no time in showing their wrath at their kinswoman's actions and at the Habsburg's forceful energy. With formidable forces Duke Stephen of Bavaria and his sons invaded the Unter-Innthal, penetrating as far as Hall where they destroyed the salt works, and it is probable that in the hostilities that followed some of their castles were razed by the Bavarians. The records relating to this sanguinary strife are singularly meagre, and the fact that of several of the Frundsberg strongholds all traces, documentary as well as actual, come to a sudden end, and not even heaps of stones were left to mark the spot where they had stood, shows that the work of destruction must have been carried out in an unusually thorough manner. How Matzen fared in this war is not known. What we are certain of is that in consequence of this duality in feudal allegiance the Frundsbergs got rid (1388 A.D.) of their three Bavarian castles of Schintelberg, Stein and Thierberg,* the purchaser being, according to some historians, Duke Stephen of Bavaria, according to others the Bavarian Knight Kummersbruck.

While the hostilities were still being waged in the Unter-Innthal an event of a different character causes our Hans v. Frundsberg to figure in a peaceful mission. This was the marriage of Duke Leopold, one of the three cousins in whose favour Duchess Margaret had abdicated, with Viridis Visconti, the beautiful daughter of the ruler of Milan, Cremona, Parma and other important Italian principalities. For Leopold was among the first Habsburgs to enrich his house by happy nuptial ties. The train of nobles that accompanied Duke Leopold from Tyrol to Milan where the wedding festivities, which lasted several weeks, took place, consisted of 500 nobles amongst whom Knight Hans v. Frundsberg was one of the three most prominent personages. In all the towns through which they passed, particularly in Verona where an uncle of the bride, Can della Scala, ruled, the Tyrolese nobles were fêted in magnificent style. This union was one of the many clever moves made by the head of the house, the wise Rudolph, who amongst other prudent measures, originated the family compact ensuring the indivisibility of the Habsburg family possessions. As the sequel showed this family arrangement did not, so far as Tyrol was concerned, save it from disunion and prolonged hostilities that broke out among the descendants of the three Dukes.

The next event of any importance in the annals of Tyrol in which the clan of the Frundsbergs play a part, was the unfortunate battle of Sempach (1386) in which Leopold and many hundred nobles were slain.† Encased in their heavy armour, which when they were once unhorsed, sadly hampered their free movements, they were battered to death by the axes of the Swiss peasants, who, according to one old writer, crushed their skulls as though they were nuts. Among the long list of slain Tyrolese nobles numerous kinsmen of the Frundsbergs figure: three Starkenberg, two Rottenburg, two Schrofenstein, and one Enn, but no Frundsberg seems to have been killed on that occasion.

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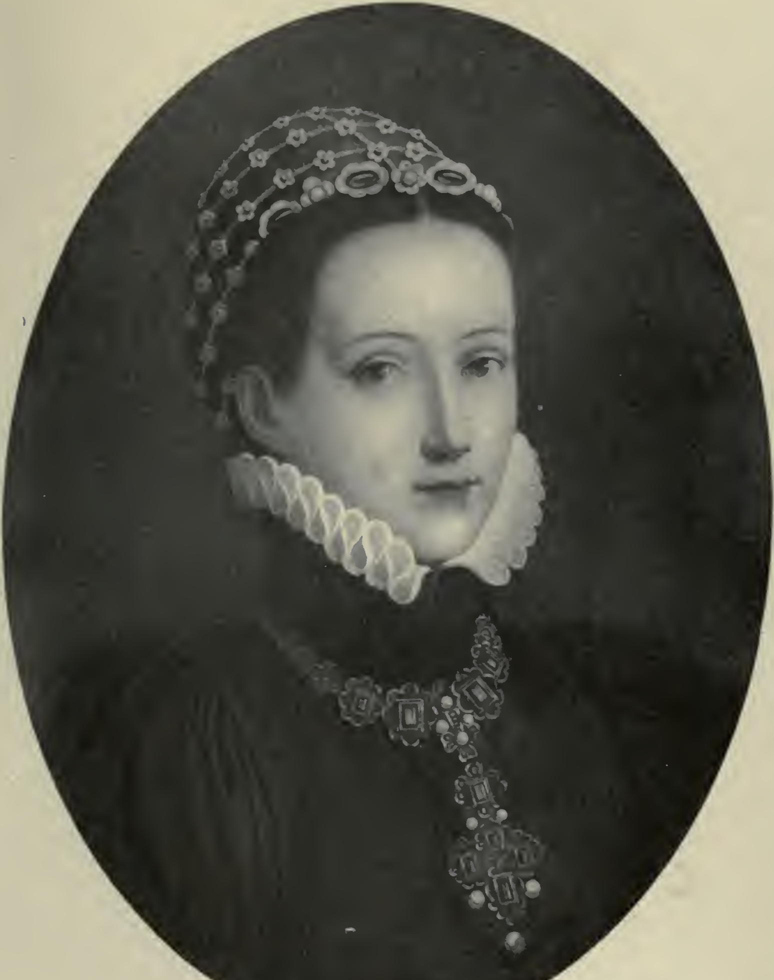
* According to one source Castle Lichtwehr was also sold, but was returned subsequently. (Lettenbichler.)

† According to some writers 1400 Knights were killed in this battle.

With the accession of Frederick the slain Leopold's youngest son, best known by his nickname "with the empty pocket," 1406 A.D., the Frundsbergs again come to the front, for we find Hans v. Frundsberg take a hand in high politics that caused a price to be put on his head, by becoming one of the trio who led the famous *Elephantenbund* and the *Falkenbund* league in open revolt against their sovereign.

We now reach the year 1410 and the siege of Matzen to which we must briefly refer, as several striking personages were connected with it. One of these was Henry, the son of the notorious Rottenburg who had proved himself such a charmer in the eyes of Duchess Margaret of Tyrol. Great as was the power and wealth amassed by the father, the son's far exceeded the latter's share. Four and twenty castles he called his own, and his income exceeded that of the sovereign, for it was computed to be no less than 20,000 ducats, a huge sum for those days. Arrogant and proud as no other noble, Henry the younger, as he was called, wielded at the time of Duke Frederick's disgrace and flight, for all practical purposes, the sovereign's sceptre. And hard as was the Duke's task, when he recovered his power, of subduing the haughty aristocracy that had got quite out of hand during the previous feeble reigns, that of humbling Henry of Rottenburg was one of which few men less able than this long-headed ruler, who so ill deserved his sobriquet "of the empty pocket," would have cared to tackle. Allying himself with the Bishop of Trent, his sovereign's most dangerous foe in South Tyrol, Henry v. Rottenburg did not scruple to wage open war against his lord, committing every possible kind of outrage. Castles of the Duke's vassals that remained faithful to him were besieged, and razed to the ground. Ducal messengers and envoys were waylaid, deprived of their despatches, and then killed. The merchants of Verona, Venice and Bologna, travelling with their rich caravans through the country, were captured; and in many instances the traders themselves were cast into prison and held there till heavy ransom could be exacted. When the town authorities complained to the Duke, the wrath of the Rottenburger turned against them, and one unfortunate Knight who dared to resist had his head struck off and sent to the Duke's camp as a warning to others. But in the end retribution overtook the audacious Rottenburger and his episcopal ally. Both had to fly the country, Rottenburg seeking safety at the Bavarian Court that was ever ready to take advantage of opportune moments to settle old scores with the Habsburgers. The two Dukes, Ernst and William, of Bavaria (of the Munich line), and Duke Stephen of the Ingolstadt branch, fell in with the propositions of the traitorous Rottenburg, who represented to them that he would stake his head upon delivering at least forty castles into their hands. Under the pretence that certain of their ancient privileges in connection with the salt mines at Hall had been injured, they hurried a considerable force into the Unter-Innthal. Of the composition of the army led into the field by the two first named Bavarian potentates, Vitus Arnpekh has left us the particulars; they had 700 cavalry, 200 marksmen armed with bows and handguns, 800 men-at-foot armed with pikes and swords and their artillery consisted of one big gun and 50 smaller guns. The strength of Duke Stephen's army we do not know.



Advancing towards the Innthal's richest prize, the town of Hall, they not only found it was strongly defended, but that on account of high floods their retreat was threatened, so they determined to centre their attention upon Matzen and to reduce it by assault or siege. Up to recent days it was believed that the siege lasted for seven weeks, the chronicle of Arnpekh being the authority for this statement, but recent researches by Prof. Alfons Huber * show that it could not have lasted longer than three or at the utmost four weeks. Ulrich von Frundsberg, kinsman of Henry v. Rottenburg, had remained true to his sovereign's cause, and by his heroic and successful defence of his ancestral walls, contributed largely to the defeat of the Bavarians, and to the fall of his traitorous kinsman Rottenburg.

The damage done by the Bavarians during this siege to Frundsberg property must have been immense and knight Ulrich's claim upon his over-lords Sigismund of Tyrol and Emperor Frederick seems to have remained unpaid for many years. Existing records show that it was only in 1443 that his son Thomas released the last named personages, the balance in question amounting to the huge sum of 4064 Marks.

Unfortunately very few details of the siege have come down to us. Stone cannon balls of which I have already had occasion to speak, that were found in the filled-in space once spanned by the drawbridge, and the larger of which were probably those which the big gun fired, and an iron arrow-head of 15th-century shape, found lately sticking in a beam at the top of the tower, are the only tangible evidence that has come down to us of a siege which must have tested the walls of the castle as severely as it did its defender's courage.†

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* *Mitheilungen des Inst. für Oest. Geschichtsforschung,* vi. 415–420.

† In the description of this siege of Matzen in an historical novel *Der letzte Rottenburger,* by I. O. Maurer, the defenders are also made

Relief came at last, Duke Frederick who hastily gathered his forces at Innsbruck and Hall, both of which places distinguished themselves by their ready help, was further assisted by his brother, Duke Ernst of Styria, and the relieving army came marching down the Unter-Innthal. They had reached Tratzberg where a last halt before the battle was made. At this juncture, the Archbishop Eberhard of Salzburg appeared on the scene as intermediary, and after some parleying a truce until Michaelmas of the following year was patched up between the contending forces (Sept. 3, 1410). This truce was subsequently prolonged for another twelve months. By it and by the peace subsequently concluded, Henry of Rottenburg's fate was sealed, his castles and those of the other malcontents were one after the other reduced by Duke Frederick, and nothing was left of them but smouldering ruins. Finally he himself was captured, and though presently released, a heavy ransom having been furnished by some of his friends, his sudden end a few weeks later (1411), it was said by poison, was enshrouded in mystery. His daughter Barbara married the noble Bero v. Rechberg, lord of Mindelheim in Suabia, whither half a century later the Frundsbergs emigrated. Curiously enough this lady's daughter became the mother of the famous Georg v. Frundsberg.

The next event in which we find the Frundsbergs figuring was one of world-wide importance, viz., the great Council of Constance (1414–18). Ulrich, the defender of Matzen, and Hans his brother with their respective men at arms were, namely, among the six hundred horse that accompanied Duke Frederick of Tyrol across the Arlberg pass in the depth of winter, arriving at Constance in January 1415. Frederick's unfortunate support of the unpopular rival Pope John

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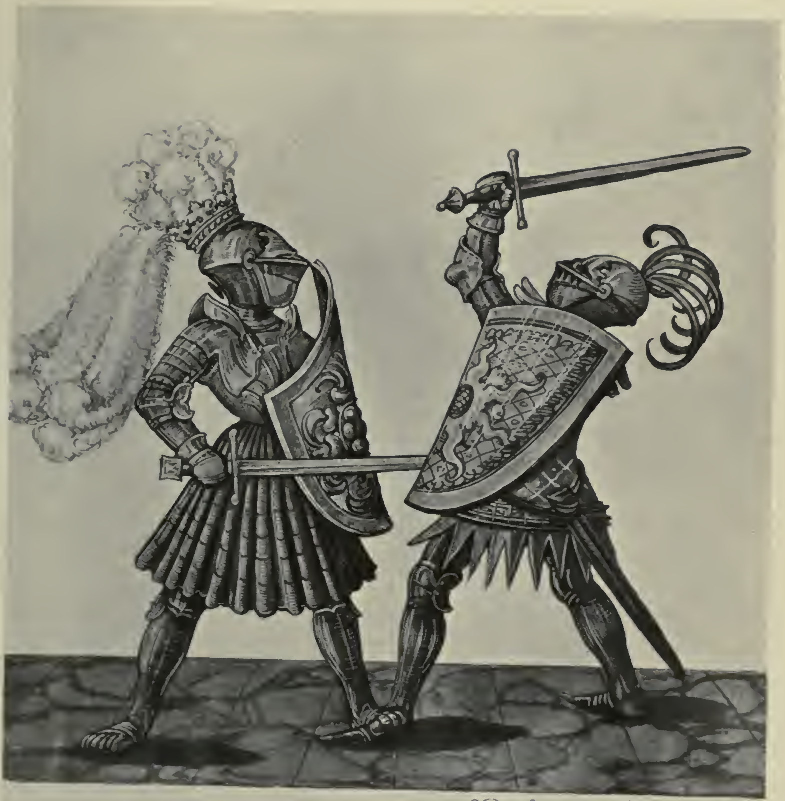
to use cannon. Of this there is no trace in any document I have come across.



Her Jörg von Freundtſperg.

XXIII. very nearly cost him his throne and life. His presence at the magnificent tournaments, gay shows and endless banquets with which the assembled crowds of lords and bishops passed the time—(chroniclers relate that there were present at one time some 18,000 ecclesiasts and close upon 100,000 nobles with their retainers)—and from which the proclaimed Duke had to fly to take refuge in miserable peasants' hovels in Tyrol's most remote mountain glens, is full of pathetic details of a prince's fall. It was particularly the assistance he gave, and the ruse he employed, to further the Pope's precipitate flight from Constance, that stirred up the animosity of the other lords. It appears that to attract the attention of the assembled great ones, and thus to facilitate the Pope's flight, Frederick had arranged a great tourney on a plain outside of Constance, in which he himself tilted against a famous lance, the Count of Cilli, by whom he allowed himself to be unhorsed. While this was going on, the disgraced Pope got away from Constance, and the Duke presently followed him.

But the circumstance that contributed probably more than any other to the undoing of Duke Frederick was the mortal enmity of Sigismund, King of Hungary, the successful one of the three candidates to the imperial throne, who, as the newly elected Emperor, presided over the Council of Constance. A characteristic story is told by King Sigismund's secretary, Windeck, of the origin of the quarrel between his master and Frederick. Sigismund, shortly before the Constance conclave, had been spending some festive weeks at Frederick's court in Innsbruck, both princes being notorious for their weakness for the fair sex. At one of the court fêtes to which a certain beautiful daughter of a leading burgher had been bidden, the fair damsel received violence at the hands of a disguised noble, whose identity a long beard helped to indicate. Now it unfortunately happened that both princes wore beards of tell-tale length, and as a great uproar in the town resulted from the gross indignity which the maiden had experienced, each of the royal revellers tried to extricate himself by accusing the other, so that the festivities which had commenced amid professions of fast friendship, ended amid dire threats and mortal enmity.

Though we unfortunately know no details of the Frundsbergs' doings at Constance—what pregnant interest would not a diary have for us, chronicling the daily events of that amazing assembly ?—the country's annals soon mention them again.

A fierce fraternal war was the consequence of Duke Frederick's escapade at Constance. His brother, Ernst the Iron, Duke of Styria, who had come to his rescue at the invasion of Tyrol by the Bavarians, now assumed a hostile attitude when the great ban of the Church and of the Empire ostracised his unfortunate brother. A provisional Government of Tyrol was the result of these internecine hostilities, and both Ulrich and Hans v. Frundsberg were among the seven leading nobles selected to act as Governors of districts.

Frederick, after endless adventures which are still the subject of many a legend, came to his own in the end, making his peace with Church and State and brother. The peace which ended these hostilities was arranged, as we mentioned in the first chapter, by two powerful intermediaries, Duke Louis of Bavaria, and the Archbishop Eberhard of Salzburg, at the latter's castle of Kropfsberg. There, on October 4, 1416, the long estranged royal brothers, after long and mortal feud, in which streams of blood had been shed, shook hands and became friends again.

The remainder of Duke Frederick's reign was a comparatively peaceful one, and as about this time Ulrich and Hans v. Frundsberg seem to have died—the year of their demise is unascertainable—the records of the country at this time contain little of interest respecting the Frundsbergs. Immediately after Frederick's death in 1439, however, occasion arose for active intervention on the part of the foremost nobles of Tyrol. For the late ruler's son was only eleven years of age, and it became a burning question which of his Habsburg kinsmen should be allowed to seize the reins of government during the youth's minority. We find that among the leaders of the nobles, Wolfgang v. Frundsberg came much to the fore, and when in 1443 at the termination of the first regency a new governing body was appointed, this same Knight Wolfgang and his brother-in-law, Percival v. Annenberg, were selected by Emperor Frederick as Regents of the country.

According to Burglechner this Wolfgang v. Frundsberg was the son of Hans v. F. owner of castle Petersberg. But as we see from the following document he must have been a brother or cousin of the F. who possessed Castles Matzen and Lichtwehr. It appears that in the same year in which Knight Wolfgang was installed as one of the Regents of Tyrol, the Emperor Frederick III. at whose court in Vienna his ward Sigismund was receiving his education, visited that country in company with young Sigismund. While at Hall the Emperor issued a rescript to the Wardens of the salt mines commanding them that as his trusty Councillor Wolfgang v. F. had proved to him by documents that his forebears had received from the said salt mines an annual subsidy of salt to the amount of 15 cwt. to Castle Matzen, and 9 cwt. to Lichtwehr as well as a certain quantity to Petersberg the said Warden is to continue these subsidies to Wolfgang, Ulrich and Hans v. F. From this we can judge how large were the requirements of a castle in the way of this necessary of life.

The first years of the young Duke Sigismund's reign, after his long minority of seven years, were fairly peaceable, and we have nothing of special interest to note concerning the Frundsbergs. In 1453 however the family became suddenly involved in a weighty State affair, by a claim of prior possession formulated by the quarrelsome Cardinal of Cusa, otherwise Bishop of Brixen, concerning the two important lordships of Steinach and Matrei, as well as the castles of Strassberg and Petersberg. It appears that in the year 1392 the four brothers Frundsberg and their mother had received from the See of Brixen the two first named manors as security for a large sum which their late father and husband, Ulrich v. Frundsberg, had advanced to the Bishop.* Sixty-one years later, when the period within which they could be redeemed had long expired, the Cardinal suddenly demanded the two manors and the two castles back. It was a quarrel that speedily assumed serious proportions, for these claims clashed with the temporal authority of Duke Sigismund, who took up warmly the cause of his vassals the Frundsbergs. A meeting between the sovereign, the Cardinal and the Frundsbergs that took place at Innsbruck, May 29, 1454, proved abortive, and was soon followed by hostilities. Sieges, reprisals of all sorts and kinds, with a good deal of bloodshed marked in the usual way the long-drawn-out feud between Church and State. Two Popes pronounced the great ban of the Church in 1457 and 1460 upon the Duke and his abettors, amongst whom the Frundsbergs were of course the most active. What were the final results of this internecine warfare, which lasted for some eleven years, need not be here related, but in the end the two castles, Petersberg and Strassberg remained in the possession of the Frundsbergs.

There is ample evidence to show that some of the Frunds-

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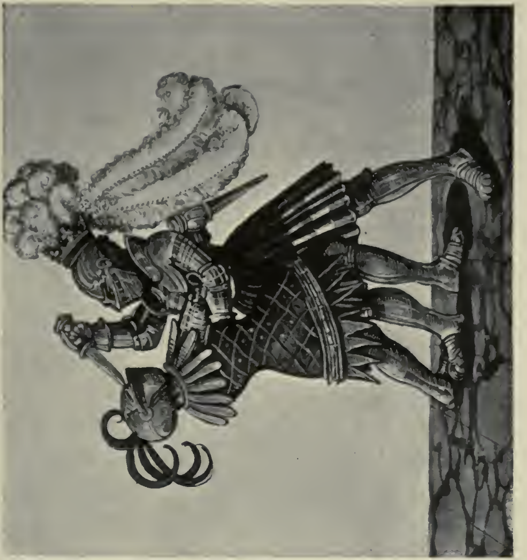
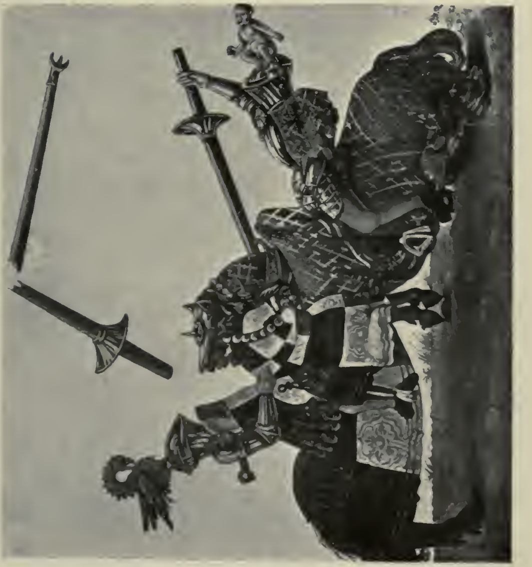
* Ulrich had lent the Bishop of Brixen six hundred Mark Silver in 1365, which he sorely needed to pay his fees to Rome.





bergs were keen sportsmen. Thus, as has already been mentioned, Hans and Georg v. Frundsberg owned about the middle of the 14th century the shooting rights in a very famous locality, *i.e.*, the Floitenthal. There ibex were still to be found in the beginning of the 18th century, and to-day it is the best stocked chamois preserve in the whole country, *i.e.*, Prince Auersperg's.

A decade or two later we come across another instance of the Matzner Frundsbergs' devotion to sport, for by a grant issued by Duke Frederick of Tyrol on March 23, 1407, to "his dear and trusty Hans and Ulrich v. Frundsberg brothers" he permits them as a special mark of his gracious favour to hunt all kind of game, always excepting red deer (which he reserves to himself), in the demesnes and within the jurisdiction of the two strongholds Strassberg and St. Petersberg, and he orders and commands his head keepers and forestmasters not to hinder in any way the said Knights in the pursuit of their sport (Ferdinandeum).

Some forty years later (1448 A.D.) Frederick, Duke of Tyrol, grants his "trusty Wolfgang v. Frundsberg" the privileges of the free chase in the Oetzthal, then one of the choicest game districts in the country.

At this period of its history the Castle as well as the family that had been so long seated in it must have exercised a dominant influence in parts of the Innthal, for a good many of the measures for solids and liquids and weights in daily use by its inhabitants were called after them. We come across a Matzner *Haferstar* or peck, and a Matzner *Metzen* or bushel for oats and corn, and a Matzner *Yhre* or barrel as a measure for wine, etc. In the jurisdiction of Castle Frundsberg there were pecks, pounds and barrels called after the lord's name.*

We now reach an important event in the family of the Frundsbergs. This was the removal of the main branch from Tyrol to the neighbouring Suabia. It was preceded by the exchange of their ancestral castle of Frundsberg in 1467,* and the sale of Castles Matzen and Lichtwehr in the following year, no less than the purchase of the Suabian castle and town of Mindelheim, to which belonged 38 villages. This great estate Ulrich v. Frundsberg, the Tenth, son of the defender of Matzen, acquired about that time if not in the very year that Matzen was sold, from his wife Barbara's brother, Bero v. Rechberg.† No reasonable explanation has been furnished by historians why this, the main branch of the Frundsbergs, turned their backs upon the country where they had so long played an important part; but it seems probable that the unsatisfactory outcome of the last feud may have had a good deal to do with it. The voluntary uprooting of a great territorial family from the soil of their origin was in those days an exceedingly rare event, and one running counter to every tradition and custom of feudal institutions. Whatever the reasons were that caused this immigration to Suabia they must have been weighty ones.

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* W. Rottleuthner, *Die alten Localmasse und Gewichte.* Innsbruck, 1883.

At the time when the move was made Knight Ulrich X. and Dame Barbara were still engaged in filling their nursery, for of the fourteen children of their union, all the elder children were born in Tyrol, probably at Matzen, where

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* Authorities differ respecting the date when the Frundsbergs acquired Mindelheim. Some writers give the year 1467, others 1463, others 1473, others 1487.

† This Bero was the grand-nephew of Duke Ludwig of Teck, Patriarch of Aquileia the last male of this famous line of nobles, who, as we have already heard, played an important rôle in Tyrol's history in Duchess Margaret's time. During the lifetime of this Duke Ludwig (he died 1439), he gave the great estate of Mindelheim to his nephews Bero and Albrecht of Rechberg, the former of whom was our Barbara's father. Mindelheim must have been a very important place, for we know that in 1391 it was mortgaged by Duchess Anna of Teck to Burkard v. Freyberg for 3000 fl.

Ulrich seemed to have chiefly resided. His youngest son, George the famous founder of the invincible *Landsknechte*, was however born in Mindelheim, on Sept. 24, 1473, an event which one regrets not to be able to claim for Matzen.

Of Ulrich the Tenth's many sons, several besides George distinguished themselves. Ulrich (XI.) became Bishop of Trent. Adam followed in the steps of his uncle and father, and rose to be one of the leaders of the Suabian league, while Thomas (who retained the castles St. Petersberg and Strassberg in Tyrol), became military Governor of that country. To this post much honour but also much responsibility was attached in those extremely troubled days, when the Venetians, the Swiss, the Bavarians and those most dreaded of all foes, the Turks, were threatening Tyrol's boundaries on every side, and religious disturbances and peasant riots were causing strife and bloodshed in the very heart of the country.

The three brothers Frundsberg George, Adam and Thomas were much esteemed by the Emperor Maximilian, and in his highly interesting "Freydal,"* which is unquestionably the most authoritative work existing upon tournaments and jousts, three of the curious illustrations (Pl. 59, 60. and 61) depict single combats between the Emperor and the three Knights. Freydal was begun about 1502 and was completed some time before the Emperor's death (1519). The original now in Vienna, was formerly in the Ambras collection, and it bears many corrections and additions by the Emperor's own hand.

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* "Freydal," like the better known "Theuerdank" and "Weisskunig," is a most curious literary production, written by the versatile ruler not so much in the spirit of self-glorification as with the desire to do honour to the Habsburg dynasts as a whole. In one place the royal author, as if to excuse his literary diligence, remarks that when a man dies only the memorials that he has created will preserve him in the memory of the survivors, while those who have left no such memorials are forgotten as quickly as is the tolling of the bell. "For this reason," he plaintively adds, "will the money which I spend upon this memorial"—meaning "Freydal"—"not be expended in vain."

The fighting instincts of the Frundsbergs seem to have received considerable encouragement in the new Suabian surroundings, for we find the two brothers, Ulrich X. and Hans (they had married sisters), taking a leading part in forming the famous Suabian League. It consisted of the more law-abiding nobility of South Germany, and had for its object the upholding of the noble's rights against the extortions of the Dukes of Bavaria and Württemberg, as well as the suppression of various bands of robber Knights who were committing horrible depredations.* Knight Hans became the head of this great federation, and in 1492 the young Georg had his first lesson in the art of war, fighting under his uncle against Bavaria.† In 1499, by which time his elder brother Adam had become a leader of the League, the war with the Swiss cantons brought George face to face with the most famed peasant soldiers of the time, who, ever since their signal victories over the mail-clad Austrian and Burgundian nobility, had enjoyed the reputation of invincibility. It was George v. Frundsberg who was destined at a later date to rob them of this halo. Two little incidents mentioned by one of Georg's biographers (Casselmann) show us the fine discipline of these Swiss levies. At one of the engagements in the depth of winter, a Swiss troop was in the act of wading across the Rhine when the word of command to halt rang out. For two hours the men stood uncomplainingly up to their shoulders in the icy cold water, shielding their faces with their hands against the driving ice floes. Two months later, at the battle of Frastenz, George witnessed the heroic death of the gigantic Wolleb of Uri, who, following the less historic example of Winkelried at Sempach, lifted up six or eight of the pikes grasped by the attacking imperialists, by holding his own athwart, and thus forcing an opening in the latter's ranks at the cost of his own life. Of the widespread destruction wrought by wars at that period this short campaign was a good object-lesson, for over two thousand castles and villages were burnt or destroyed.

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* These robber Knights terrorized many parts of South Germany. When captured they were hanged with little ceremony. Thus in one little town (Hall) twenty one were hanged in one year, and in one summer's campaign the League destroyed twenty three castles belonging to these gentry.

† In the introduction to "Freydal" Quirinon v. Leitner states (p. lxxvii.) that George v. Frundsberg first saw war under his brother Adam v. Frundsberg, a captain of the League. This is incorrect, for not only was Adam, as he himself acknowledges, a younger man than Georg (L. makes G. v. F. the fourth and Adam the fifth son of Ulrich X.), but we know G. v. F. first served under his uncle Hans v. F. in the year 1492. (Barthold, 118-9.)

According to his five biographers George was cast in a heroic mould; his bodily strength must have been prodigious. Standing on a hill he could instantly bring to a dead stop a horse galloping down the slope; with his outstretched middle finger he could push to the ground the strongest man; with his thighs he could move the heaviest piece of field ordnance; in his hand he could crumple a new horse-shoe or break three "thaler" pieces, and he could lift an almost incredible weight (one writer says 10 cwt.) above the level of his head. One of his early feats of arms is said to have been the cleaving of a French Knight with his glaive, so that the two halves fell apart.

It was at the battle of Regensburg (1504) which so nearly ended Maximilian's earthly career—his horse was killed under him—that George v. Frundsberg distinguished himself so markedly that the Emperor knighted him on the field.* From that day he was entrusted with tasks that left full scope to his military genius. It would be dry reading to enumerate the twenty-seven battles, forty-three minor engagements and thirty-nine sieges at which the gigantic Knight "mowed his way" through the ranks of the enemy where they were the thickest. The soil of the Netherlands, of France from the Mediterranean to the Channel, of Italy from the Milanese hills to the Venetian mountains, from Verona to Rome, and that of Germany, north, south, east and west, drank deep the blood drawn by this inveterate fighter and his dreaded "naked boys," as they were called on account of their wearing but little or no armour. At the battle of Bicocca, George wrenched from the famous Swiss mercenaries their title of invincibility, and this by the introduction for the first time in history of fire tactics. It was on this occasion that his trained matchlock men drawn up in treble files and distributed in companies at various spots, were ordered to reserve their fire until the word of command. The first file were to fire off their pieces, and to throw themselves on the ground and reload; then the second row did the same, and the third file followed suit, thus keeping up a stream of bullets that disconcerted the enemy, wholly unaccustomed to such novel tactics.

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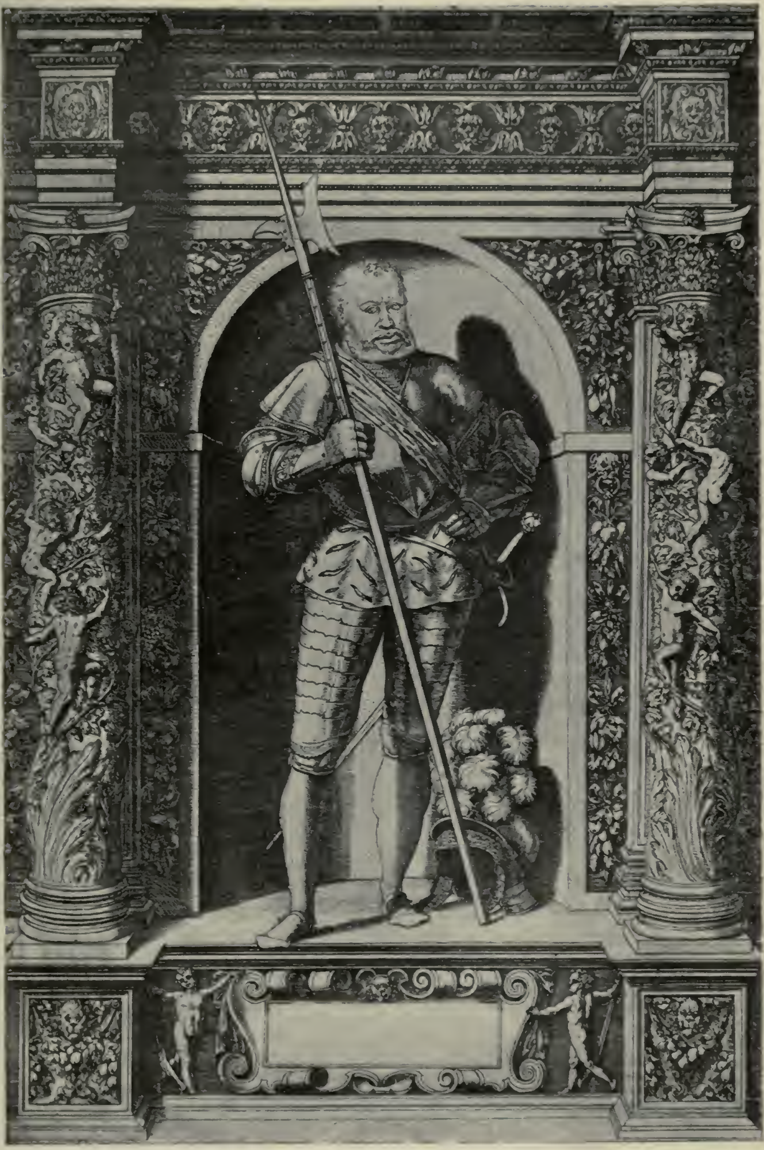
* The prospective loot on this occasion was unusually large, for Duke George of Bavaria, known as the rich Duke, possessed amongst other treasures the figures of the twelve apostles in life-size of solid silver, and that of Christ in solid gold, besides a tower filled, it was believed from top to bottom, with barrels of coined money.

George v. Frundsberg had the habit of taking or of sending home to his beloved Mindelheim any striking trophies that he garnered, and there they were placed in the Castle church over the family sepulchre. Flags and banners galore, from the first Bohemian "*Fähnlein*" that he took with his own hands at the battle of Regensburg, to the great State banner of proud Venice that rewarded his victory at the battle of Padua where the odds were so great against him that on the eve of it the Venetian General invited the *signori* of the town to come out and watch his troops make mincemeat of the "naked boys." Here also was the golden sceptre and the silver "key of the sea," symbols of Genua's mightiness, which



were presented to him after his valiant *Landsknechte* had stormed the mighty fortress; the bejewelled sword of state that used to be carried in front of the pomp-loving Francis I., which he received after the battle of Pavia; the helmet the top of which a cannon ball at the siege of Hohenasperg had torn from his head, the iron gauntlet in which was still the hand of huge Langenmantel, the renegade son of Augsburg's burgomaster, who, fighting in the famous Black Band on the French side at Pavia, challenged George to single combat with the result that he first lost the hand with which he traitorously had forsworn his country, and then also his life. These and other curious trophies lined the Mindelheim church, but of treasure and valuables such as he could have amassed in untold quantities in the course of his life, Mindelheim did not contain anything, for he steadfastly refused his lion's share of booty and ransom in favour of his "brave varlets." And when this fine old hero was carried in a litter from near Rome (where the revolt of his otherwise faithful troops, who for many months had received no pay, brought on a stroke of apoplexy) to Mindelheim which he reached a speechless and broken wreck to die eight days later, there was not a jewel or valuable left in that great castle. George v. Frundsberg sank into his grave a poor man (1528). His end was a singularly pathetic instance of the ingratitude of Kings and Princes.

During his long career whenever money was lacking wherewith to pay his troops, George v. Frundsberg advanced the cash; and, as in those days the leaders of armies, when victorious, were in the habit of repaying themselves by retaining a lion's share of the loot, and of the big ransoms of important prisoners of war, George's unselfishness was not understood. Even Maximilian, devotedly attached as he was to his *Leutefresser*, "Devourer of men," as the Swiss called him, failed to refund to him the moneys so advanced, and in Charles V.'s reign matters were even worse, for the austere Charles was an unapproachable ruler. All George's family plate, his silver and gold cups presented to him by Kings and Dukes all over Europe, his wife's jewels, and even the great gold chain that Maximilian had once given him, had gone to the Jews and heavy mortgages rested on Mindelheim.

George v. Frundsberg's device was "The more enemies, the greater the honour," and on the celebrated occasion of his meeting Martin Luther he encouraged the reformer by reminding him of it. It was on the occasion of the famous Diet of 1521 when Charles V. in person confirmed George's appointment as Oberster Feldhauptmann of Tyrol (Commander General) that they met, as Luther was about to enter the great hall. Patting him on the shoulder, the burly George said: "Little Monk, you are going on an errand the like of which I, and many an honest soldier, with life long training in the hottest battles would not like to face."

It was at Bicocca that George v. Frundsberg in front of the two hostile armies, fought his famous combat with his old foe, Winkelried, one of the leaders of the 15,000 Swiss who were fighting on the French side. "It's well that I meet you here, old fellow," exclaimed the gigantic Winkelried, "for this day you must die at my hand." "If God wills that shall happen to you," replied George, and though the Swiss succeeded in piercing George's thigh with his halbert, the immense strength of George prevailed, and Winkelried shared the fate of the equally dreaded Swiss leader, Albrecht von Stein.

Dozens of stories of the popular hero's personal prowess, of his single-minded devotion to his soldiers, of his unassuming modesty and his love for his home and children, are told by his contemporaries. They all evince in what great estimation the burly father of his soldiers was held, and how in an age of extreme corruption he kept his name clear of the faintest reproach.

George left nine children. Two of them followed in the steps of their father; Melchior, the "*eques splendidissimus*" as was put on his monument, who died at Rome a few months after the sack of the city, and Kaspar, one of Charles V.'s most distinguished generals. The latter inherited Mindelheim, and, by marriage with a Firmian, kept up his connection with Tyrol. His only son, George, who reached manhood, left no male issue by his marriage with a Countess of Montfort of Tyrol, and so the famous Frundsberg race became extinct in the male line at his death in 1586.* When he was laid to rest that impressive feudal ceremony, "the burying of the shield," always carried out at the demise of the last male of a line, was duly observed, and the great war-buckler bearing the family's coat-of-arms and the swan as crest was laid over the body with all the mediæval pomp usual on such occasions.

His will gave rise to a celebrated lawsuit which dragged on for many years, and about which there exists a very library of ancient law literature.† The real heiress to whom the vast estate of Mindelheim should have fallen as the only child of the dead noble's sister, was Mary von Schwarzenberg, but as it was the testator's dear wish that she should marry her kinsman the Knight Maxelrain, and that the latter should in that case take the name of Frundsberg, he made him in his will a co-heir. Unfortunately the young people failed to fulfil the testator's behest, and Mary married one of the Fugger clan. Assisted by a large armed force and the strong walls of the castle, the latter kept the less powerful Maxelrain out of the part-ownership of Mindelheim. After many years of litigation in the highest courts of the Empire, Maxelrain turned his rights over to the Duke of Bavaria, who, backed by a large force besieged and took forcible possession of Mindelheim in spite of the furious protestations of the disgusted Fuggers, whose star was then already on the wane.

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* In the female line descendants of this famous warrior survive. George von F.'s youngest daughter (Burglechner spells her name Siganna) married, as I have lately been able to establish, one Erasmus von Venningen, the direct ancestor of the still flourishing Barons of that name.

† The folio volume, *Causæ Hereditatis domini Georgii de Frundsperg Baronis in Mindelheim* (August Vind. 1602), gives perhaps the best account of this mediæval *cause célèbre*.

Mindelheim, raised by the Emperor for this occasion to the dignity of a principality, formed a part of the German empire's reward presented to the victor of Blenheim at the close of the war of the Spanish Succession.* It remained in the Duke of Marlborough's hands until the peace of Radstadt, and it is certainly a curious coincidence which links in this way the names of two great warriors, for the redoubtable George von Frundsberg certainly deserves that designation. Less widely known to posterity than Marlborough none of the battles he won were of the same importance as those gained by the great Marlborough, for at Pavia which his *Landsknechte* won,† he acted under Lannoy's orders,‡ but the odds he boldly faced on more than one important occasion were greater than any against which the more modern captain of armies had to cope.

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* It was at Mindelheim that the two great captains of their age, Marlborough and Prince Eugene, met for the first time on June 10, 1704. Vehse, ii. p. 85.

† That this was the case is confirmed by Gregorovius when he writes (vol. viii. p. 445): "Der Tapferkeit der Landsknechte Frundsberg's erlagen such die Schwarzen Banden, Das entschied den Kampf in wenigen Stunden."

‡ Viceroy Lannoy writing to Charles V. on the evening of the memorable 25th Feb., after Pavia had been won, says: "Sire, messire George de Fransbergue vous a bien servi, aussi Marc Sitig, le comte de Salme . . . et vous plaise leur écrire bonnes lettres." Lanz, p. 153.

CHAPTER IX

HOW GEORGE VON FRUNDSBERG CAME TO FOUND THE LANDSKNECHTE, WHO WERE THE FIRST DRILLED MERCENARIES IN EUROPE

GEORGE V. FRUNDSBERG'S fame, as the reader will have gathered, rests as much upon his talent for military organisation and the new tactics which he so successfully introduced, as upon the actual victories he won. Tyrol was his favourite mustering-place and among his captains there figure many Tyrolese. Some of his most famous battles and at least one of his notable sieges (that of the mountain stronghold of Peutelstein) took place in Tyrol. For these reasons I am tempted to interpolate here a short chapter dealing with the organisation of Frundsberg's *Landsknechte*, which was not only the most striking feature of Tyrol's military life in the 16th century, but secures for it the honour of having been the cradle of drilled professional infantry.

To realise the momentous changes that have been evolved during the last four centuries in military institutions, it must be remembered that up to the 16th century when a sovereign or feudal lord went to war he had but to call upon his vassals and they in turn requisitioned their liege men. All were bound by feudal tenure to give their military service gratis for a given length of time, varying from 40 days to three months or more. Very little ready money was required to start hostilities, and when once war was on foot the expiration of the time-limit for gratuitous service failed in most cases to end it, for it was, of course, as much in the interest of the lieges to bring it to a successful termination as it was for the over-lord. But the feudal system was doomed. The use of gunpowder that respected neither birth nor valour, the growth of towns, a largely increased output of gold and silver both in Europe and in newly discovered worlds, all contributed to the final undoing of the feudal system, and to the creation of a new force for war purposes. This was the "invention" as chroniclers called it, of professional foot soldiers, who hired themselves out to those who offered the best terms and in whose service they would have the best chances of making rich booty.

Louis XI. of France was the first to establish a paid corps of cavalry, the Compagnies d'Ordonnance, though we know of earlier isolated instances of Knights serving for hire. The abortive attempt of his father to create such a force being perhaps the best known.* It was, however, the versatile and energetic Maximilian, to whom credit must be given for the creation of the first German foot mercenaries or infantry in the modern sense.

To the reforming eye of Maximilian the drawbacks of warfare in the old style must have been very apparent. One which became quite insufferable was the usual aftermath of a war, when the leaders disbanded their troops and the finances certainly of one side, and generally of both, were so exhausted that when the war-worn soldiers came to return home, they were absolutely moneyless, and often also homeless ; for victors ravaged the enemy's country in the most ruthless manner, and the sack of a town which was the usual preliminary step before its partial or entire destruction by fire, was the customary reward granted to the victors. Looting was therefore in the men's blood, and loose as was all military discipline, all order and regard to law disappeared when an army was dispersed. Banded together in smaller or larger troops this dissolute rabble became highwaymen, ravaging and pillaging the country, attacking and plundering insufficiently fortified castles and towns, waylaying and robbing traders' caravans, pillaging cloisters and churches, and burning down villages. Of the tactics of these dangerous elements, known on account of their excessively unclean habits, as the "Foul goats," Maximilian had received an early glimpse. This was at the beginning of his Hungarian campaign in 1491, when with an army composed largely of such a force, he besieged and took Stuhlweissenburg, and in accordance with the customs of the day gave over the doomed town to his troops for pillage. The loot was probably larger than was expected, or the campaign promised to be too long, and its hardships and dangers too great: anyhow, one fine day the troops packed up their looted treasures, and without a "by your leave" suddenly started homewards, leaving the angry Maximilian without an army, to manage as best he could, just as success could have been secured by boldly pushing onwards. So exasperated was the Emperor with these deserters that he ordered the sharpest reprisals to be taken. Intercepted in small bands by Maximilian's Viennese troops, a great number were put to the sword or thrown into the Danube, the waters of which, it was hoped, would be so poisoned by the "goats' carcases" as to spread the black death among the Turkish camps further down the river. This vigorous measure it is said saved the situation, and from that day Maximilian directed his whole energy to the formation of regular corps of foot mercenaries. These endeavours were much assisted by his good fortune to discover in the person of George von Frundsberg a veritable genius for military organisation. If not the creation, anyhow the organisation of the *Landsknechte* as this, the first paid and drilled infantry force was called, was the result of the latter's initiative and activity.

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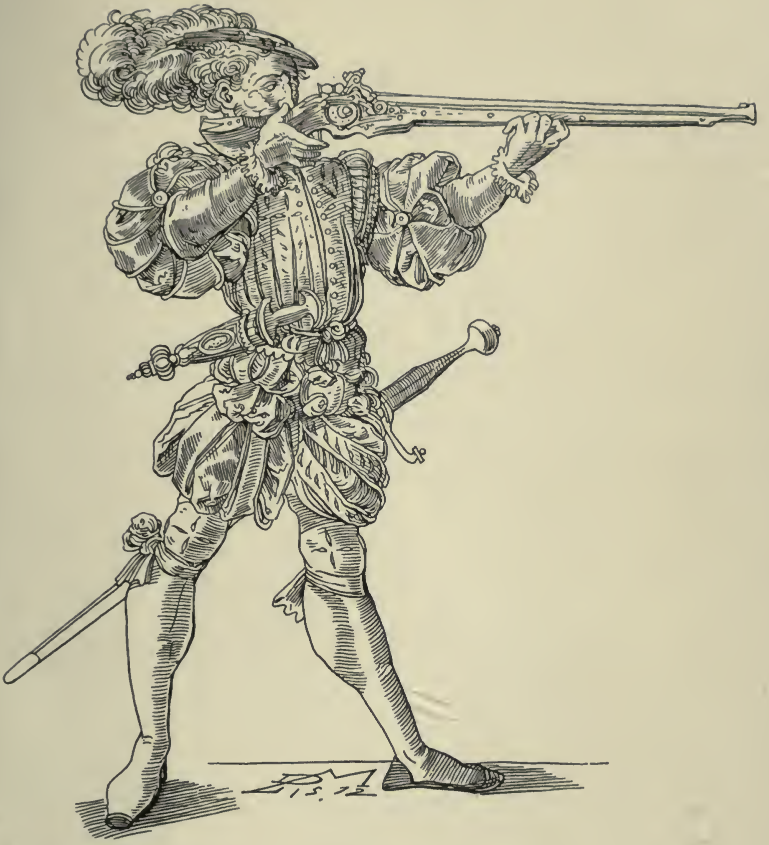
* The *taille* or tax introduced by Charles VII. for this purpose (1438) proved to be a more lasting institution than the troops, as his people found out to their cost.

It is impossible to give any definite year for the birth of the new force, for it came very gradually into being. But we can take the quarter of a century from the battle at Guingate, 1479 to 1504, as the period in which was rung the death knell of feudal military service, as well as the birth chimes of the new infantry. Unpaid foot-troops existed at an earlier date, for the Swiss defended their country famously by a militia recruited from a primitive peasant population when the country needed its service. It was a force of peasants fighting on foot that had taught the ancestors of Maximilian some very painful lessons. Sempach, a century earlier, had demonstrated to the Habsburgs that even unarmoured foot soldiers could rout the best equipped army of mounted Knights. And this, be it remembered, at a period when the use of hand fire-arms was still entirely unknown. How much greater therefore might not be the fighting value of an army of properly organised foot soldiers composed partly of pikemen, partly of men armed with matchlocks ? The latter arm was then beginning to come into general use, though another quarter of a century passed before its pre-eminent qualities were definitely established. This occurred at the battle of Pavia (1525) where the effect both moral and actual of infantry fire was so impressively demonstrated against troops known to be the bravest in the world, that all military prejudice against the use of hand fire-arms had to give way.

In the early stages a regiment of *Landsknechte* must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have presented not only an exceedingly unmilitary, but also a most grotesque appearance.* In their dress as well as in their arms there was an absolute lack of uniformity. The long and the short-handled pike, the halbert, the huge, and in close fighting certainly most clumsy double-handed sword from five to seven feet in length, and matchlocks of various sizes and calibres were the arms most frequently carried. The *Landsknecht's* dress, always notorious for its extravagance in material, colour and design, frequently bordered on the incredible, particularly after the sacking of a rich town, when velvets and satins stored away in the cupboards of rich citizens, as well as the beautifully embroidered church vestments, "got an airing," as one writer quaintly puts it. In the drawings of that period by Burgkmair, Dürer, and others, for which we have to thank Maximilian's love of art and his desire to glorify his Habsburg ancestors, there have come down to us many such pictures of these bizarrely accoutred foot soldiers. We see them strutting along in loose ranks, the men at the head unfurling huge war flags. Nearly all had huge hats adorned with great bunches of ostrich plumes on their unkempt heads. Their fantastically slashed and dagged doublets and their parti-coloured hose exhibited garish colours in strange contrast. On their feet they wore broad-toed shoes, upon which after the capture of a rich town, they would sew jewels and gold ornaments. In their hands they carried the strangest looking assortment of arms ever seen by man. In the rear of the column, stuffed away in endless rows of carts drawn by sorry looking horses or donkeys, or even by dogs, came a very heterogeneous assortment of camp equipage, cooking utensils, and looted property, while on top of the loads or walking behind the vehicles one saw a variety of more or less disreputable camp followers of both sexes. Over these the dreaded *Hurenweibel* with a staff of stout understrappers called *Trossweibel* armed with cudgels of which they made free use, held autocratic command. Not all the women belonged to the loose class, for sometimes wives and even children and dogs and goats accompanied the regiment. The women made themselves useful as cooks and nurses for the wounded and sick, for ambulance or field hospitals were then still quite unknown. The lot of even the respectable women must have been a very hard one, as colonels were naturally anxious to keep down the number of camp followers. In some cases of which statistics are known, this *Tross* was more numerous than the fighting men, particularly if the war was expected to furnish opportunities for the looting of rich towns (the ideal state of things in the eyes of the *Landsknechte*) lively pictures of which were always held out by the recruiting officers. A "regiment" in those days was a thing very different from what it has become in the last three hundred years. It was then virtually an army corps, instances of a regiment numbering 10,000 and even 12,000 men being known. Practically its size was determined by the depth of the Colonel's purse, his reputation, and what chances service under him held out of loot, or of capturing rich ransoms. It was no unit, as it is to-day. The standard of the size of a regiment was the number of *Fähnlein* it contained. Literally "flags" or "ensigns," the word meant "company." The *Fähnlein* which was sub-divided into *Rotten* or files, was supposed to consist of 400 men "all sound of body and of willing mind." Their captain, frequently called *Lacontent*, was appointed by the Colonel, while his subordinate, the *Rottenmeister* or leader of the file, or sergeant as we would call him, was chosen by the men themselves. Among the rank and file there existed two grades, the ordinary *Landsknechte*, with but little or no training, armed in a nondescript manner, and not possessing any body armour, and secondly the "Double-pay men" (*Doppel-söldner*) who could boast of some military experience, who were armed with at least a casquet, a hauberk and if not a brigandine and rere-braces, at least a pauldron for the protection of the shoulders, and possessed a matchlock and its tools or a sword and halbert. The latter resembled a Welsh glave with a straight cutting blade and long point, as we see in George's portrait (Pl. 62). While the former's wage was only 4 florins a month the latter received 8 fl., pay which, considering the purchasing power of money, does not compare unfavourably with our Tommy's shilling a day. But the trouble was that when once on the march pay was doled out in an exceedingly irregular way, for "petty cash" was at that time uncommonly scarce.

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* Amongst the existing voluminous literature on the *Landsknechte* the quaint effusions of Hans Sachs (*Lansknechtspiegel*) and the five hundred and fifty "gay and virtuous tales" told by one Kirchoff, are the most original contributions.

The money difficulties of sovereigns were however not of such far-reaching effect in regard to the formation of a "regiment" as they would be nowadays, for frequently the Colonel to whom the government entrusted this duty, or who in the stress of the moment undertook it on his own responsibility, was prepared to risk the necessary funds in a speculative spirit. A leader of a "regiment" in those times had many chances of making money, not the least being the ransom that prisoners of rank were willing to pay to regain their liberty,* and his portion of the loot captured in towns, or of the indemnity that these were only too willing to pay to escape the inevitable pillage after surrender. Defeat in such a war, of course, meant the loss of the money advanced for the pay of the troops, if nothing worse.

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* This ransom often amounted to very large sums. That paid by Francis I. after his capture at Pavia is said to have been 2 million sterling. The ransom of King John of France after his capture at Poitiers was fixed at 3000 times a thousand *ecus d'or* which would correspond with about 40 million sterling of our money, taking into consideration the respective value of money.

Men who undertook the formation of a "regiment" of *Landsknechte* were invariably tried warriors, for upon his reputation as a good leader depended the success of the call to arms. As a rule the colonel was empowered to call for recruits by the sovereign, but there are many instances when for urgent reasons these instructions were not awaited, and then the Colonel issued his own *Artikelbrief* setting out the conditions. Warrants would be issued by him to those whom he had selected as captains. Often the latter were willing to pay a substantial sum for the post.* Advance agents would be sent out to the district where it was thought the most numerous recruits could be secured, and if the Colonel was a warrior of renown, or the financial outlook of the coming war seemed promising, then the rolls were quickly filled. Press-gangs and crimps were unknown. The man joined voluntarily, and if passed by the officer of the muster, received the customary *Handgeld* or *Laufgulden*, to which probably the "Queen's Shilling" of our own day owes its origin. It was often the only cash that he saw for many a long day, though on occasions a too long delay of payment had terrible results. Woe to the country in which the discontented *Landsknechte* then happened to be. The sack of Rome and that of Antwerp were but two instances of the terrible havoc worked by them under such circumstances.

Some of the ceremonies observed at the muster of a "regiment" are worthy of a brief description. The

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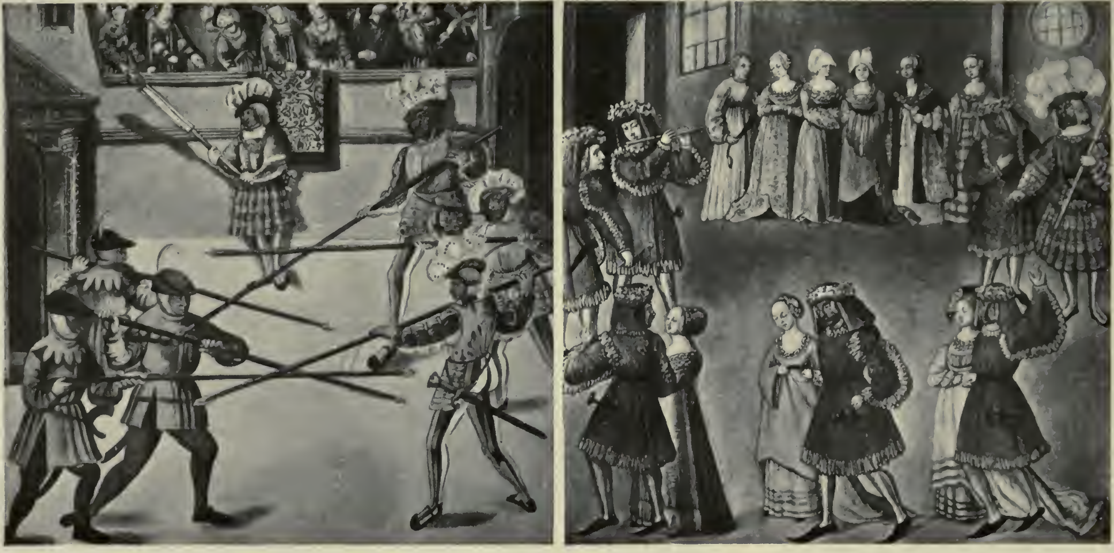
* A writer in the *Quarterly Review* considers that the practice of purchasing commissions only recently done away with in the English army, can be traced back to these early incidents in the formation of *Landsknecht* regiments. Like the companies of John Hawkwood they were at bottom a society of military adventurers; men would pay highly for the privilege of commanding a company of *Landsknechte*, for the position meant a large share of prize money.



person as well as the arms of the recruits who offered themselves were subjected to a critical examination. A gateway formed of two halberts stuck into the ground with a pike laid across the tops, similar to the old Roman *Jugum*, marked the site where stood the Colonel mounted on horseback or on a mule, as George v. Frundsberg always was. He was surrounded by his officers and every recruit had to pass through the gate singly. Experienced eyes were keenly bent upon him to discover any defects of his person or of his arms, or to detect tricks such as parading with borrowed arms, or even fraud in answering a fictitious name so as to pocket the *Handgeld* twice over.

As very few men could write or read, the "articles" were read out and the men that had been accepted sworn in the presence of the whole regiment after a paternal speech from the Colonel whom they probably saw for the first time on this ceremonious occasion. To remind the motley assemblage that discipline—of a sort—would be upheld, a high gallows was erected close at hand, and the executioner in his fantastical blood-red dress surrounded by his assistants gave further reality to the martial scene. Duties there were few except to fight bravely. Drill, as we understand it, there was little of more than an elementary form, at least not till later on, after the days of Pavia when it gradually began to dawn on the minds of leaders that certain evolutions could be better carried out by drilling the men. As the arms were each man's own property, it was his own look-out to keep them in a serviceable condition. Gunpowder seems to have been the only article furnished to the individual by the government or by the Colonel.

Discipline was of the most primitive nature, but the few rules that did exist were strictly enforced, for we may well suppose that over such a rowdy assemblage only an iron hand could rule. Curiously enough the men themselves adjudicated upon crimes committed by their fellows. Drunkenness, it was held, was no excuse for committing crime. Brawling in camp among themselves was forbidden, but went unpunished if only the less dangerous side-arms were used, *i.e.*, when the pike or matchlock did not come into play. Manslaughter, even if committed under the influence of drink was punished with death, if either of the latter weapons were used. The verdict of the majority was required to sentence a man. On such occasions a court was formed under the direction of the Provost, witnesses would be heard and a pleader for the prisoner was appointed. Assessors, from twelve to twenty in number, chosen from the different companies, acquitted or sentenced the prisoner. There were two ways of carrying out the sentence; one was decapitation, which was the form in use if the Colonel was acting as representative of the sovereign. In pronouncing the sentence the culprit was told that the good order of the regiment required that his death should wipe out the stain of his crime; then the Provost broke a wand over him and handed him to the executioner with the command "to take him to an open space where people most do congregate and there cut his body into two parts in such wise that the head shall be the smaller and the body the larger part." The second manner of carrying out the death sentence did away with the executioner and placed the due carrying out of the sentence into the men's own hands. It was by letting "the poor man," as the prisoner was called from the moment sentence was pronounced over him, run the gauntlet, the long pike being the instrument by which the death strokes were delivered, hence also the name of the whole proceeding *Das Recht der langen Spiesse*, or the law of the long pikes. It was considered a less degrading punishment than death by the hand of the "man in the red doublet."

Some curious ceremonies were observed during the proceeding. The Judges or rather the Jury consisted of forty men chosen by vote from the different companies. The prisoner had a counsel, while the Provost "laid the complaint" in the prisoner's presence, after which the witnesses were heard. As there was only one punishment, viz., the capital one, the verdict returned by the forty jurors was indeed a question of life or death for the prisoner. If he was found guilty, the arrangements for carrying out the sentence were commenced forthwith, the prisoner being attended in the meanwhile by a priest for confession. Those of the *Landsknechte* who were armed with the long pike formed a lane, and they were formally reminded that to him who left a gap by which the prisoner could escape, death should be meted out. Then the Provost led the prisoner thrice up and down the lane to beg pardon and take leave of his comrades, and he admonished the men forming the lane that no man should deal his stroke from motives of malice or from personal spite. Then the standard bearers who had been circling round the assembly with flags flying and drums beating, stepped up and encouraged the doomed man to meet his fate like a man and promised him that his comrades would meet him halfway, and make his end as speedy as possible. Finally the men composing the long lane brought their pikes to the charge, the standard bearers took up their post at the end of the files opposite to the one where stood the prisoner, and the irons were taken off the latter's limbs. The Provost then asked the prisoner's pardon, saying that what was about to happen was necessary for the good order of the regiment and with three taps on the poor devil's shoulders in the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, he was sent forward on his last run towards the end of the lane where the standard bearers, as representatives of the regiment's honour, barred egress from it. The faster he ran, the more courage he showed in precipitating himself upon the pikes of his comrades, the shorter were his sufferings. When all was over the executioners knelt down and prayed while the whole regiment with flags flying and drums beating defiled three times round the spot, the matchlock-men firing three volleys in the name of the Trinity over the corpse.

There can be no doubt that this self-constituted manner of administering justice, as well as other customs to which we cannot refer on account of lack of space, did much to keep up a rough and ready sort of discipline. Indeed without some such regulative it would have been impossible to keep together a body composed of such unruly and heterogeneous elements. During the sixteenth century, to which the existence of the *Landsknechte* is confined (after that a standing force of regular and uniformed infantry took their place), it played a very important rôle, and to this institution we can trace back many of the customs and military details of our infinitely elaborated modern infantry.

CHAPTER X

THE STORY OF CASTLE MATZEN UP TO MODERN TIMES, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE FUGGERS, THE FIRST FAMILY OF MILLIONAIRES IN EUROPE

Having now finished the long tale of the Frundsberg family, and of its most famous son, we have to retrace our steps to the year 1468 in order to narrate the fate of Matzen subsequent to the emigration of its ancient owners. Its sale in the latter year was but the beginning of a long series of changes in its ownership. The circumstance that the accounts of these changes as given in modern histories and guide-books are in some of their details incorrect, tempts me to give a brief summary of the correct data gleaned from documentary sources, which appear to have been unknown to previous writers.

As the original deed of sale of Matzen and Lichtwehr is still extant, there can be no doubt that these castles passed in the year 1468, and not in 1467 or 1473, as some writers have stated, from Ulrich and Hans von Frundsberg, "both knights," as is expressly added, for the sum of 3500 Rhenish florins * into the possession of the Chamberlain of Archduke Sigismund and Warden of the Castle of Rottenburg, the noble Mathew Türndl v. Müllau. The two seals of the knights Ulrich and Hans are attached to the parchment in which are enumerated the names of

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* This was a large sum in those days. Four years before the Duke of Tyrol had acquired the important castle and extensive lordship of Tarasp for 2000 florins. In the previous reign the total revenue of Tyrol's Duke was 62,492 fl. (Brandis, p. 203), and the fortune of a great heiress, as was Thecla v. Frundsberg, amounted to 3500 fl.

over one hundred tenants in fief, and the amount of the tithes, rents, charges and fees payable by them in money or in kind to the lord of Matzen, as well as the names of the chases, fisheries, several lakes, fowling rights in the Brandenberg valley, and other feudal prerogatives attached to the lordship.

The Türndl were newly created nobles whose patent did not go back further than 1408, but Mathew had amassed great wealth by the Schwazer silver mines.

It is very probable that it was this wealthy noble who set to work to turn the fortress of Matzen into a pleasant place of residence by metamorphosing the low vaulted chambers with small and none too numerous windows into more liveable rooms with large casements, and by turning the wooden parapets and *Wehrgänge* that encircled the inner walls into passages with arched and groined ceilings. By this he brought the several detached portions of the stronghold into convenient communication with each other. There is, it is true, no absolute proof further than architectural assimilations to the style prevailing at the time to show that it was he who gave Matzen its present form; but the fact that two years after his purchase he caused the chapel at Matzen to be reconsecrated goes some way in support of this theory. It was again an historical church dignitary of the highest rank who performed the sacred act, *i.e.*, Cardinal Francis Piccolomini, subsequently Pope Pius III.* Cardinal Francis was at the time (1470) papal legate to his uncle Pius II., better known as Æneas Silvius.

Exactly fifty years later, for reasons we do not know, a reconsecration of the chapel became desirable, and for a third time in its history one of the leading ecclesiastics

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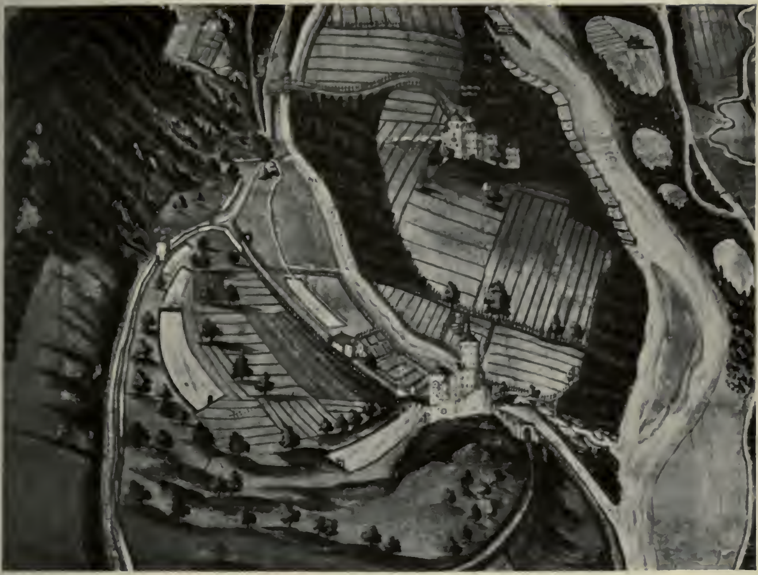
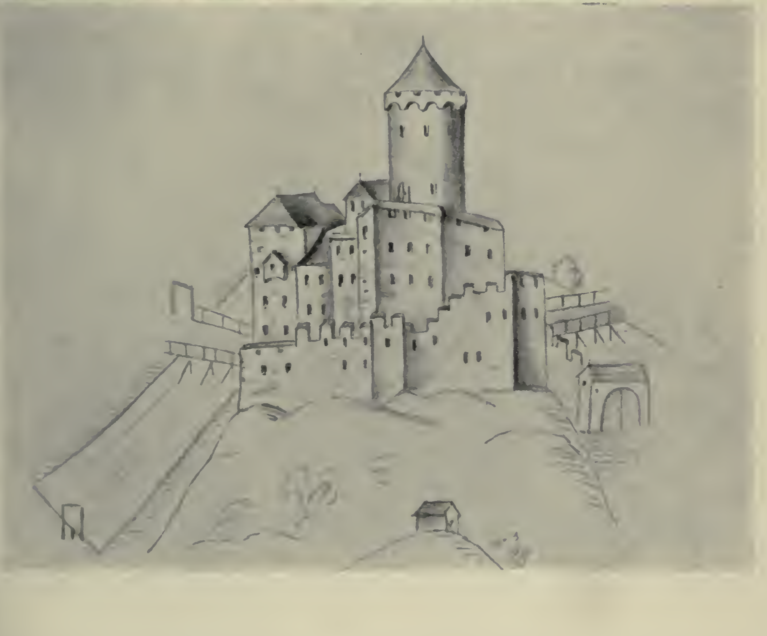
* Pius III. had, of all Popes, the shortest reign, for he died on the fifth day after his enthronement. Curiously enough, his rise, owing to his uncle's vast power, was so rapid that he had not even been ordained priest when chosen as Pope.





of Europe officiated in person. This time it was Mathew Lang, Archbishop of Salzburg, he who, five years later, had to thank George von Frundsberg for saving his life. For it was this great leader of the *Landsknechte* who delivered him from the fierce peasants who had all but captured the proud fortress of Salzburg. If that had happened, his fate would have been by far more terrible than that inflicted by the Inquisition, for they were filled with the most intense hatred to churchmen, who had trodden them under foot for centuries.

The Türndl did not retain Matzen very long. After the death of Knight Mathew in or about the year 1483, his son George * appears to have soon disposed of it, probably about the year 1492, to Anthony von Ross, who was a relation of his by marriage.

The Ross also did not belong to Tyrol's old nobility, for they were Italians, and still used at the time of their immigration into Tyrol, their original name Caballis, the Germanised rendering of "Horse" being certainly a less euphonious one.

Knight Anthony von Ross, the new lord of Matzen, was a very wealthy man, one of the foremost silver smelters at Schwaz, and owner of mines in several parts of Tyrol. He appears to have been a *persona gratissima* with Archduke Sigismund, who bestowed upon him the sole privilege to manufacture brass in Tyrol, and gave him permission to export 1000 cwt. of lead, an unusual favour at that time. Anthony seems to have retained the goodwill of Sigismund's successor on Tyrol's throne, for the Emperor Maximilian in his "Freydal" gives pictures of a masquerade dance performed by himself, with Ross as one of his three male partners, and of a tilt with spears (Pl. 64 and 65). The even more significant favour that had been bestowed on Knight Anthony by Sigismund, namely, the permission to hunt chamois in the mountains near Matzen, was apparently not confirmed by Maximilian, then still in the prime of his sport-loving manhood, for the mountains in this district were, as we have already heard, among the favourite hunting-grounds of the imperial *veneur*.

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* According to the meritorious researches of Herr Caspar Schwarz of Innsbruck, to whom I am indebted for many details in this chapter, the only action of Georg von Türndl of which record has come down to us is his commutation of a charge upon the salt mines at Hall, probably the one the Frundsbergs received from Emperor Frederick, for an annuity of 400 florins.

It was about this time that Matzen became the subject of a tedious and somewhat mysterious lawsuit, the cause of which is still a matter that wants clearing up. One explanation is that when Anthony v. Ross died, the Emperor Maximilian, oblivious of the circumstance that Matzen was allodial property, and not a Crown fief, enfeoffed his favourite, Veit Jacob Tänntzel or Tänzel, Knight of Tratzberg, with it. All we actually know about this *cause célèbre* is contained in two letters, preserved in the Imperial Archives at Innsbruck.* The earlier one is dated from that town, January 12, 1506, and is addressed by the Board of Regents and the Marshal of Tyrol to the Emperor Maximilian. In it they refer to previous reports made to his Majesty respecting the quarrel between the nobles Frawenberg and Tänntzel concerning the castle of Matzen, "which the last-named noble does not feel called upon to give up, and upon which he has caused to have much money spent. We have diligently acted upon your Majesty's orders, but as the parties refuse to come to any understanding, we have handed them our decision, *i.e.*, that Tänntzel should turn the Castle Matzen over to us, as representatives of your Maj., and that on the day of the *Conversionis Pauli* both sides should appear before us with their witnesses, and produce all the deeds and proofs they possess, so that justice can be done." Tänntzel seems to have had good friends in the highest quarters, and evidently did not lose much time in bringing potent influence to bear upon Emperor Maximilian. It is amusing to find that the Emperor's weakness for all that concerned sport was used as a lever to obtain his favourable decision, as we see from the second letter, which is dated from Munich, March 9, 1506, and is written by the Emperor's sister Duchess Kunigunde and her husband Duke Albrecht of Bavaria.

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* K. K. Statthalterei Archiv, Innsbruck, Maximiliana, xiii. 348.

"Most serene and most powerful King," it begins, and after assuring the Emperor of their humble and devoted sisterly and brotherly love, they venture to solicit his good offices on behalf of their dear and well-beloved Veyt Jacob Tänntzel, in his troubles anent the castle Matzen, "because he is a good sportsman, and he has on that account our good will and liking, and we therefore do not hesitate humbly to beg of your Maj. to show him your benevolence in his affairs respecting the castle, for which service we shall ever be grateful."

Unfortunately, nothing more is known, and none of the archives examined by me contain any further information about this curious suit, and the obstacle to which I have repeatedly referred as obstructing research, viz., that Matzen was not a fief but was an allodial property, is all the more annoying. But as the Tänntzel do not figure as owners of, or claimants to, Matzen in any subsequent existing document, we can take it for granted that the claims of his opponent, Frawenberg, prevailed in the end, for Knight Anthony's daughter, Anna, had married Sigmund von Frawenberg, and with her hand he acquired Castle Matzen.

In the opening chapter reference was made to Maxilian's Hunting Book, in which he describes the good sport obtainable on the mountains near Matzen, and before we bid a final good-bye to this great sportsman, a few remarks will not be out of place respecting this curious sporting chronicle, which has so much to do with the region upon which our eyes have rested so long. There were really two books; the one dealing with the chase of chamois and stag on the mountains of the Inn valley was called the *Gejaid Buch.* It was the older of the two, for it was commenced in or about the year 1499 by the Emperor's "Chief of Forests," Carl von Spaur. The other, the Fishing Book, was written in 1504, and deals with the same region. The singularly interesting illustrations in both treatises are by the same hand, which it is almost certain was that of Jörg Kölderer, Maximilian's Court painter. Unfortunately, it is impossible to reproduce these quaint illuminations in these pages with the rich colouring of the original; hence a great deal of the effect is lost. The originals are also much larger, viz., 12½ by 8½ in. The Fishing Book had long been known as one of the treasures that had been taken from the library of Ambras to the Imperial Library in Vienna, where it is MS. No. 7962, but the original of the Hunting Book had disappeared from Austria, the only trace of it that existed being an unillustrated transcript preserved in the *Stadthalterei Archiv* in Innsbruck. About ten years ago, while on a round of visits to Continental archives, I happened to be examining some MSS. on hunting in the Burgundian Library, now forming part of the Royal Library in Brussels, and while so engaged came by a happy chance across a vellum-covered folio, a glance at which assured me that I was holding in my hands the long-lost original.

Plate 11 is a reproduction of one of its illuminations. It shows us how the Emperor conducted his stag hunts in the very mountains stretching away on both sides of the valley before us. In the upper half of the picture we see the "Quest" by means of the limer or lyam hound who singled out and harboured the best stag. Upon the latter's slot the running hounds were then laid, much in the fashion still in use on Exmoor. These hounds were held in *hardes* consisting of three to each, and they were slipped, of course, only when the harbourer had done his work. In the centre of the picture we see a hart of fourteen dash across a stream, making straight for the woods, where under the cover of trees we see a *Jagdknecht* in red hose, holding a coupled brace of greyhounds. The sport that would presently ensue when these fleet beasts were laid on—hunting by sight and not by scent—was called the *Windthetz;* and the horseman following the hunted stag is evidently engaged in it. To judge by the frequency with which it is mentioned in the *Gejaid Buch*, it must have been a favourite sport of Maximilian. Another phase of sport goes on in the foreground of the picture, where a second, or possibly the same, deer of great head who has "soiled," *i.e.*, taken to water, is being shot with a crossbow by Maximilian seated on a white hunting horse. What the two men-at-arms with huge halberts in their hands, had to do in a stag hunt history does not relate; probably the artist placed them there to indicate the high rank of the sportsman.

To the critical eye of the modern artist the primitive ideas of perspective in these mediæval designs must seem ludicrous. In those days it was the artist's desire to convey to the reader in as compact form as possible various incidents, which in later periods would have been represented separately. Hence we observe crowded into one and the same picture many different episodes. In Pl. 12, which is taken from the Fishing Book, this is particularly noticeable, for Maximilian is to be seen there in four different positions. In the immediate foreground we observe him mounted on his sturdy white steed, depicted in the act of arriving on the scene, which, in this instance, was the *Achen See*, of which we can see from our window some of the mountains enclosing it. To prevent mistakes, the artist is careful to distinguish the Emperor by a purple hunting-cap, that being the only article of apparel that remains the same throughout the several episodes. The second of these depicts him in a boat, superintending the netting of trout for which the lake has always been famous. The specimen he is holding in his hand is a fish that must have scaled five or six pounds. The third scene in which the ubiquitous Maximilian is made to figure, occurs in the left-hand bottom corner, where he is being dressed for chamois stalking. A valet is removing his long fishing boots and strapping crampons on his feet, and to indicate that the ever-busy Emperor did not neglect the business of state on these occasions, a councillor is in the act of reading to him a report, and he is holding a roll of documents in his hand. We know from other sources that a well-regulated system of mounted despatch riders enabled Maximilian to transact even the most urgent matters of state while hunting in the mountains. When so engaged not even the most important state functions were allowed to stand in the way of his sport. Thus, in the autumn of 1501, on the arrival at Innsbruck of embassies from Spain and Venice, these august officials with their great trains had to repair to the *Achen See* in the wilds of the mountains to have their audience.* No meat or fowls could be obtained for the court, so sharpened appetites had to be appeased with meals of freshly caught trout, and some 272 lb. of them were devoured on one of these occasions.

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* Maximilian must have possessed considerable linguistic talents, speaking no fewer than eight languages, so that he could himself converse with most of the foreign ambassadors. Some of the languages he learnt when no longer under tutors, thus he knew neither Flemish nor French when he became engaged to Mary of Burgundy. In some of his delightful books he describes how he learnt French from his bride, teaching her German, while one of her ladies taught him Flemish. The English stepmother of Mary of Burgundy, Margaret of York, not only taught him English, but presented the young couple with a magnificent wedding gift of 100,000 florins, for she probably knew quite well how scarce cash then was at the Imperial court.

When hunting in the mountains, the humblest peasant could freely approach the Emperor and lay before him any complaint. In one of his treatises Maximilian dwells upon the advantages of sport, one being that sovereigns have thus opportunities afforded them of making themselves personally acquainted with the humblest of their people.

The fourth position in which we recognise the Emperor is that which the solitary figure occupies on the rocks over the last described group. Here he is in the act of firing his matchlock at a chamois standing in its familiar pose on a crag. This is a specially interesting detail, for it is one of, if not actually the earliest pictorial representation of the use of firearms in the chase of mountain game —at least I am not acquainted with any earlier picture. It is the only occasion where he is represented using the "fire-tube" at chamois or stag in lieu of the cross-bow or the javelin, which he threw at his game at close range.

This spirited illumination has other points of interest about it; one amusing detail it is impossible to discover without having before one the coloured original. On the right-hand bank of the lake about level with the boat we notice two men standing close together. One of them has a light-coloured sash and ribands flutter from his hat. These in the original are yellow, and at once reveal that we have before us the moneyed gentleman of semitic persuasion—all Jews were at that time obliged to wear distinguishing marks—without whose services many of Maximilian's expeditions would have come to a sudden termination. For financial considerations never weighed heavily with the extraordinarily enterprising but also strangely improvident monarch, and ready cash had often to be obtained at the last moment, at ruinous rates, from gentlemen wearing yellow sashes and hat-bands. The councillor who is conversing with the Hebrew holds in his hand a paper, probably an I.O.U., of which a number are preserved in various archives.

The quaintly gabled house so ludicrously out of perspective on the shore of the lake, was the sovereign's shooting box. It was erected by Maximilian's predecessor, Archduke Sigismund, who, with his beautiful Consort Eleanor of Scotland, or as there is some reason to presume, accompanied by other fair ladies, frequently dwelt in this idylic retreat. He called it the *Fürstenhaus*, a name that is still retained by the hideous barn-like hostelry that now occupies the site. Even in those days there could have been few spots where the best of shooting and fishing on mountain and lake could be obtained so conveniently. For six centuries the lords of the land had enjoyed there the finest imaginable sport, and some of the most famous mediæval sportsmen had laid low there hundreds of stags and chamois as well as bears. They were armed not with Mannlicher repeaters, but with cross-bows and spears. To-day, alas ! a huge ungainly summer hotel invaded by hordes of chattering trippers occupies the spot where once stood the old shooting-box, and the shrill whistle of the mountain railway that leads up to the lake from the main Inn valley, and that of steamboats churning up the tranquil waters of the Achen See, have destroyed for good and all the grand solitude of this beautiful spot. The ugliest of ugly modernity makes it nigh impossible to picture to oneself the scenes that were once enacted here.

But it is high time to return to the story of Matzen. Of the Emperor's visits to Matzen when in quest of sport during the tenure of that place by the Türndl, Ross and Tänntzel, no evidence has survived, but of his frequent stays at Tratzberg there is abundant proof. Thus, the two rooms usually inhabited by him still retain not only his name, but also the ancient time-darkened wainscot, and the fine old Gothic stove used in his time (Pl. 53). On the panelling of his bedroom, written in chalk, traced, so it is averred, by the great sportsman's own hand, is a device embodying in quaint rhyme his philosophy :

"I live I know not how long,
I die I know not when,
Must go I know not whither;
I wonder that I so joyful be."*

For some decades after the lawsuit, the history of Matzen becomes unaccountably enshrouded in mystery. The acquisition of important castles on the part of the new men who were amassing great wealth by the silver mines of the Unter-Innthal appears to have become exceedingly fashionable. Thus Anthony von Ross had gathered to himself not only Matzen, but also Lichtwehr, the stately Friedberg and Hadmating.

Unsubstantiated accounts by chroniclers that have been blindly copied by modern historians say that Anton, the son of Sigismund v. Frawenberg (who died in 1523) sold Matzen to another wealthy, recently ennobled silver smelter, Sigismund Fieger,† the date of this transaction being given as 1521. On the face of it, this date has to be regarded with some suspicion, as the father was then still alive. Be this as it may, the *Fiegers* did not possess Matzen long, for already in the year 1551 another wealthy family connected with the mines were in possession of it.

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* The German original verse runs:

"Ich leb Waiss nit wie Lang,
Und Stürb Waiss nit Wan,
Muess Fahren Waiss nit Wohin,
Mich Wundert das ich so Froelich Bin."

Visiting Tratzberg on one occasion with the late Lord Powerscourt, who was much interested in these Maximilian rooms, he spontaneously translated them in the above version. In his subsequently published "History of Powerscourt" he gives another rendering of this verse, made by the Archbishop of Armagh, but his own is, I think, a better one.

† At the wedding of one of the Fieger (they afterwards became Counts) the bride, one Margaret v. Pinzenau, a niece of the knight who lost his head in consequence of his untimely banter of Maximilian at the siege of Kufstein, was carried to her future home in a calvacade consisting of 4000 horses, the animals that drew the bridal carriage being shod, it is said, with shoes of solid silver.

These were the Zoppl, one Jacob of that ilk, who was head of the Rattenberg smelting works, being recorded as the new owner. This Zoppl appears to have enjoyed to an unusual degree the patronage of the Emperor Charles V., whether on account of his marriage to Regina, the daughter of the famous bronze founder, Georg Löffler of Innsbruck, or for other good reasons, it is impossible to say. Anyhow, not only he, but also his father and his brother Michael, were raised to knighthood by Charles V.

Fate did not permit Jacob Zoppl to enjoy his new nobility or Matzen for any length of time. From a deed in the castle archives we learn that he must have died in or before the year 1559, leaving but one child, Anna, of the tender age of three. Her two guardians, one of whom was her uncle, so the parchment relates, sold Matzen with its lordships and fortifications for 6770 florins to Knight Georg Ilsung von Tratzberg. By this purchase Matzen * and Tratzberg came for the third time into one and the same hand, for the Frundsbergs nearly two centuries before had received Tratzberg from Margaret of Tyrol as security for moneys advanced, and had held it until 1407, when it was redeemed by Duke Frederick.

The Ilsungs were very wealthy merchant princes of Augsburg and mine-owners at Schwaz. They were cousins of the beautiful Philippina Welser, Archduke Ferdinand's adored wife of burgher birth (Pl. 58), and by marriage they were kinsmen of the Fuggers, Count Jacob Fugger (III.) who died 1598, having married Anna Ilsung v. Tratzberg. All writers up to now agree that the Ilsungs passed Matzen on to the Fuggers in 1589 without any

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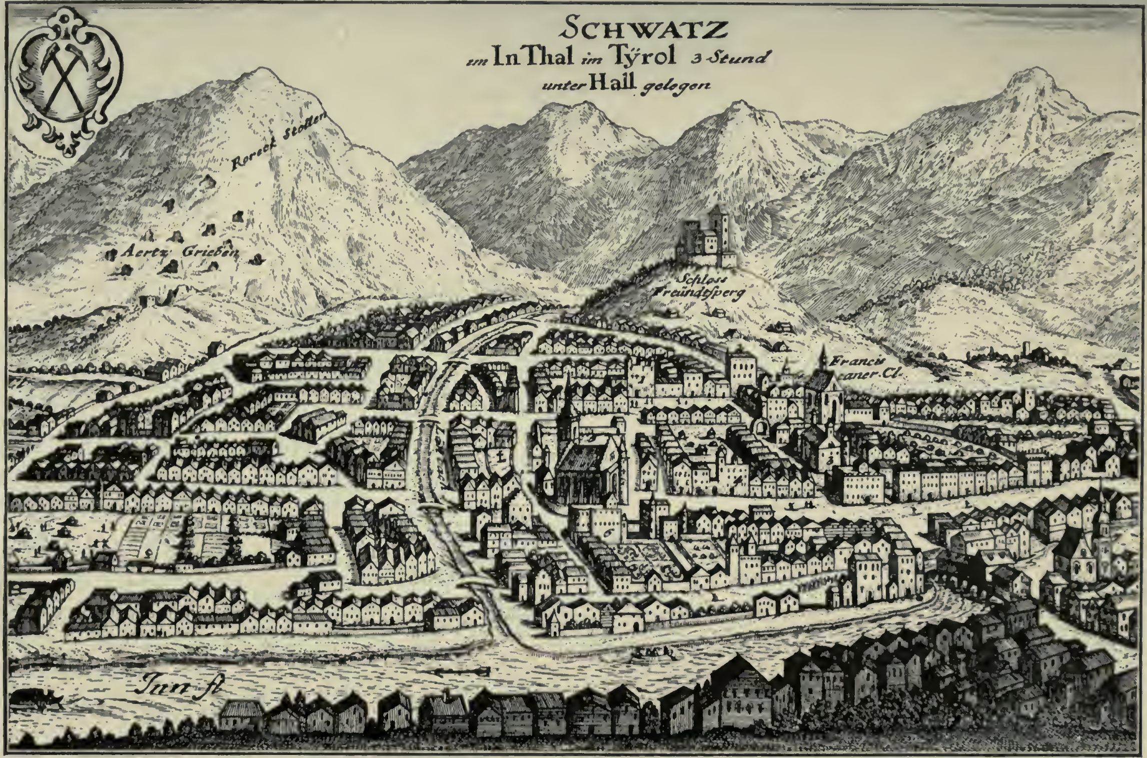
* Staffler, usually very correct, makes in this instance a mistake when he gives the year 1554 as the one in which Ilsung bought Matzen. The original deed of sale is in our archive—a huge sheet of parchment—and it is of interest in one other respect, for it is the first document of its kind there that bears the signatures instead of the seals of the contracting parties, the words "mein aigen Handschrift" (my own handwriting) being added in each instance.


SCHWATZ
im In Thal im Tÿrol 3 Stund
unter Hall gelegen
Roreck Stollen
Aertz Grieben
Schloss Fraündtsperg
Franciscaner Cl.
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intermission of ownership. But a deed in our archive shows that this is not so, for in the interval an interesting person, though only a commoner, became the owner of the castle and lordship, retaining it for a period of four years (1560–1564), when, for reasons not stated, he gave it back to its former owners, the Ilsungs of Tratzberg. This person, whose father had begun life as one of Emperor Maxilian's personal attendants, was William Baller or Paller, Burgomaster of the rich city of Augsburg, who later on became confidential crony of Archduke Ferdinand, for whom he was constantly purchasing choice art treasures, rare coins, and other curiosities, as is shown in the interesting correspondence published by Counsellor v. Schönherr.* He stood in high favour at Court, and he must have been there often. The famous "Drinking book" of Ambras, in which were entered the names and signatures of august visitors who had drunk out of the loving-cup reserved for state occasions, contains his sign manual. Ferdinand made him some princely presents, of some of which details have come down to us.†

In the year 1589, Knight Georg v. Ilsung died, and Matzen as well as Tratzberg passed into the possession of Count Jacob Fugger, the founder of the still flourishing Princes Fugger-Babenhausen, who had married Georg von Ilsung's daughter, so that for the fourth time these two Unter-Innthal strongholds, lying within ten or twelve miles of each other, were held by one and the same family: Why these famous money kings acquired them at comparatively so late a period of their connection with Tyrol we have no opportunity of learning. Considering that from the windows of both could be seen for miles the row of hills from which came so much of their enormous wealth, it would have been strange had they neglected previous opportunities to acquire them, but probably such opportunity had not offered itself before. Less puzzling is the circumstance of their not retaining Matzen for more than sixty-eight years, for its sale 1657 A.D. to Baron Giradi was brought about no doubt by the financial ruin which overwhelmed the great banker princes in those years of general desolation during and following the termination of the Thirty Years' War.

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* Jahrbuch, Bd. xvii. doc. 14,153–14,480.

† Urkunden im K.K. Stadthalterei Archiv in Innsbruck, Bd. xvii. des Jahrbuchs, No. 14,196, gives details of a magnificent golden chain costing 391 florins 24 kr. presented by the Archduke to Wolfgang Paller.

Closely connected, therefore, as the Fuggers are with Matzen, and yet more intimately bound up with the development of the country at large, it will not be out of place to devote some space to an account of their doings, several historians having lately unearthed a great mass of extremely interesting material in the family archives of the Fuggers, as well as in the town records of Augsburg, of which celebrated city the Fuggers were for nearly two centuries the most renowned citizens.

First generation: simple weavers of fustian, copper and silver smelters, money-lenders, nobles; second generation: silver kings, speculators in pepper and mercury, contrivers of "corners" in various articles of commerce, bankers, counts of the Holy Roman Empire; third generation: "dear and faithful sons" of Popes, "honoured and trusty friends" of Emperors, farmers of state revenues, tenfold millionaires, princes of the empire, holders of the purse-strings of Europe, and possessors of what, taking into consideration the relative value of money, amounted unquestionably to the vastest accumulation of wealth ever united in the grasp of one family: thus might be briefly described the phenomenal career of the Fuggers in the three generations that achieved this extraordinary rise. The story of this family, interesting in itself, is doubly so by introducing us to many notable personages at that remarkable period of transition, when mediævalism merged into modernity.

The situation of the world of finance into which the

Fuggers were born in the second half of the fifteenth century was certainly without parallel in the history of the world. Up to the discovery of the rich Tyrolese silver mines, which were by far the most productive of any that man had so far unearthed, the dearth of coined money all over Europe was almost incredible, bank-notes and cheques being, of course, as unknown as banks or exchanges. All kind of strange make-shifts were employed : * interest on borrowed capital, wages, rents, salaries, tithes, annuities, and in fact all regular payments in hard cash were settled only once a year, and in some instances only every second year, or they were commuted into payments in kind. Statutes were passed prohibiting the hoarding up of coin, so as to avoid friction and usury at fairs. The export of coin was in many countries altogether prohibited, and the remittance of money to distant places was always a very slow and costly, and often a riskful, proceeding. In the absence of all international means of exchange, heavy toll was taken by the traders who did undertake this business, for of course there were many risks attached to the transportation of coin at a period when travel was so insecure. In the middle of the 15th century the wealth of even the richest men was ludicrously small when compared to modern standards. Florence, which was then the wealthiest town in Europe, possessed no citizen whose riches exceeded 200,000 florins. When Giovanni de' Medici died, his fortune amounted to 178,221 florins, and with the single exception of Palla Strozzi he was the wealthiest man of Italy, and possibly of Europe. Cosimo de' Medici, who in 1431 was the highest taxed Florentine, paid but 428 florins in taxes.†

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* In England the supply of coin was so small that the Government under the Edwards even ordered the compulsory circulation of "pollards and crockards" (clipped pennies) at the rate of two for a penny (Ashley, *Eng. Econ. Hist.*).

† To what extent loans for amounts which we would consider very

Financial business at that time consisted largely of lending money on the security of valuables, or on assured revenues; and as even the highest personages suffered more or less frequently from the lack of ready cash, the most treasured articles were pawned. When Pope John XXII. died, his mitre was in pawn with Giovanni de' Medici as part of the 38,500 fl. ransom which Giovanni had paid to release the Pope from his German prison. But business of this sort did not always run smoothly, for this Pope's successor, Martin V., demanded the mitre back without any payment, under threat of excommunication. When towns made loans, the lenders often considered it essential that all the substantial citizens should sign the bond. Thus, the deed by which a loan was taken up by Bruges bears the signature of 300 of its richest burghers. The rate of interest which towns paid for borrowed money was usually considerably less than what royalty had to pay, the rate being in all cases much higher than modern ones in such cases. Thus, in Florence 1430 A.D. the Jews, who fifteen years before had been prohibited from taking part in any transactions where interest was charged, were invited to start money-lending businesses, and the only condition the town authorities attached to this invitation was that they should not charge more than 20 per cent.* per annum. The rate of interest varied often to an extent it is difficult to explain. During Venice's arduous struggle with Andreas of Hungary in the middle of the 14th century, the republic found no difficulty in obtaining funds at 7 per cent., but by 1373 the rate of interest she had to pay had increased

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trifling upset the money market in even the richest cities we learn from an instance mentioned by Giustinian when he refers to the loan of 120,000 ducats advanced by Henry VIII. of England to his ally the Emperor. G. says that the bills of exchange raised the value of money in Florence upwards of 12 per cent. and created an unprecedented gold famine.

* "Zeitalter der Fugger," by F. R. Ehrenberg.

to 20 per cent. When in 1314 King Henry of Tyrol permitted one lucky Florentine Jew (Bartolomae) to start at Sterzing the first money-lending business in Tyrol, the rate of interest he was allowed to charge works out at 86⅔ per cent. per annum.

When the Tyrolese mines began to pour out their stream of silver, and soon afterwards the Incas' vast store of bullion came pouring into Europe, the financial world underwent corresponding changes, but they came slowly, and for some time strange anomalies continued to exist. One of the most striking to modern eyes is the great rise in the price of the two metals, silver and copper, which took place during the fifty years that witnessed the height of the precious flood. Instead of receiving a check or going back in price in consequence of the immensely increased supply, the demand raised by a parched financial world outstripped the supply, and silver rose 50 per cent., *i.e.*, from 8 fl. per mark to 12 fl., while copper was actually trebled, jumping from 4 fl. per cwt. to 12 fl. No fact could be quoted to illustrate more convincingly the coin famine that had existed towards the last quarter of the 15th century, when the precious deposits of the old and new world were first tapped.

One factor in bringing about a vastly increased demand for coin we have already touched upon; it was the growth of militarism during the reigns of those great war lords, Maximilian I. and Charles V. of Germany, and of Francis I. of France, when standing armies first came into being. Up to that period feudal lords required little or no ready money to start hostilities. But feudalism was at its last gasp, and the institution of a regular infantry made the possession of a substantial store of ready coin essential. For at least half a century (1475 to 1525) the Tyrolese mines at Schwaz played a unique part in providing the silver wherewith the endless wars of Maximilian and Charles V. were carried on. They also furnished the copper wherewith were cast the great bronze pieces of ordnance, as quaint of shape as of name, with which that master of artillery, Maximilian, loved to batter down the stoutest walls, often training the guns himself.

Trade and commerce also were crying out for better organisation, for newer methods, and for an expanded currency that could remove the antiquated iron fetters of all sorts and kinds that held them captive, and free commercial intercourse from the consequences of the existing famine of coin.

The Fuggers, who had been born to the simple life of weavers of coarse cloth, grasped these chances with unique success: how they achieved it these pages will attempt to show.

The Fuggers were originally weavers in the village of Langen, near Augsburg, and appear to have come to that town in the latter half of the 14th century, for in the list of taxpayers of that town, 1368 A.D., there occurs the entry: *Fuocher advenit*, which is the first appearance of the name in any document. Cloth and *bachant*, a kind of fustian, were the principal products of an industry for which this city and the town of Ulm became famous at an early date. The raw cotton was bought at Mediterranean ports and transported north *via* Tyrol on sumpter horses where river transportation was impossible. Soon the weaving of a better class of cloth was made a speciality by the Fuggers, and success rewarded their efforts. Their first royal customer was Emperor Frederick III., then about to start for Trier to negotiate with Charles the Bold of Burgundy concerning the marriage of his son Maximilian with Mary, the famous heiress of the vast Burgundian realm. Frederick III. desired to impress the splendour-loving Burgundian with the magnificence of his court, but the imperial exchequer was just then in a sadly depleted condition. Frederick turned in this hour of need to a certain firm of Augsburg weavers, Fugger by name, who, as they were then already running 3500 looms, were able to execute the Emperor's order, provided they chose to do so on credit. The astute Augsburgers decided to take the chances, with the result that the large imperial retinue were clothed in the choicest garments of fine, many-coloured cloth, and in silks and satins. So successful was Emperor Frederick's mission that Ulrich Fugger was rewarded with a patent of nobility, his coat-of-arms showing the two lilies that were soon to be surmounted with the crown of counts, and presently with that of princes of the empire. But it is almost certain that but for another event the Augsburg weavers would have remained but simple knights, and we of the twentieth century would never have heard of the name. This event was the discovery of the silver mines in the Unter-Innthal, with which district Augsburg had long been in close touch. For the first forty years or so after their discovery, about the year 1409, very slow progress was made with these mines, but their fame gradually spread, and one Jacob Fugger, who had married the daughter of the Augsburg master of the mint, was tempted by these rumours to emigrate from his native town and to settle in Hall, where about the year 1444 he became master of the newly created mint. Four years later we find his name among the pioneers of the smelting business at Schwaz, the nearest town to the mines. Hall, where the mint came to be established, was farther up the Inn river, and though at first much the larger town, Schwaz soon outstripped it, for at one time it is said there were 30,000 miners employed in the neighbouring mines. It was Jacob Fugger, founder of the *Fugger von der Gilgen* (Lilly) branch, who started the mining ventures in Tyrol. He died in 1469, and his son Ulrich became the head of the concern. He was an extremely energetic and clear-headed business man, and it was he who started a sort of family compact by which the fortune of the family was kept intact, no male member of the family being permitted to withdraw his share from the business, and only the daughters' portions being allowed to be paid out. The phenomenal fortune the Fuggers subsequently built up has been generally attributed to this wise family law. One of his daughters married (1497) the Hungarian noble, Thurzo von Bethlemfalva, whose family controlled the entire copper and silver mining industry in Hungary. Jacob's son, Ulrich II., who died at Schwaz in 1525, practically controlled the whole of the silver and a considerable part of the copper output of Tyrol, and he and his brother Jacob,* who died in the following year, were the richest men of their time.

At first the Fuggers left the drudgery and risks of mining to others, their smelting works proving the more profitable of the two. Presently, however, they began also to work mines of their own, and their usual luck seems to have followed them, for their *Falkenstein* mine turned out to be the richest of all the Schwaz's deposits, the returns in the second year already consisting of 55,855 marks of silver and 20,000 cwt. of copper.† That this argentiferous ore must have been of a very rich character is evident. Authorities of the time state that the pro-

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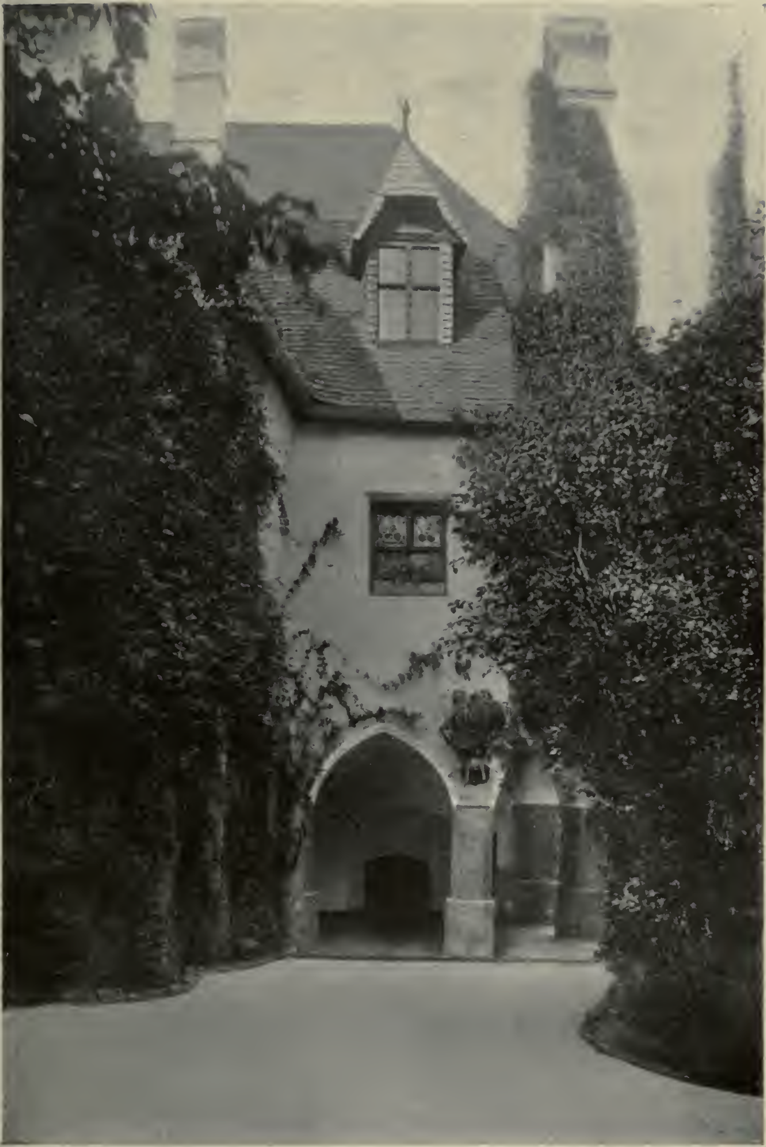
* This Jacob had been destined for the Church, and he divested himself of his sacred robes only when on the death of his brother Peter in 1473, his eldest brother Ulrich succeeded in persuading him to exchange the pulpit for the office desk. Possibly Charles V. would never have reached the Imperial Throne had this change not occurred. A recent examination of the books of the Fuggers discloses that for the seventeen years preceding his death in 1525 the profits of the house amounted to 927 per cent., or a yearly average of 54 per cent.

† Much of the silver minted in England in the latter half of the 15th century came from the Schwaz mines. The ingots, which were called "Suasburgh logs" were brought to the "Kings Change" in Lombard Street, or to "Serves Tower" in Bucklersbury, or to the Old Change near St. Paul's. They were either sold or coined into money, the King taking a considerable royalty from either transaction. (Hans. Gesch. 1877, p. 130.)



portion of the two metals was from 30 to 40 lb. of copper to the mark of silver, the latter being equal to half a pound Cologne weight, or in other words, it contained from 60 to 80 parts of copper to one part of silver. Only the richest stuff was treated, the poorer ore being thrown aside as waste.* In the course of time huge masses of this waste accumulated on dumps, and when the rich pockets became exhausted, and smelting processes improved, the waste was worked over and over again, so that for some three hundred years men made a living out of what previous generations had thrown aside as worthless, as happened in our own days before the invention of the cyanide process.

But the huge fortune garnered by the Fuggers † was not so much the reward of delving in the bowels of Tyrolese mountains, or of smelting silver-bearing copper ore, as the result of financial genius that put the wealth obtained from the mountains to uses that produced cent. per cent. returns. In this the Fuggers were again favoured by luck to an eminent degree, for had not the Sovereign of Tyrol, Archduke Sigismund, been the pleasure-loving and improvident prince that he was, the Fuggers would not have found in him the most satisfactory customer ever vouchsafed to start financiers on a brilliant career. Sigismund developed a capacity to spend with which not even his vastly rich mines could keep pace. He loved the chase, the fair sex, and the sport of castle-building, three passions that caused the mountains of Tyrol to teem with deer and chamois, the valleys to be adorned with a number of fine edifices, and the population of the country to be increased, as we have already heard, by some forty young gentlemen and a number of damsels born out of wedlock.* One of, if not the very first transaction that the Fuggers had with Archduke Sigismund, will illustrate how business was conducted. Sigismund had got in 1487, as already stated, into a bad scrape by the forcible capture of one hundred and thirty Venetian traders, an insult to which the proud republic promptly replied by a declaration of war. One hundred thousand florins were urgently needed by the Archduke to purchase arms and put an adequate force into the field, but his exchequer was empty, so empty that his treasury officials were at their wits' end. The only convertible asset the Archduke could provide in this extremity was a stock of copper bars lying at Schwaz, worth 60,000 fl. None but the Fuggers had command of such a large sum of ready money, and they agreed to come to the rescue by advancing the needed 100,000 fl., accepting the copper as part security, provided the Archduke agreed to let them have in future, till the whole loan was repaid, the entire silver output of the Schwaz mines at 8 fl. the mark. A very harmless-looking condition, but never was a cleverer one devised! To understand its nature, it must be explained that all precious metals as well as copper were Crown property, and only those who managed to obtain a licence were allowed to mine. Their whole output was turned over to the Government, who paid them a fixed price for the silver and copper. This price was very low, usually only 5 fl. per mark for silver. Thus in the instance we are alluding to, when the Fuggers took over the silver at 8 fl., 5 florins only was paid to the miners, who had also to bear the cost of smelting the ore, and the remaining 3 fl. represented the Crown royalty, the difference between the 8 fl. and the actual value in open market being the Fuggers' profit. As silver kept on rising till it reached 12 fl. per mark, the margin of profit was immense, for the royalty was, of course, also retained by them till the loan and accruing interest at a high rate was paid off. Copper was dealt with on the same principle, and as the rise in this commodity was even greater, the profits of a deal covering a series of years ahead were truly enormous. The net gains made by the Fuggers at Schwaz for a number of years are stated to have been at the rate of 200,000 fl. per annum, an unheard of income in those days. That the spendthrift Archduke Sigismund was not allowed to escape from the meshes presented by the open coffers of the Fuggers, which remained to him open as long as he had anything left to mortgage, we can well believe, and is proved by the fact that he obtained a fresh loan of 150,000 fl. a few months later, followed by a number of others.

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* In the richest kind of ore the native silver was visible to the naked eye. It occurred in so-called pockets or streaks. Over the doors of many of the substantial old houses in Schwaz one sees to this day, notwithstanding that the town has been burnt down several times in the interval, large lumps of the argentiferous silver ore built into the wall, placed there by miners in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as a sort of votive offering. On one occasion I secured a piece from one of these old picked specimen lumps, and while I was living in Butte City, Montana, mystified a local assayer by letting him assay a piece of it. It ran 2000 dollars to the ton, and he would hardly believe me when I told him it came from a European mine.

† In the seven years 1536–1542 the profits of the Fuggers amounted to 13 million florins, and the total fortune was computed to amount to 63 million florins.

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* The Government records of this reign contain many amusing references to Sigismund's offspring and their importunities. As a rule a sum of 1000 florins, a horse, and a suit of armour was provided for each youth, while the maidens received the first named sum as marriage portion.

When Maximilian visited Tyrol in 1490 to induce his cousin Sigismund to retire from the throne, and to relegate the government of Tyrol to himself, he visited Schwaz, no doubt in consequence of the tales he had heard of its wonderful riches. Seven thousand miners in gala costume went to meet him, presenting him, as was the pleasing custom, with an "offering of welcome," consisting of golden dishes filled to the brim with Rhenish gold florins, and a lump of pure silver weighing one hundred pounds.

In 1508 the Fuggers lent Maximilian 103,750 florins upon the security of 12,500 marks of Schwaz silver at 8 fl. 18 kr. the mark, its market value being then fully two florins more. Another loan of 25,000 fl. was made on the security of 6250 cwt. of copper at 4 fl. the cwt., while its market value was over 5 fl. the cwt. And in this instance the impecunious Maximilian received actually only 15,000 fl. in cash, as the Fuggers deducted 6000 fl. for interest, and the royal exchequer had to accept 4000 fl. worth of cloth, probably some of their old stock which the Fuggers wanted to get rid of. Transactions of this magnitude and usurious type must have continued, for by the year 1515, when the imperial exchequer again became empty, two state councillors were sent post haste to the Fuggers to raise 60,000 florins. But the bankers refused to part; "the Emperor's debt to them," they stated as excuse, "had grown to 300,000 florins, and the Schwaz silver was already mortgaged for seven or eight years ahead, and the copper output for four years." They expressed doubts, too, whether the value of silver would remain at the then high level, considering the immense quantities that came from other parts of the world. They also expressed some fears concerning the continuity of the Schwazer mines, and finally declared that they desired to curtail business on the grounds of increasing age and infirmities of the principal members of the firm. At last, however, at the urgent prayer of the two councillors, the bankers relented, and a fresh loan was arranged on conditions that showed the Fuggers knew how to take advantage of the pressing need of cash in which Maximilian evidently stood. They advanced 40,000 fl. on the security of the Schwazer copper output from 1520 to 1523 at 4½ fl. per cwt. with the substantial "Ergötzlichkeit"—mediæval backsheesh—of obtaining for every cwt. of copper 5 marks of silver at the price of 8 fl. 27 kr. per mark, the market price being then ten and a half florins!

Another 10,000 fl. was advanced by them on the security of the silver mined at Kundl, and in this case, the backsheesh consisted of the freedom from all custom dues on 600 cwt. of copper p.a., and on the 100 cwt. of copper which they required for the roofing of some of their mansions at Augsburg.

Under Maximilian's reign the Fuggers launched forth in the new over-sea trade to East India, contributing 4000 ducats to the fund collected by the merchants of Augsburg and Nürnberg, for the purpose of rigging out the three pioneer vessels, St. Hieronymos, St. Raphael, and St. Leonhard. These joined the Portuguese fleet under Francisco d'Almeida, and it was this merchant fleet that was the first to reach India by the newly "invented" passage via the Cape of Good Hope. The two supercargoes sent as representatives of the Fuggers and Welsers were Tyrolese, Balthasar Springer and Hans Mayer. The former left us a capital description in the shape of a diary with interesting accounts of these venturesome voyages. The most valuable part of the return cargo of the three ships consisted of 20,000 cwt. of pepper and spices, and though the Portuguese do not seem to have treated their German partners in the joint venture with much consideration or fairness, the agent of the Fuggers at Lissabon was able to report that the profits of the expedition were 150 per cent.

Branch establishments were opened about this time by the Fuggers, in all the principal commercial centres of Europe, financial transactions forming the principal business; thus the Fugger "*factorei*" in Róme is already, in the year 1500, spoken of as the Fugger "bank." The most delicate and secret transactions of the Pontiff and of the Curia of Rome engaged the attention of the heads of these establishments; thus, the vast bribes received and paid out by the Church at that utterly corrupt period passed through the hands of the only international banking institution of its kind. When Tetzel, and the host of becowled hawkers of indulgences were sent to swarm over Europe by Leo X., the returns thus obtained by this notorious horde were practically farmed out to the Fuggers, a representative of the firm accompanying every mendicant priest, and one of the two keys to every money box was held by the representatives of the Fuggers. When a box was full it was opened, the contents counted and forwarded to the Leipzig agent of the Fuggers, one Andreas Mallstedt. By him one half was forwarded through their bank to the Curia of Rome, the other half being retained by the Fuggers towards the repayment of the various loans they had advanced.

In 1511, as we know from his letters to his daughter the Regent of the Netherlands, and to Paul von Lichtenstein, the Emperor Maximilian entertained the mad idea of attempting to succeed Julius II. on the papal throne, and for this purpose he desired to borrow the then unheard of sum of 500,000 ducats* from Jacob Fugger with which to bribe the cardinals. As security he offered to the astute banker his four most valuable "hutches" or chests filled with the Crown jewels, and his robes of state. As interest on the loan he promised to pay 100,000 ducats which he offered to secure to Fugger by mortgaging certain taxes and subsidies. Fortunately for Maximilian, nothing came of this fantastic plan, and the taxes and subsidies were required as securities for advances to cover more pressing payments. In 1518 the Emperor's credit had sunk so low and there was such a lack of mortgageable revenues or personal property that the Emperor had some difficulty in obtaining a beggarly loan of 1000 florins which was finally lent in order that "his Majesty should

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* Stauber's "Das Haus Fugger" gives this sum; according to Dr. A. Schulte the loan was 300,000 ducats to which probably it had been reduced.

have something to eat." And, indeed even the sheer fathomless purse of his "Court Jew" as Maximilian jestingly called his faithful Jacob Fugger, could not further provide the needful for his endless wars and multifarious political schemes all over Europe.

In those days when rulers and governments had not yet become so proficient in the art of raising funds by issuing national and international loans, the ready cash which the Fuggers were thus accumulating in a hitherto quite unknown number of "tons of gold"—the word millionaire had not yet been invented *—played a very influential part in shaping the destinies of countries, and of the wars in which they engaged, as well as of the dynasties ruling them. Thus Maximilian for every one of his expeditions against the Netherlands, Venice, Switzerland, Italy, France and the Turks, borrowed from the Fuggers the necessary funds. But not only to provide war funds were the coffers of the Fuggers tapped. Their millions decided at least on two occasions the election of the heads of the Holy Roman Empire. The first occurred in 1519 after the death of the worn-out "Last Knight," when a Valois and a Habsburg candidate were striving their utmost to secure for themselves by fair and also by very foul means, the votes of the seven ducal Electors.† What his failure cost Francis I. is not known, but it must

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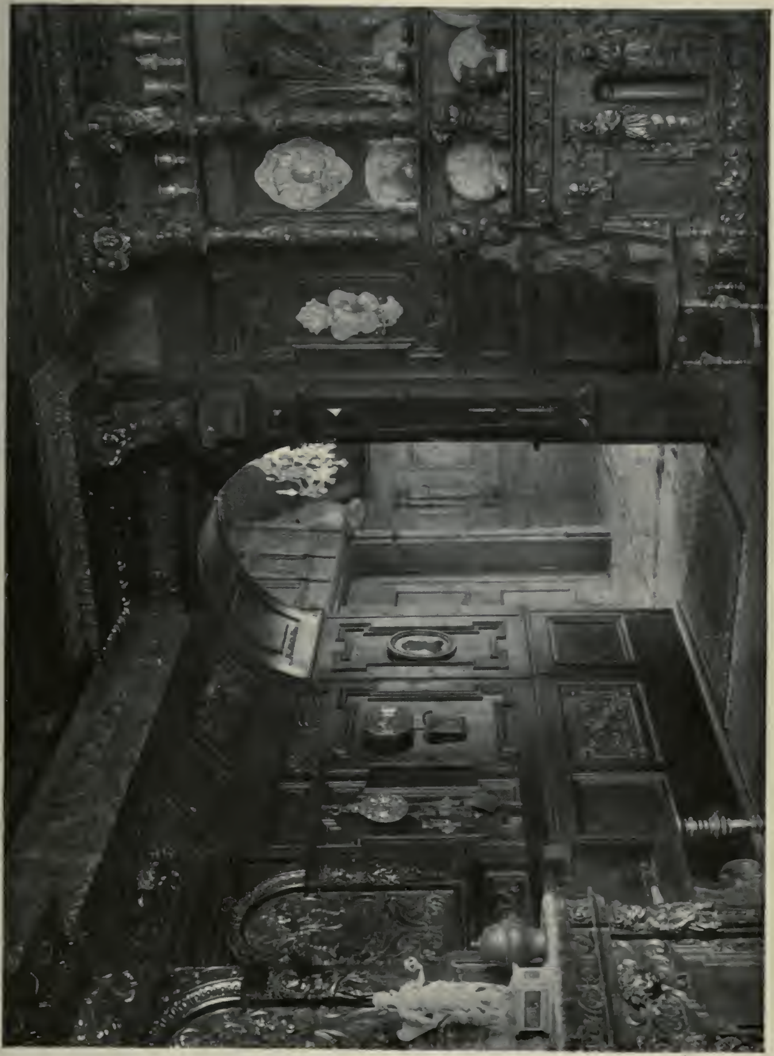
* The word "millionaire" is really a creation of the 18th century, in the same way that the following century first used the term "milliard." In Fugger's time the standard of great sums was the ton of gold which varied in value. It always was 100,000 of the country's unit; thus in some countries it stood for that number of *gulden* or florins, in others, as f.i. in France, it meant 100,000 *livres*. In Florence they had in the 13th century a public loan book known as the *Libro de' Settamilioni* (*Guilds of Florence*, p. 189), but so far as I know the term "millionaire" was not in use even in that the richest city.

† Henry VIII. of England also at one time contemplated becoming a candidate for the Imperial crown of Germany.

have been a huge sum, for we know that Charles V. spend 700,000 fl. alone in bribes on that occasion. Of this sum no less than 543,000 fl. were advanced by the Fuggers; and in his famous letter of 1523 to Charles V. reminding him that much of the debt remained unsettled, Jacob Fugger boldly states that had it not been for him the Imperial crown would not be on the head it was on. In this he was quite right, for the defection at the very last moment of the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg who went over to the Valois camp greatly imperilled Charles' chances. Nine years later when Charles was keen to secure his brother Ferdinand's election as King of the Romans, the 275,000 fl. advanced for this purpose by the Fuggers secured the election, the Fuggers' reward for their prompt help taking the shape of a "Verehrung" of 40,000 fl. In the Fuggers' family archives can be seen to this day the documents by which Charles Quint and Ferdinand "in verbo et fide regio" promise to repay these advances, which in the meanwhile were secured, on revenues of Tyrol and other provinces, with a very profitable proviso that the Fuggers should have the silver and copper out-put for four years.

While some of the countries forming part of Charles V.'s Empire in three hemispheres were exactly those that produced silver in quantities that were considered fabulous, no ruler of his time suffered more constantly from an empty exchequer; and while towns were able to obtain loans at from 5 to 8 per cent. interest, the French King and Charles, the mightiest rulers of the time, had to pay from 16 to 20 per cent., and even then failed to get the full amount of their loans in cash, and had to content themselves with accepting merchandise in part or for the whole amount. Thus when Charles V. was in the greatest distress for funds wherewith to pay his mutinous troops in the Netherlands, Joachim Hochstetter another rich Augsburg banker, came to his rescue and lent him the



desired 200,000 fl. But it was not cash that was forthcoming, for Hochstetter himself was just then short of that commodity, but as he had just successfully managed to make a "corner" in quicksilver, the first of its kind, he advanced Charles some 350,000 lbs. of that article, and 60,760 lbs. of cinnabar. This quantity had, of course, to be sold at once, and as it realised only 126,000 fl. there was a loss to the imperial exchequer of some 74,000 fl., Hochstetter getting back the full 200,000 fl. plus his high interest.*

Also the English court turned to the Fuggers for loans. In 1545 they lent Henry VIII. 152,180 Flemish £, the City of London guaranteeing the loan (Rymer xv. 101). The transaction was concluded at Antwerp, where one William Damsell acted as financial agent of the English treasury. In 1548 money was again wanted, and a loan of 167,218 florins was obtained through the same William Damsell from the Fuggers for one year. But when the time came to repay it, funds were low, and Damsell was ordered to obtain a prolongation at 12 per cent. Lazarus Tucher, the Fuggers' agent at Antwerp, refused to agree to this, and for reasons that appear rather amusing to us to-day, insisted on a new loan being entered into. It appears according to Ehrenburg's interesting work that the export of coin and bullion to England was at that time strictly prohibited, and Tucher desired that the new loan should be made, not in coin, but in merchandise, which the Fuggers were to send to England, the repayment, however, to be made in hard cash. The English agent, on the other hand, wanted the very opposite, *i.e.*, to receive cash and to repay the loan in merchandise, and as no agreement could be arrived at, the new loan fell through.

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* The Hochstetters were the first German merchants who secured the privilege in England of importing and exporting merchandise. Joachim of that ilk, who founded a branch establishment in London, was made "Principal Surveyor and Master of all Mines" in England. His eye for business must have been unusually keen, for he succeeded in creating monopolies in several other articles besides mercury, in corn, wine, and in bow staves, which he bought in times of peace, and sold at a great profit at the outbreak of hostilities, England, it would seem, being then, as now, occasionally the victim of its unpreparedness.

In 1552 the famous Thomas Gresham became the English agent at Antwerp and through him were borrowed 10,000 Flemish £ at 14 per cent., in 1553 the sum of 100,000 Carolus fl. at 13 per cent., and again in 1558 11,000 fl. at 14 per cent., by which we can see that England's credit at that time was not quite as good as that of France, but better than that of Germany. This Lazarus Tucher seems to have been a boisterous personage, for in one of his reports home to the Privy Council Gresham says of him that "he is a very extreme man and very open mouthed."

Religious scruples were not allowed to stand in the way of business by the Fuggers, staunch adherents as they were to the Roman Church. When the heretic Queen Elizabeth, in February 1559, required money, the Fuggers lent her the £10,000, but it was the only business transaction between the two.* The promissory note still preserved in the Fugger archives bears the Queen's signature, and the words "*in verbo regio pro nobis et successoribus nostris*," followed by "*Pro majori securitate Joannis Fucker et heredum suorum*," and the signatures of the members of the Privy Council. Attached to the note of hand is the letter of guarantee in which the "*Major et communitas civitatis Londinensis*" make themselves responsible for the loan.

The Fugger family divided into several separate lines,

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* In 1562 during a great financial crisis in Europe Sir Thomas Gresham again approached the Fuggers with a view of obtaining a loan, but the bankers would not hear of it; money was exceedingly tight, and they had refused to grant a modest 2000 florins to Albrecht I. of Prussia.

but it would lead us much too far to follow their ramifications, for they were a very prolific race. We read of families of 18 and 19 and in one instance of 21 children ; and are told that by the end of the 16th century there had been born to the various branches of the Fugger family as many descendants as there are days in the year. In 1619 there were alive 49 princes or counts, and 47 princesses or countesses Fugger !

Of one or two of the principal members of the Fuggers some characteristic traits may be narrated.

Jacob Fugger, who had been made a noble in 1511 and a count in 1514 by Emperor Maximilian, is described by his contemporaries as a man of very winning manners, of handsome person, and calm mind. As he himself said, " he was wont to take off his cares and worries with his shirt when he retired to sleep." He founded the famous Fugger library, and his gardens vied with those of Francis I., indeed Beatus Rhenanus preferred them to those of Tours and Blois. His celebrated mansion, the Fuggerhaus at Augsburg, was his favourite residence, and in it was collected all that was beautiful and rare in the wide realm of art and nature. His charities were also on a vast scale, his hospital and *Schneidehaus* or operating house, the first institution of its kind, being as famous as the enormous, still existing, *Fuggerei* or almshouses which he built in Augsburg, the 106 separate dwelling-places for poor families occupying six streets.

Some amusing evidence concerning the relationship between the millionaire bankers and the all-powerful city council of Augsburg is furnished by late research. That town was then at the zenith of its wealth and importance, and being an imperial free town, was governed with autocratic powers by its self-elected magistrates. Income tax in Augsburg was collected, it seems, on the basis of returns to which each citizen had to make solemn oath. Now the Emperor Charles V., as a mark of his special gratitude for monetary assistance on endless occasions, had granted the Fuggers very wide-reaching privileges and immunities. They were freed by the Emperor's charter from all taxation and death duties, from all the usual burgher's duties. On their estates they were given "high jurisdiction" over life and death over all their people. They could coin gold and silver at their own mints, and finally nobody but the Emperor could adjudicate upon any complaint that ran counter to this grant of immunities, not to mention a number of other lesser privileges such as the right of sealing with red wax, and the right of obtaining the fiefs of counts. In view of these immunities the Fuggers raised difficulties about making any income tax returns to the Augsburg council, and a somewhat heated correspondence took place, for the council claimed that being a free city, the Emperor could grant no immunities. The question was a ticklish one, but the quarrel was finally compromised by the parties agreeing that each member of the Fugger family should henceforth pay a sum of 800 fl. in gold per annum, and in return be freed from the tax oath. When the fever of the reformation seized also the staid citizen of Augsburg, another and more serious misunderstanding arose. Anton Fugger, the then head of the family remained a staunch catholic, and as patron of the church of St. Moritz, he strenuously refused to consent to the removal from that church of the apparatus used in Roman Catholic churches for the representation of the Ascension of our Lord. The quarrel grew fierce and Anton Fugger was actually taken prisoner, and locked up for eight days by the determined council. What the end of it all was history unfortunately does not relate.

Anton Fugger's position in Augsburg during the height of these bitter religious dissensions was a most trying one. His native town had as a body declared itself on the protestant's side, and had therefore incurred the Emperor's

extreme wrath, and when the latter's troops proved victorious against those of the protestant princes of the Smalkaldic League, the hour had come for the Emperor's revenge. Great were the fears of the citizens of Augsburg that the town would be sacked and burnt, and they began fully to realise the desperate nature of their position. The only man to whom the men of the supreme council could turn in their distress was Anton Fugger, who, as the Emperor's trusted friend was known to wield the greatest possible influence. Fugger succeeded in partially allaying the Emperor's wrath, and instead of having the town sacked, the lighter and, to him, more useful punishment of an immense ransom was inflicted by Charles. Towards it Anton Fugger had to contribute no less a sum than 150,000 fl. and besides had to furnish fresh loans to the imperial exchequer of 122,477 fl., 20,000 ducats, and soon afterwards of another 60,000 fl. When therefore after such services to his native city, the council went to such extremes as to imprison him, as we have heard, Fugger became so disgusted that he left Augsburg and retired to Schwaz where he lived for some years. His mansion there is still in existence, though now in a sadly ruinous condition.

For art, many of the Fuggers proved munificent patrons. Titian was a personal friend of Anton Fugger, and the latter's collection contained many pictures by his hand. The family still possesses four portraits by him (of Charles V., Ferdinand, and of one male and one female member of the Fugger family). Dürer's, Holbein's and Burgkmaier's genius were also represented and the latter painted the famous organ in the church of St. Anne at Augsburg where some of the Fuggers lie buried. Dürer on his journey to the Netherlands, stayed with the Cologne Fugger (Hieronymus) and received much kindness from the Antwerp Fugger.

As collectors the Fuggers were the forerunners of the

Rothschilds, and others equally eminent. An army of agents were kept busy in hunting up what was rare and precious all over the world, and late research shows that already in those days even royalty was unable to secure much desired choice specimens when a Fugger had his eye on them. Not the least interesting detail that has lately come to light by a search of Tyrolese archives * is the Fuggers' connection with one of the most famous jewels of the Middle Ages. This was the hat ornament consisting of the famous diamond and ruby which Charles the Bold wore when the "ragged Swiss boors" so unceremoniously deprived him at Nancy of jewels and life. The diamond which was then supposed to be the finest in the world, fell into the hands of some Berne burghers from whom Jacob Fugger bought it for the then great sum of 47,000 florins.† For upwards of forty years it formed the *clou* of Jacob's collection, but when John Jacob inherited it he found a ready purchaser for the gem in Henry VIII. of England, his profit being "great" according to Gilleman's contemporary account, from which these details are quoted. But Henry's wish to possess this historical stone was greater than the length of his purse, and both purchaser and vendor had been long asleep under their elaborate marble sarcophagi before the heirs of John Jacob Fugger were able to collect the money, which they did in or about 1576. In the meantime the marriage of Henry's daughter to Philip II. had brought the stone back into the realm of the Habsburgs, and even into their possession. "All the rest," as the scribe states, "is idle invention"; so it is probable that a number of stories were current about this gem. The

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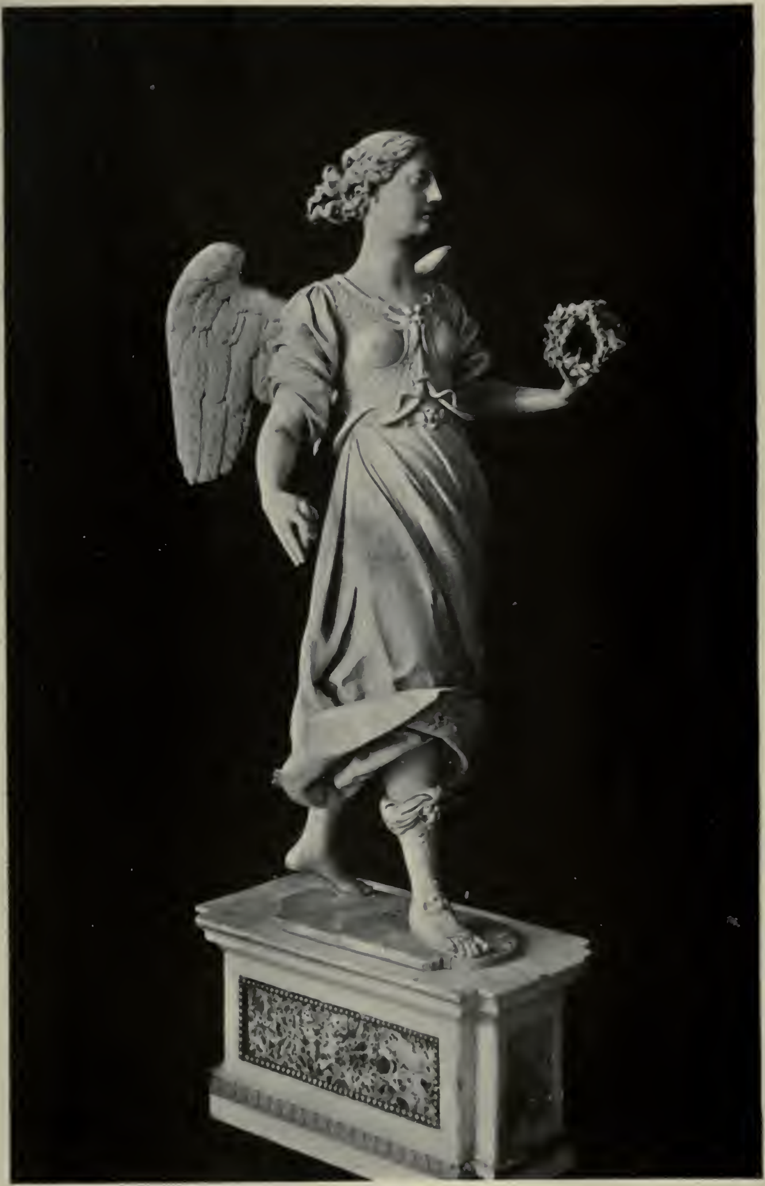
* "Jahrbuch der Kunsthistorischen Sammlungen des Allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses," B. xvii. Doc. 14,505.

† It was Jacob Fugger who in 1515 purchased for 8000 fl. from some Swiss, the exquisitely jewelled collar of the Garter belonging to Charles the Bold, and presented it to Emperor Max. Hildebrandt, p. 6.



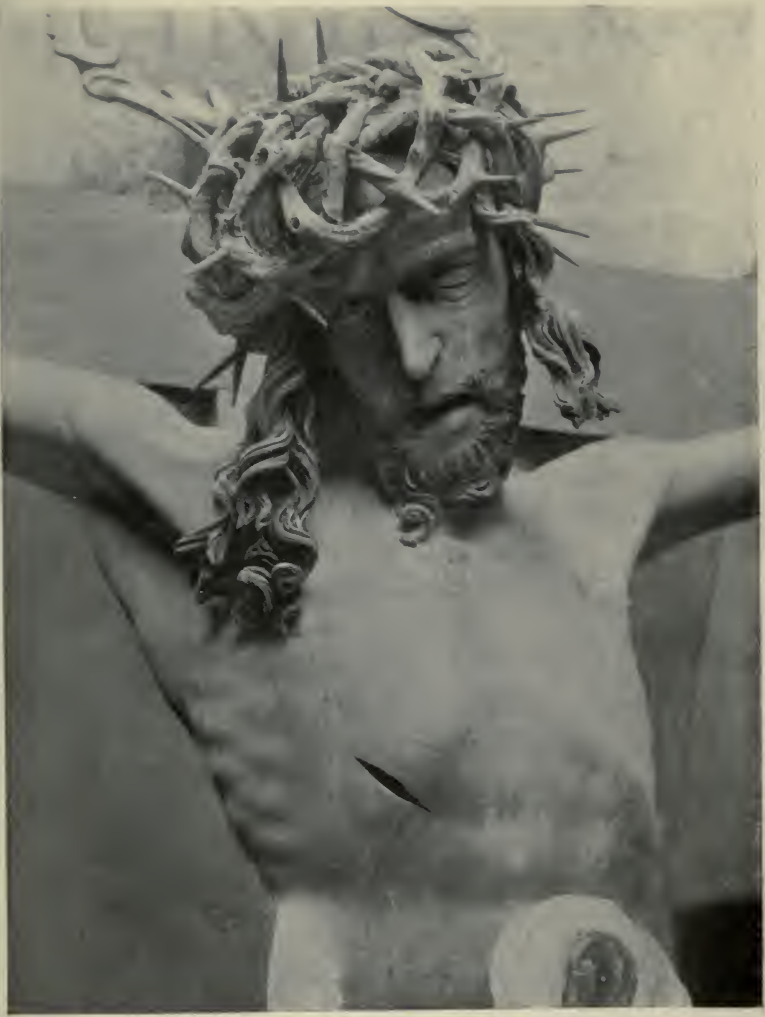
identity of this gem has been ascertained. It was the "*Florentine*" and not the "Sancy." Both these famous stones were in the possession of Charles the Bold, and we know that while the former is still in the hands of the Habsburgs—(it has a yellow tinge)—the latter never was so. Our sixteenth-century scribe, evidently anxious to say a good word for the Fuggers, adds to his above remark, that "what is true is that when Sultan Soliman desired to purchase it, offering a great price for it, John Jacob Fugger refused to let the stone get into other than Christian hands."

The dreadful ravages of the Thirty Years' War brought about the financial ruin of the Fuggers, and though one of the princely branches is still extant, its pre-eminent financial position was long since lost. Late researches of independent historians, who were allowed access to the archives of the family, show that when the house as a business concern, went under in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Habsburgs owed them 8 million florins, or, at the rate of 6 florins to the £ sterling, one million and a third sterling! These researches, more critical than any preceding ones, prove also that the oft repeated story of how Anton Fugger, on the occasion of Charles V.'s visit to his palace at Augsburg, burned various I.O.U.s of the Emperor in a fireplace still shown to visitors, lacks all historical foundation. In the firm's books no trace of any such writing off can be discovered, and it is probably a pure invention on the part of the writer who first circulated it more than a century after the event is supposed to have happened.

Of the Fuggers' doings in their two Tyrolese castles, unfortunately, very little has come down to us. Both residences were probably honoured by frequent visits by the art and sport-loving sovereigns of the country, for the Fuggers as we have heard were related through the Ilsungs with the Archduke Ferdinand's beautiful wife. While Tratzberg and Matzen were in the hands of the wealthiest family in Europe, the rooms were filled, we can be sure, with the choicest furniture, pictures, and fittings. To-day they contain but few movable relics of the Fugger period. One of Tratzberg's finest rooms still bears the name of *Fugger Zimmer* (Pl. 54), its wainscot being adorned with their coat of arms, while another the "Queens Room" (Pl. 56), with its beautiful marble centre pillar and the fine panelling and ceiling at which five skilled craftsmen are said to have worked for five years, show the splendour and taste with which these chambers were once adorned. In Matzen three huge *faïence* stoves, ten feet in height of the latter part of the Fugger period (Pl. 74) remain, and in the chapel, as the one removable relic that was spared, hangs a carved nearly life sized Christ on the Cross (see Pl. 79) which the well-known art expert, the late Baron Sacken, head of the Imperial collections at Vienna, pronounced to be a first class masterpiece of Dürer's school. It is reputed to have been a gift of the first Matzner Fugger, but is, of course, of an earlier period. The chapel, unfortunately, was restored at the very worst art period—the stucco-loving *baroque*—and is therefore architecturally entirely out of keeping with the rest of the castle.

What became later on of the valuable fittings, pictures and furniture in Tratzberg and Matzen is, alas! quite unknown, for the last years of the Thirty Years' War, and more particularly the War of the Spanish Succession, brought disaster to most of the Unter-Innthal seats, which were plundered from top to bottom, and many burnt to the ground.

In 1657 Count Leopold Fugger sold Matzen as well as Tratzberg, the former to a Baron Anthony Girardi, a somewhat notorious personage who, as the favourite of Archduchess Claudia, enjoyed an influential position at her court. His connection with the intrigues of the



powerful Italian party that ended in the shameful execution of William Biener, the great Chancellor of Tyrol, had probably a good deal to do with the briefness of his tenure of Matzen which he sold, for 17,150 florins, after less than two years possession, to Mathew Pokh zu Arnholz, a noble who was the Archbishop of Salzburg's chamberlain. In his family it remained until 1684 when his eldest son with the consent of the guardian of his three younger brothers disposed of it for 15,150 florins to the Chancellor Joh. Fred. von Yrsch (occasionally spelt Hirsch), who kept it until 1734, when Knight Joseph von Pfeiffersberg purchased it.

In this family it remained for nearly one hundred and forty years, during which period the old walls again witnessed warlike scenes, for some of the hardest fighting against Napoleon's French and Bavarian armies occurred in the Unter-Innthal which, as we have seen, formed in numberless instances the cock-pit where Tyrolese and Bavarian met in mortal fray. On the top of the old Roman tower were placed some light field guns, embrasures to permit their firing down upon the high road far below, being hastily broken in the walls. But as little or no ammunition for these guns was obtainable by the peasants, they do not appear to have done material harm to Marshal Wrede's army. At any rate the castle escaped, possibly because it was used as hospital for the wounded, the cruel fate of Schwaz, the next town on Wrede's route, which was sacked and burnt by the troops of this merciless general. Later on, during the presence of General Deroy's division in the Unter-Innthal, some of the last fighting in North Tyrol took place in Matzen's vicinity. During one part of the campaign Brixlegg, the nearest village to Matzen, was the headquarter of Andreas Hofer. In an inn there, called the *Herrenhaus*, which is still run by the descendants of the then owner, were written by the three heroes, Hofer, Speckbacher and Haspinger some of the historical communications to the Emperor in Vienna, in which these heroes pleaded in pathetic language for succour, particularly for supplies of lead and powder without which "we poor peasants can't do much against the enemy's tens of thousands." Some of these quaintly worded epistles breathe in the simplest language the true patriotism of men willing to sacrifice their all in the defence of their country and Emperor. They have a ring about them that makes them telling documents in the history of great national movements.

When I first came into the country in the sixties there were still alive some few of the peasants who had fought against Napoleon. The last of them that I got to know, I came across quite accidentally on the occasion of a mountain ramble in Matzen's vicinity. Reaching a lonely peasant's cottage perched high up on a ridge with a glorious view over the wide Inn valley, with its glacier-topped peaks as background, I found that all the occupants were away working in distant fields, save a very aged and totally blind old fellow who was sitting placidly in front of the flower-bedecked cottage smoking his pipe contentedly and basking in the sun. On getting into conversation with him I learnt that just sixty years before as quite a youngster, he had been one of the band of peasant-riflemen who defended the bridge over the Ziller "down yonder," whose splendid markmanship had, as I knew, become an historical feat His simple account in homely language of that long day's fight against overwhelming odds remains impressed in my memory. His elevated little homestead was so remote that he had not spoken to a stranger for some dozens of years, and the telling of his story seemed to give him as much pleasure as it gave me to listen to his graphic description. When mentioning the name of any one of the villages in the neighbourhood from which his companions

on that memorable day had hailed, he would turn in the direction in which it lay, and point with his hand to it as if his poor sightless eyes had regained their power, for it was truly wonderful how correctly he pointed. When asked how and when he had lost his eyesight, his reply was quite pathetic. "Well, the sun that shone that day was the last I ever saw; on returning home and mixing the ingredients for a fresh supply of rifle powder, the contents of the mortar exploded in my face, and since then it has been one sixty years' night for me." And, after a pause: "But we beat them that day, so I don't complain," and the old fellow quite cheerfully fell to asking me whither I hailed and whence I was going in the simple fashion of his race.

So impoverished was Tyrol by its heroic resistance, that her population from highest to lowest felt for many decades the pinch of hard times, and the once wealthy owners of the historic old Matzen made no exception. Unable to keep up the necessary repairs, the Schloss was rapidly falling into decay, and its owner, a typical Tyrolese noble of the jovial old school, had abandoned it to its fate, building himself a modern dwelling where once had stood the gate house. Thus, in the year 1873, it passed into the possession of the writer's mother, who at once set to work to stay the work of ruin, and to restore it as much as possible to its olden form. The pictures of its present interior and exterior which I have been tempted to add to this volume will, I trust, give the reader some idea of a picturesque old residence in the sunny "Land in the Mountains."

APPENDIX

I. THE SPELLING OF "FRUNDSBERG."

IRRESPONSIBLE and irregular as was invariably the manner in which surnames were spelt in the Middle Ages, it is safe to say that few families can claim such a variety as can the nobles with whom this book occupies itself so largely. Dealing only with those forms for which documentary proof can be adduced, we have 1085 A.D. the form "Vriuntesperch," which in the year 1128 is changed into "Fruintsperch," in 1167 "Vriunsperch," in 1180 to "Friuntisbach," in 1189 "Vriuntsperc." In the following century it assumes the forms of: "Vreuntsperch" (1277), "Friuntisperc," "Friuntsperch" (1277), "Uriunsperch," "Vrunsperk," "Fronsperg," "Friuntzperch," "Friunsberg," "Frewntsperg," "Frewentzperch," "Frewndtsperg," "Vreintsperch," "Fruntzschberg," "Fronsberg," "Freunzsperg," and "Freundsperg." In the Bull issued by Innocent VII. in 1248 that Pope writes it "Fruintsperc," while in the deed by which Queen Elizabeth endows a religious foundation of these knights with certain privileges she spells their name once "Frundsperch" and once "Frundesberch." In the 1468 deed of sale of Castle Matzen the two brothers spell their name: "Frewnndtsperg," which does not correspond with the "Frundtsperg" and "Frunthsperg" used by Emperor Maximilian not long afterwards when describing his combats in the lists with the three brothers, George, Thomas and Adam. When Emperor Charles V. in a letter of Nov. 30, 1526, to his brother King Ferdinand praises his faithful George, he writes the name: "Wranspergh," and even Luther, who was a great admirer of the valiant George adds another variation not more singular than "Fransbergue" which is the spelling used by Vice Roy Lannoy in his famous letter to Charles V. written a few hours after the fateful battle of Pavia had been won chiefly by George v. F.'s *Landsknechte.*

To this day even, there is no unity as to the spelling of the name, many writers employing the form "Freundsberg" in preference to "Frundsberg" In sticking to the latter form

I have followed the example of the principal biographers of the famous Georg, *i.e.*, Adam Reissner and Dr. F. W. Barthold, though neither have made any original research into the earlier history of this interesting family, the present summary of the more important documents relating to them being the first connected attempt of its kind to appear in print.

II. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRANT TO THE CLOISTER AT VOLDEPP (MARIATHAL) FOUNDED BY THE FRUNDSBERGS OF MATZEN 1267 A.D..

Baron Hormayer in his "Chronik" quotes the deed of Queen Elizabeth as follows. It shows the irregular eccentricity of 13th-century spelling, even the name of the liege lady and that of the founders being spelt in different ways in this short deed:

"Nos Elyzabet Regina et comitissa Goritie ac Tyrolis notum facimus universis in Passyre, Stercinghe et in Inspruche thelonealiis, quod nos ob remedium anime nostre celle, quam fideles nostri, fratres de Frundsperch juxta aquam, que dicitur Wulteppe noviter construxerunt, ut ibi diu noctuque omnipotenti deo servitia exhibeantur, gratiam hanc fecimus specialem et favorem, quod singulis annis sexaginta equi, vinum, oleum, ligna et quecunque ad victum et amictum earum necessaria portantes, sine omni mute et thelonei exactione, possint transire et redire per omnes terminos nostre ditionis. Ad evidentiam predictorum et stabilem firmitatem, presentem paginam scribi fecimus et sigilli nostri robore communiri testibus qui presentes fuerunt subnotatis, qui sunt hi: dilectissimus filius noster Chunradus Jerusalem et Sicilie Rex, dux Swevie, excelsus princeps frater noster Ludowicus Comes Palatinus Rheni, dux Bawarie, maritus noster Meinhardus comes Goritie ac Tirolis, Tridentine, Brixinensis et Aquilegiensis ecclesiarum Advocatus, Albertus comes Goritie et Tyrolis, Bertoldus et Hainricus Comites de Eschenloh, Bernhardus et Gebhardus de Wilheim, Henricus de Hurneheim, Bertoldus et Hartmannus Tarandi, Conradus de Frundesberch, Henricus de Matrei, Jacobus Trutesun, Henricus de castro S. Michaelis et alii quam plures. Datum in castro Swanegowe, X. exeunte Augusto anno domini millesimo ducentesimo LXVII."

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